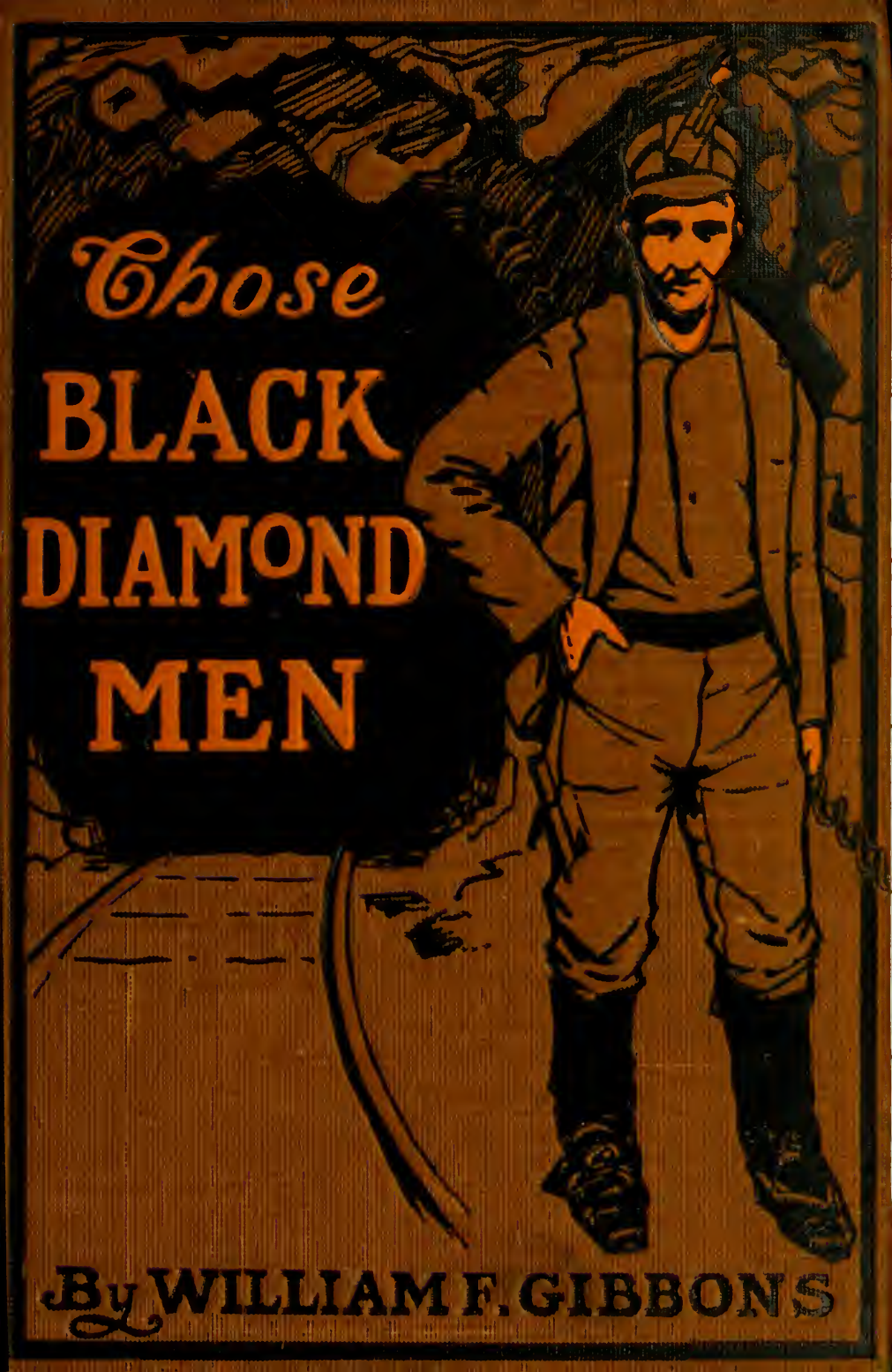
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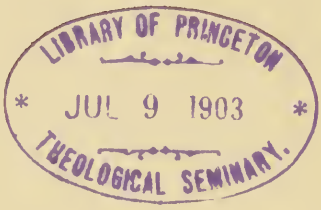

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THOSE
BLACK DIAMOND
MEN

IMPRISONED BY A FALL OF ROOF [Page 250]

THOSE BLACK DIAMOND MEN

A Tale of the Anthrax Valley

BY

WILLIAM FUTHEY GIBBONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
1902

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(June)

To
My Comrade

FOREWORD

SOMETIME when the light of a winter sunset is flooding the street, let the reader look narrowly at a stream of coal as it slides along the chute across the sidewalk. If the lumps are large and rusty, he may see that they are stained a blood red. It is only the oxide of iron. Yet coal cannot be obtained except at the cost of life.

The miner's life calls for risk and sacrifice, not only for himself, but equally for others. This sort of life develops heroism. Yet there are no stage-heroes in the mines,—only plain men. If one is in danger of death, his comrades will risk their own lives for him,—and that is all there is about it. But he who leads the rescuing party is no hero in his own eyes; just an average sort of man who may need to be "brought out" himself to-morrow.

The characters in this book are fictitious: the characteristics are real. Such things as are here recorded happen every day. For nearly fifteen years the lights and shadows in these pages have fallen across the author's path as he has gone among this people.

One of the hindrances to an understanding of other classes is a lack of imagination. It is difficult for one whose life has been clean and safe to put himself in the

place of another who is constantly struggling in the dark. Because those who know nothing of the miner's life find it so hard to sympathize with him in his needs and temptations, this book has been written.

Some of the incidents here narrated have made their appearance in periodical form. They are here amplified and presented in their proper relation.

W. F. G.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. The Soulless Corporation	15
II. The Bishop's Vulnerable Point	27
III. Coalton Barracks	43
IV. A Toy Soldier	57
V. The Heretic's Parish	77
VI. An Extirpated Heresy	89
VII. The Undoing of the House of Gooch	103
VIII. The Rector's Game Cock	125
IX. A One-Mule Man	137
X. The Cost of Mining	157
XI. The Expense of Transportation	171
XII. The Burning Culm Dump	181
XIII. A Magyar Paradise	199
XIV. The School in Graham's Patch	211
XV. An Assisted Immigrant	225
XVI. Casey's Speak-Easy	245
XVII. Eleven Contrary Men	255
XVIII. Mary Liz in the Old Mogul's Den	269
XIX. The Old Mogul's Fresh Air Fund	281
XX. The Bonds of Matrimony	290

PAGE

XXI. The Probation of Rev. Archibald Hudderfield . 303

XXII. The Strike of the 'Malgamated Terrors . . 317

XXIII. A Scab Slate Picker 337

XXIV. In the Sinkages 357

XXV. The Sulphuring of Sunderland Red . . . 365

XXVI. A Plunge into Church Unity 375

ILLUSTRATIONS

IMPRISONED BY A FALL OF ROOF . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

HOW THE UNDERGROUND HALF WORK . 80

"WE H'IST HIM UP THE SHAFT" . . . 144

THE OFFICERS OF THE 'MALGAMATED TERRORS 328

"THEY WERE FIGHTING THE FIRE FACE TO FACE" 368

THE SOULLESS CORPORATION

"Be not so busy with your own career,
However noble, that you cannot hear
The sighs of those who look to you for help,
For this is purchasing success too dear."

—DUER.

"When we are poor, we always have very clear ideas of the duties of the rich; but when we gain money, we are experts in the science of showing the poor how to behave."—PUCK.

I

THE SOULLESS CORPORATION

IT was the day when the strike was declared. The Old Mogul was relieving his feelings by the use of picturesque profanity. Everybody about the office of the Anthrax Valley Railroad knew that the President was mad. It was a fact which he made no effort to conceal. He was in truth in a most villainous temper; not so much at the unfortunate victims of his ill-humour, or even the persons who were the authors of his trouble. The Old Mogul was mad at himself.

"Of all the infernal, single-tracked, narrow-gauged, local freight tom-fools, I am the worst."

He had allowed himself to be forced into a false position towards his employees. As a result the men who worked in the mines of the company had struck, and now the men who were on the railroad were going on strike. The Old Mogul had never before in all his life had a strike on his hands.

It was all on account of the "gentlemen's agreement." As if half-a-dozen New York bankers, who would not know a mine-mule from a goat, could settle the trouble without hearing the men's side of the case! A gentlemen's agreement forsooth! The Old Mogul had cursed the aforesaid agreement both si-

lently and audibly, out of the office and in the office, across the velvet-carpeted floors and up and down the halls. But all his objurgations failed to free him from the consequences of the agreement, or to relieve his feelings. The fault was his own.

It is well-known that the coal-roads are the most prosperous corporations under the sun and the Old Mogul's road was the most brutally prosperous of them all.

This magnate kept his office in the city of Carbonville instead of in New York, where all the railroad presidents go. If he had only been willing to move, and thus taken himself out of the range of the pitiful people whom his company fed by giving them work in the mines, and, incidentally killed, he would have avoided many an uncomfortable interview with the survivors. But Hatton, as a boy, had tramped over the Pennsylvania mountains and drudged as a youth on the towpath of the canal, which he had afterwards bankrupted; and he loved the land of his birth more than the cities of the stranger. Furthermore, he was obstinate. His road controlled the anthracite market and he would not go to the city to sell his coal. Let the brokers come to him and sue for a reduction in freight rates. He knew when he had a cinch.

So the city of Carbonville grew larger and the railroad office buildings waxed higher and broader as the profits of the coal baron increased. Yet in spite of its enormous and increasing enterprises, the Anthrax Valley Railroad was involved in continual, petty dis-

putes with the aggrieved owners of deceased livestock, especially cows which had come to their death through persistent determination to cross from one narrow meadow to another by way of the track. The cows had had their rights on the rocky banks of the creek for a far longer period of time than the railroad. But such rights were not respected very highly by engineers when they came skating down the grades with a hundred coal cars behind them.

As a result, the department of claims and damages ran on full time, and the "mourner's bench" where the claimants sat was seldom vacant. So long as the amounts paid out for losses were kept below a certain figure, all went well. But if the road had been compelled to go into court to pay for the life of some human victim, then the Old Mogul was apt to refuse to pass the applications for damage done to cattle. That meant trouble for the department.

Not all the cases were tragedies. There was "the celebrated case of Angela's cow." Angela Jindy was an old Italian woman. She seemed very old, for she was a grandmother with a wrinkled face and knotted hands, although only forty. She was a widow who had followed her son to America. In Italy she had toiled in the fields, but in the Anthrax Valley there was no farm land to cultivate; so, while the daughter-in-law kept the house, Angela picked coal from the dumps and carried it home on her head, sometimes carrying one of her son's babies on her hip besides.

It happened that Angela had visited the department of claims and damages at the same time that

the Old Mogul was telling the labour union men that he would stand by the "gentlemen's agreement."

The men could have understood the uncomplicated wrath of the Old Mogul. They were used to that. But they were puzzled by his efforts at self-restraint, and his refusal to arbitrate.

"This is not my day to thresh this thing out with you," he said when they had stated their case. "I'll stand by the gentlemen's agreement. We have decided not to discuss this thing with the men at all. I'm talking to you fellows now only as private individuals and it might as well stop right here. I've about run out of conversation."

"But, Mr. Hatton, we're willing to arbitrate——"

"There's nothing to arbitrate, I say," said the President with something of his natural testiness. "I stand by the gentlemen's agreement."

"Mr. Hatton, you've always been willing to do the fair thing. Why not arbitrate this? Bishop Vaux has agreed to be one——"

"Let him go to blazes and arbitrate the case of the men that made the agreement!" shouted the Old Mogul. "I've got no time for all this talk about arbitration. You can either handle the soft coal which this road intends to haul, or you can strike right here on the carpet, and then go to the paymaster and get your time. That's all. Now there's room for you on the sidewalk!"

When the Old Mogul had somewhat exhausted his stock of expletives he visited the department of claims and damages himself to consult certain files that could

not be brought to his office. It had been a stormy time for the chief clerk, for the President had not found matters in just the shape he wished. As he left the department he almost ran into the arms of old Angela, who had risen from the "mourner's bench" when the door opened. The Mogul called sharply: "Matthews, I wish you'd clear off these cases and not have the office clogged up with a lot of garlicky Italians!"

The chief clerk had worked for the Company for twenty-six years, almost as long as the Mogul himself; but he had not risen to be President. He knew that when Mr. Hatton was in that temper there was no use to make any answer, so he pretended to be busy hunting for the lost files and left the Mogul to wrestle with Angela.

"Please, Mr. Mogul, my *capra* you have killed at twenty-four August, train numero twenty. I have no money. No can buy milk."

"Eh? What's that? I guess we didn't kill your cow."

Angela repeated her statement with parrot-like exactness.

"Bring me the running-sheet for August twenty-fourth," the Mogul called.

"You see there's no cow reported killed here," he said holding up the sheet as though she could read its contents.

"Mr. Hatton, you don't understand her language. She isn't complaining about the loss of a c——"

The President of the Anthrax Valley Railroad

turned to the clerk, "When I need your advice about conducting the business of this railroad, I'll request it. If you will find those files, I shall be much obliged to you." Turning back to Angela he said with chilly politeness: "Madam, you must bring proof if you expect us to pay any attention to your claim. We keep a careful record and there is no entry here which agrees with your claim."

"But my son he see train numero twenty. My son, he come many time. I also come many time. He say," pointing to the clerk, "you will give no money. He say my *capra* too little. But he was all-a me have! Then the lawyer he tell-a my son——"

"If you've called in a shyster lawyer to press your claim, I won't have anything to do with him or with your claim either. I'm busy now. You'd better go home."

"Please, Mr. Mogul, hear what I tell-a you. The lawyer he say will mak-a ap-pli-ca-tion for large amount. After you pay, must-a give him half. Please, Mr. Mogul, why you pay so much to him? Why no pay me?"

"I won't pay him, nor I won't pay you. Do you understand? You can't collect your claim for your cow by law."

"No, Mr. Mogul, I have no cow. I have no money. No can buy milk for *bambino*. You have kill-a my *capra*. Engine numero twenty, he kill-a my *capra*—what you call? He give milk for *bambino*. Poor *bambino!* Now he was no milk to eat. He look-a bad! He will die. See!" From the shawl which she

had slung across one shoulder down to the opposite hip, Angela produced a weazened Italian baby and held it out to the Old Mogul.

Now the Mogul, in spite of his rough words and obstinate ways, could not bear to think about suffering children.

"Never mind about the baby," he hastened to say. "I suppose this was the best cow you ever had?"

"No, he not what you call the best-a cow. But he give milk—so rich—so strong. Now he was all-a gone. What you say? We got left."

Angela folded her threadbare shawl about the babe with such an air of injured dignity that the Mogul stopped laughing.

"How much do you claim? Fifty dollars?"

Angela could not tell whether he was making sport of her; the amount seemed so princely. She replied simply: "No, Mr. Mogul; not half-a that much. I want to make square."

The President looked searchingly into Angela's face, as if to see what hidden motive might be in her mind for such an admission concerning the value of her property. He was not accustomed to conscientious scruples on the part of the public when dealing with the corporation of which he was the head.

"I guess you don't care much for your cow," he said with pretended harshness. "You'd better go along."

Then the fountains of Angela's feelings were loosed. Was not this, her *capra,* the staff and support of her grandchildren's helpless infancy? Had she not grown

up in the bosom of the family? Would she not come home to be milked when called, even from the farthest limits to which the sound of their voices could reach? And the *bambino,* was she not growing daily weaker for want of proper food, while the milk trust added every month another cent per quart to the price? And the boy, her son's first-born, poor crippled child, was he not failing also? And little Pippenella, had she not had the "ammonia" and had not the doctor said she must have milk? All this and more, a great deal more, she poured forth in a flood of fluent Italian and halting English, until the Mogul showed signs of relenting. There were tears in her eyes as she said, "He no good-a much, but he all-a we got. Now we was hard luck-a!"

The old Mogul called: "Make out a check for fifty dollars, and send a boy to the paymaster to get it cashed. Bring gold," he called as the messenger disappeared from the office.

"There's twenty-five dollars for your cow and twenty-five dollars for telling the truth," he said, handing her the money.

"Mr. Mogul, I no have-a cow."

"I know you haven't. But you can buy one now and have plenty of milk for the baby. There! There! Never mind that," and he escaped into the inner office to avoid the shower of kisses which Angela was endeavouring to rain upon his hands.

The old woman had not climbed the mountain of coal dust behind which her son's cabin stood, before

the Second Vice-President came out of the accountant's office wearing a smile so wide that it fairly overflowed the boundaries of his face. Being a privileged person, he pushed into the Old Mogul's private office and a minute later the halls echoed shouts of laughter.

Perhaps it would not have seemed so funny if everybody had not been so excited about the strike.

"How's the market on goats to-day?" the Second Vice-President managed to ask the Old Mogul when he could control his voice. "I hear the price is up about six hundred points. I had a notion to take a flyer on the market myself. If you are short I could furnish you with a thousand or so black-faced Italian nanny-goats, live ones,—that is, if you really want to buy."

"See here, what the deuce are you cackling about? You've been putting up some sort of job on me, I suppose. Out with it!"

"Job nothing!" the Vice-President shrieked, going off into another spasm. "You set up the job on yourself. I leave it to Matthews. He tried to set you straight on the Italian lingo for goat and you wouldn't let him talk. Didn't he tell you that *capra* wasn't the Italian for cow? Fifty dollars! Holy smoke!" and then his feelings overpowered him again.

For one full minute the Old Mogul faced his fellow officer in silence, then he said, as the latter paused for breath,

"Won't you kindly oblige me by going to thunder?"

In the meantime the message was passing from desk

to desk in the outer offices: "The boss has just paid an old dago woman fifty dollars for a bloomin', black-faced, nanny-goat—dead!"

Before the mirth had subsided, a messenger came from the inner office of the Old Mogul bearing a check for fifty dollars, drawn on his private account, in favour of the paymaster of the Anthrax Valley Railroad.

Then the second message went round: "The boss paid for that goat out of his own pocket, like a little man."

"Whatever else you may say about him, the Old Mogul pays the freight!" It was old Matthews, the clerk in the claims department, who said this, and the remark shows that he was of a forgiving spirit.

It was by such business methods as this that the Old Mogul kept his hold as President of the Anthrax Valley Railroad, long past the age when most men are forced to retire by the younger stockholders.

THE BISHOP'S VULNERABLE POINT

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King."

—TENNYSON.

II

THE BISHOP'S VULNERABLE POINT

THE news that the Old Mogul was determined to stand by the gentlemen's agreement, and that he would not meet the men of the Union to arbitrate the questions at issue, brought things to a stand still. Except for its passenger trains, the Anthrax Valley Railroad was not able to move a wheel. At the mines everything was silent. But for the watchmen, and the pump runners who kept the mines from flooding, the shafts were abandoned.

Every sort of business suffered. The streets were full of idle men, but the stores were empty. An indefinable gloom and apprehension filled the air.

A week after the strike was declared the Bishop of Anthrax sat in his study wrinkling up his episcopal brows. Since coming to Carbonville no affair of his diocese had brought such tense lines into his strong, kindly face. The old man was gathering up his forces and arranging his arguments. He knew that he would need all his energies for the struggle which was to begin within the next few minutes. The Bishop was so strong a man that he did not often need to call up his reserve forces; but a man is so much harder to manage than men!

Bishop Vaux had need of men. His diocese had

recently grown both in wealth and in population more rapidly than any other section of the Eastern States. The coal mining industry had developed marvellously. Vast hordes of foreigners were pouring into the region as fast as the immigration bureau would allow them to land. The condition of these foreigners was miserable indeed. Many of them were desperately poor. Until the contract labour laws had prevented it, the corporations, whenever a strike occurred, had brought new droves of Slavs or Italians to the mines to take the places of the English speaking miners who were demanding better wages. English became almost an unknown tongue on the streets of the straggling towns where rival nationalities formed their "Little Italies" or "New Hungaries" or "Polanders Patches."

When these communities were first established, the houses were mere shanties, often built of sticks or stones or even earth heaped together in the rudest manner, and roofed with sheet iron from the powder kegs of the miners.

A later stage of this village life was the establishment of boarding houses, into some of which as many as twenty men were gathered in one room. Each man slept on the floor on his own narrow, straw-filled bed. During the day, his bed was piled against the wall. At the head of the bunk stood his individual sack of flour, while his piece of smoked meat hung from the wall. It was the duty of the "boarding-frau" to prepare the food of each man separately from his own supplies at any time of the day when he might be through his work.

The men had but few amusements, and no intellectual uplift. In almost every house there was some musician whose skill upon the accordion was confined to the production of a few monotonous wailings of the homeland.

Beside the food with which each man provided himself, he also kept a full supply of liquor. On pay days the men of the boarding house clubbed together and bought cheap whiskey by the pailful. Then the pail was placed in the middle of the room and the men took turns at the dipper, sometimes marching around in a circle, singing and dancing. Soon the house would be filled with brawling men and later with those who were too stupefied even to fight.

In this way the men lived until those who were more thrifty could save money enough to bring their wives or sweethearts from the fatherland and to establish homes for themselves.

Among this cosmopolitan population the moral need was even greater than the physical. Freed from the restraints of strong paternal governments, the natural impulse of this peasant population soon ran to license. Even those who were inclined toward righteousness grew perplexed amid the varying standards of morality. When the opportunity for religious worship was lost, the desire soon perished. Laws were held in contempt. Fear alone restrained the passions of men. The children grew up utterly ignorant, or nearly untaught, and threatened to outdo their parents in wickedness. The sons of the stranger were entering into possession of the fairest inheritance of

those who had founded in the state of Pennsylvania an asylum for the oppressed. Liberty was threatened by anarchy; learning was throttled by ignorance. The lawlessness of the Klondike prevailed in the heart of a Christian civilization.

The first miners who had worked in the Anthrax Valley spoke English, coming principally from England, Ireland or Wales. Some of these people had been members of the Church of England and hence came naturally under the care of Bishop Vaux. Many more came from the liturgical churches of the Continent and could be reached by the church, if only missionary pastors could be found for the field.

But the men were lacking. The Bishop had just come from the delivery of an address before the graduating class of the theological school of his denomination. He had asked for a dozen men to volunteer for service among these foreigners and he came away bearing the promise of one man to consider the question of entering the field as a missionary.

It was the more discouraging to the Bishop because there were points here and there where the church had once been established. In the days when the lumber industry thrived and afterwards when farming was the occupation of the people, churches had been built. At Coalton a flourishing church had once existed. But now even this was dying. As the Bishop traversed the naked, dreary territory in the vicinity of Coalton, which was enormously more prosperous since the wealth below the surface had been developed, there was not one rector who required his care. There were

people in abundance; indeed the Anthrax Valley was almost like a continuous village along the line of the railroad. But there was hardly a church of any denomination, except here and there a Roman Catholic church. The development of the country had outrun the church, and the fact lay heavily on the Bishop's heart.

His face broke into a smile of welcome as his secretary announced young Warne, who had arrived promptly at five o'clock to keep his appointment. Even though the Bishop was troubled about the issue of the interview, he smiled; for Warne was a man to rejoice over. In appearance the young man was commanding. His features were clear-cut, handsome and classic. Long limbed, deep chested, well balanced, it was no wonder that he had been easily the best all-around man in his class in college, in athletics, in the class-room and in society.

As he rose to greet him, a distinct wish framed itself in the Bishop's mind that such a young man might have been his own son. There was something so sane, so frank and winning about him, something so imperious and so well-fitted to command success, that the Bishop already saw him, in his mind's eye, as his own successor in the episcopal chair.

The wish was no new one in the good man's mind. Warne was the son of his earliest and most steadfast friend. Long before he was Bishop of Anthrax, Warne's father had stood by his side in every enterprise undertaken by the church. Warne's house had been a veritable home for the Bishop and the clergy.

No secular interests had ever been so dear to the family as those of the Bishop and the church. But now, after all the years that the young man had spent in his theological training, Henry Martyn Warne had come to give the Bishop the reasons why he could not take orders in the church.

Now that he had really come to the point, Warne found it hard to begin. Yet it was not his custom to shirk hard things; so as soon as they were seated, he plunged into the difficult subject.

"You know that my father always wanted me to prepare for the ministry; and before she died, my mother——"

He hesitated a moment at the mention of his mother's name and the Bishop hastened to say:

"My boy, I knew all this from your birth. Yes, you were destined for the church even before your birth. You cannot—you dare not ignore those dedicatory vows."

"That's the very point. How can I be bound by an agreement in the making of which I had no voice? You don't mean to say that I am bound to fulfill a promise made before I was born?"

The Bishop had counted greatly on the influence which the wish of Warne's mother was likely to have upon her son. Indeed he had intended to reserve that for his final argument, if necessary. But he had been betrayed by Warne's words and his own eagerness into bringing this motive to bear upon Warne at the very beginning of their conference. When he saw how the young man felt, he knew better than to press the point.

"Let me hear your own reasons," he said.

"Well, for one thing, I think that by temperament, I am not at all fitted for the work. Imagine what it would mean to a man brought up as I have been to have my own way, to be dictated to by a congregation. Suppose some of the tabbies of the parish began to criticise me for wearing a business suit on week-days, for instance. Just now I could laugh at such a thing as that, even if it were made an issue in the management of the parish, but maybe I couldn't if it came on top of a number of similar irritations. Hendricks, of my class, told me that a lot of busybodies in his church went for him because he wore a red tie when he rode his bicycle. At the same time the real interests of the parish were committed to the hands of a shady banker and a stupid brewer. The banker used his position as a church warden to influence people to put their money into his hands and then embezzled the funds of the church and those of everybody else whom he could persuade to trust him, including all the brewer's savings. All this in spite of what Hendricks could do to warn him. I'm afraid I would have said things that were not polite, if I had had to deal with such an assortment of idiots."

"But surely this isn't your principal reason?"

"No; but it leads to it. When my father died, there were matters connected with the estate which could not be entrusted to others. Up to that time I had had no experience in business. I had always regarded myself as a candidate for orders and it was with reluctance that I undertook the control of the estate. But

when I had once begun, I was fascinated with the stir of active business life. It seems to me now when I look back that up to this time I had lived in a land of dreams. The estate has engrossed my time and energies for the last three years. Then came that Hatton matter. I don't feel that I have done anything that anyone else might not have done, but that deal with Hatton *has* turned out rather successfully. Now why can't I use for the glory of God whatever powers I may have just as well in making money as in labouring in the ministry? Can't I make money and do good with it? I know that father did, for I have seen his private accounts."

"Henry, your father was one man among a thousand. If we had more such men, business would be done to the glory of God."

"That's just my point. I want to work that way. So many great business transactions are shady. There is a glaring audacity about them, or something else, which blinds the successful manipulator to the fact that a moral wrong has been done to somebody."

"Are you sure that you could resist temptation any better than others?"

"No; but I mean to try. I have my father's example to help to keep me straight."

"Do you think a man ought to speculate for the glory of God?"

"Yes, if he speculates at all."

"Let me see: I think you said you were concerned in the Hatton deal. I did not know that before. Would your father have gone into that?"

"I don't think so, because he was opposed to speculation of any sort. But anybody else would have done just as I did, if he had happened to see that the Anthrax people must have that land. I don't claim any superior ability. I just happened to see it and secured an option before anybody else did. It was perfectly fair. Hatton was trying to buy the land, through a third party, for less than its value. I beat him at his own game."

"Henry, I am not a business man and I didn't know all the details of the matter. But, if I understand it, you sold to Mr. Hatton a strip of land which the Railroad had to have for its new coal yards, for many times what it cost you. You had what you call a 'cinch.' Do you think that accords with the Sermon on the Mount? Could that be done to the glory of God?"

It was Warne's turn now to feel that his best card had been played and lost. As he was silent, the Bishop went on: "Don't you see the desperate need of the work of the church here in these mining valleys? Don't you see how these poor people need you? God has given you wealth; ought you not to use it and your time for Him? These people have real grievances as well as desperate needs: do you know anything about them? Here's this painful strike, for instance. Your wealth and business interests bring you into touch with the coal operators, on the one hand; might you not come into sympathy with the miners on the other? You might help to settle this strike or to prevent trouble in the future, if you chose."

"You overestimate my ability, Bishop."

"I believe you could fulfill my hopes, if you only would."

"That reminds me of another reason I meant to give why I seem to be particularly fitted for a business career. You know I am a member of the National Guard, the Twenty-fifth Regiment. I have lately been elected lieutenant, and I am surprised to find how the men have stood by me. If I have a knack for managing men, it will be a great factor in business success."

The Bishop answered slowly: "Yes, but for the work of the Master,—would not that qualification be of great value there too?"

Warne was silent.

"Do you wish that you wished to enter the ministry?" the Bishop asked. "You ought not to take orders unless you feel so strongly impelled towards the service of Christ in the church that you cannot help it."

A slow flush mounted Warne's face. "I don't believe I do wish it," he said.

"That ought to settle the matter," said the Bishop, quietly.

Warne was silent again.

"Are you sure there is nothing more to tell me?" the Bishop asked.

"Well, sir, there is one thing more that I want to discuss with you. I didn't want to tell you about it until we had settled the first question, although it has nothing to do with my reasons for declining the ministry.

"I needn't tell you that Helen and I have always

been good friends. Since I have had this deal on my hands and my father's estate to settle I have not been able to come to visit you as often as I used to. I believe you know how much I think of her. I don't know exactly how she feels towards me, for she has been just a trifle shy of me recently. But it has been the dream of my life, and I want now to have your permission to ask her to become my wife."

The Bishop did not speak for a moment. Then he put out his hand and covered the strong young hand that rested on the corner of his desk. "My boy, I have prayed for this for years," was all he could say.

Warne bowed his head in silence. It seemed almost as though the Bishop stood by the altar. "Pray for it now," he said reverently.

"If I give my consent to your suit for Helen's hand, will you promise to enter the ministry?"

The younger man looked up quickly. His face showed the injury which he felt. Was this the man who criticised business deals? Was this the Bishop whom he had pictured standing by the altar?

"I fear you have let yourself be influenced by your love for Helen," the Bishop went on in a level voice. "You have heard, perhaps, some of the hardships which clergymen's wives have been called upon to suffer. You want to shield Helen from possible hardship and annoyance which even the possession of wealth cannot prevent."

"Why do you talk to me in this way? I have said that I do not feel called upon to make any such sacri-

fice of my personal tastes and ambitions. Helen has not entered into the case. I don't feel it and that's all there is about it."

"Let me tell you something more that may help you to see your duty to make the sacrifice. About a month ago I preached on the duty of the church to send out missionaries."

"I read it. It was a strong sermon and it was that which made me canvass my own feelings again and that brought me here to-day. But I could not make such a sacrifice."

The Bishop nodded and then went on: "I felt very keenly the need of this work and I urged as strongly as I could that here was a duty which we dare not shirk. Since I have been Bishop of the diocese, we have never had one single man in this parish ordained to the ministry, much less to go abroad as a missionary. I have counted on you, Henry, to take up the work——"

"But do you think this is fair to use such arguments to press me into a calling which I respect most highly, but for which I have said more than once I felt no overwhelming desire? I don't think you ought——"

"Wait till I have finished. I say that I felt most deeply this lack of results in my ministry. After the sermon I gave out that hymn of Bishop How's, written you may remember not for the unregenerate, but for Christian people,

'O Jesus thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To cross the threshold o'er.'

Before I dismissed the congregation, I said I would meet in my study anyone whose heart had been stirred to take up the work. At the appointed time a young woman came. She had been tenderly reared. I believe she has been one of the most devout Christians among us from her earliest years. Her mother—her mother is dead. She is the very stay and prop of her father's declining years—that is, I would say, she stands very close to his heart. When she told me that she had come in response to my invitation, I could only say, 'Oh, my dear girl, I didn't mean *you!* I don't see how we can spare you!'—I am telling you this because I want you to understand the sacrifice. Henry, neither you nor I have ever made such a sacrifice as my—as this young woman is making."

The gong of the cathedral clock on the mantel chimed the hour and then silence fell between the two men for some minutes.

"I don't feel that I have the right to go into this matter any further," the Bishop resumed. "This much, however, I can say: It had not been my sermon that moved her. The one thing she referred to as having influenced her was that verse of How's,

'O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!'

It wasn't to me she was answering the question; it was to the Master. Henry, it was Helen who said this!

She is going to China as a foreign missionary: I cannot—cannot let her go! Will you help me? Go down to the music room and see her."

Half an hour later, as the Bishop paced past the window of his study, he saw Warne cross the snow-covered lawn in the darkness. He had forgotten his umbrella and his overcoat. The young man's strong figure seemed bent and his step was uncertain. Within the house a strain from the hymn which the Bishop had quoted pierced the darkness like a wail of renunciation. The Bishop cast himself upon the floor beside the window and lifted his hands towards the stars in the distant sky.

COALTON BARRACKS

"If Jesus Christ is a man—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow him through Heaven and hell
The earth, the sea and the air."

—GILDER.

III

COALTON BARRACKS

WHEN Bishop Vaux was asked to act as an arbitrator between the Old Mogul and his employees, it developed that there were two distinct elements among the men; those who were anxious to fight the Company, and those who wished to live in peace. Many of the latter were men with families who could not bear the risk of starvation if the strike should be prolonged.

While the wives of some of the men were eager for the strike, most of the women of the community strongly opposed it.

Those who were most desirous were the younger men and boys, who had never known its miseries.

"Now, Micky, darlin', be sure ye vote agin the sthrike in the Union to-night," Mrs. Phelan had said.

"Sure, Mother, how c'n I vote agin the sthrike an' me the prisident iv the 'Malgamated Terrors?"

"If ye do vote to sthrike, ye'll find iviry sthitch iv yer clothes in the toob to-morra," concluded Mrs. Phelan.

Mick secretly determined to escape the consequences by sleeping in his clothes that night.

Chief among those who were opposed to the strike was a big kindly Englishman named Hudderfield,

whom everybody called Sunderland Red. Huddersfield had struggled for peace until the Old Mogul made arbitration impossible. Then he went out and got drunk. Such a statement as this would not be made in some social circles, but society in Coalton is not squeamish about facts of this sort. It was not very often that Sunderland Red did get drunk, but when he did his debauch was likely to be a prolonged one.

He was rather a picturesque figure as he wavered down the street through the snow. His gait was due rather to lameness than to the effects of the liquor, for Sunderland Red did not get drunk in the same way as other men. Neither his body nor his brain was paralyzed by drink, only shaken and excited into abnormal activity.

Although well along in middle life, his magnificent strength was well preserved. His hair was hardly touched with gray; his body but little bent with the crushing toil and hardship of the mines. His face, when he was clean and sober, was really noble. It was almost a typical English face; such a face as John Bunyan might have worn, before his conversion.

He was still dressed in his mining clothes. His outfit consisted of blue overalls, dark flannel shirt with the sleeves cut off at the elbows, covered with a loose coat well soaked with oil. His feet were shod with heavy, hob-nailed shoes and his legs encased in a pair of flapping boot tops like a pair of leggins. Topping all the rest, he wore a heavy oil-cloth hat that somewhat resembled a fireman's helmet.

Two persons stood watching him from the door of Mark Owens' saloon as he passed out the street leading up into the mountain,—the saloon-keeper himself and Bruce Hardin a handsome young patrician in corduroy suit and high-laced surveyors' boots. There was a suspicion of redness about the young man's eyes and a certain hardness about the lips which betokens the steady drinker. Hardin well knew that he was not popular with the men. Before the strike he had been accustomed to drop into Mark Owens' saloon when passing and he always made it a point to treat any of the men who might happen to be there in the hope of gaining favour. Since the strike they avoided him, but he still continued to drop into the saloon.

"Sunderland Red is pretty well corned this morning," he remarked, pointing to the older man as he struggled up the steep hillside. "A pity too, for he's a good fellow when he's sober," and the handsome face drew itself into an unpleasant sneer which belied the words.

"Any man who drinks whiskey is a fool," observed the saloon-keeper sententiously. "I've said so before and I'll say so again."

"Rather hard on some of us, Owens. Hard on yourself too."

"I never took but two drinks of whiskey in all of my life. Any man's a fool who drinks the stuff. I always said so." Strangely enough the saloon-keeper spoke the truth about his accustomed warnings against drink. "I've said so to old Hudderfield. He knows

he's no business to drink rum. But it's no use. There's the result. Makin' a fool of himself!

"Now take a man like Breece," Owens went on. "He ain't reckless about drink, like Sunderland Red is. Takes a glass o' beer or so reg'lar an' knows when he's got enough. Breece is quite a religious sort o' feller. He always went to the 'Piscopal church so long as they had services here. He's had all his kids baptised an' promised that they shall fight the devil an' all his works. He won't go to this here Salvation Army barracks here, 'cause he says they ain't reg'lar. But he always says his prayers every night 'fore he goes to bed, unless it might be some night when he was kind o' sleepy like from drink an' forgot 'em, or fell asleep in his chair an' never went to bed at all. I think the Lord oughtn't to blame him under the circumstances."

But however interesting Sunderland Red's shortcomings or Mark Owens' temperance principles, it was not to be expected that either should continue to engross public attention when there were rumours afloat that the troops were to arrive that day. There had been some damage done by the strikers to the company's property on the day before and the sheriff and his deputies had been driven from the field. Violence had prevailed in other portions of the region and the troops were already gathered in their armories, so that it was no surprise to the group gathered in Owens' saloon when it was announced positively that the troops were coming that day.

"There ain't no use to bring them toy soldiers up

here to settle this strike," Owens proclaimed. "It'll only make trouble. If any soldiers has got to come, this is the time for the reg'lars. If the companies can organize themselves into big syndicates, they'll find that the men can 'malgamate theirselves into one big union. There's going to be trouble. You'll see!"

No doubt Owens was right about the matter. The union was in complete control of the town of Coalton without striking a single blow. How wisely it would use its power was yet to be seen. But the first effect was to paralyze all business, except that of the saloons. The trouble would come when the company should attempt to start its works with imported men.

In the meantime Sunderland Red continued towards the deserted timber road which led into the mountains. At the upper end of the town he passed an old building once used for a meat shop. In front there was a muslin sign, intended to be lighted up at night, bearing the words

SALVATION ARMY

COALTON BARRACKS

"Seems to me I remember the Salvation Army back in Sunderland," he said to himself. "My sister used to want me to go with her and I wouldn't. Never cared much for religion then. Don't seem to care

much for it now. Wonder if my sister's living yet? It's a long time since I heard from her. Wonder if she'd have anything to do with me now? I ain't fit to be with folks; not the way I am. I'm glad I haven't any wife or folks. I'll go out here in the mountains somewhere and——" He did not finish the sentence even to himself.

Farther up the hillside he toiled through the snow, across the folds of the barren mountains. The timber had been cut, but there were a few straggling laurel bushes left. Otherwise the whole landscape was a great white waste. Sometimes he rushed down the sides of a ravine, but for the most part he climbed higher and higher.

For a little time the sun shone out; then the sky grew leaden and threatened more snow. But he did not mind the cold. Occasionally he sat down and once or twice he cried aloud. At last he turned and started straight for the village.

On that very morning, in order that he might know the condition of affairs, the colonel of the regiment which was to be sent into the region of Coalton had detailed three of his lieutenants for secret service work. For one day they had been in touch with the mine owners and now they were going through the Anthrax Valley. But they discovered nothing more than blatant talkers about the saloons until just before dark, when they saw from a distance a crowd of men passing behind the dump of the Hatton breaker, some of them carrying bags. Hastily dispatching one of their number for help, the two young officers hurried to the

dump only to find that the men had disappeared. Visions of dynamite and damage to the company's property were pictured to their minds.

An Irishman standing before the door of a dismantled freight car at the foot of the dump took his pipe from his mouth and politely wished them good evening.

"Which way did those men turn who passed here about fifteen minutes ago?"

"Sure, and no min did I see pass here at all, at all!"

"There was quite a crowd of them. Some of them were carrying bags. Do you know what they were doing?"

"Is it bags ye say? Sure they were doin' nothin', so long as they were carryin' their bags; but by this toime they'll be fightin' their cocks at all. Which way did ye say they wint? Sure it's a dirty trick they've played me not to tell me whin they had a cock fight to pull off, an' me the bist judge iv a fightin' cock in the howl county iv Anthracite!" Casey's anger was evidently so genuine that they could not doubt that he was telling them the truth about the men with the bags.

"Sure ye don't know which way they wint at all? Cum wid me, gintlemin' an' if ye'll show me fware ye seen thim last we'll soon cum up wid thim. An' if ye've got but a little money to bet, I'll put ye nixt to a sure thing in fightin' cocks fware ye kin aisy double yer money."

While these things were taking place, Sunderland Red was making his way wearily back toward Coalton.

It was long after dark when he reached the town. There were lights now in the Salvation Army barracks and he went in. A meeting was in progress and a woman's voice was heard in prayer. Then they sang the hymn, "Whiter Than Snow."

There were but a handful of people present; three or four women, with patient faces and toil-hardened hands, a half-grown boy, two or three children who were cuddled against their mothers to keep warm and a half-silly Hungarian, known only as Yawcup, who always attended every sort of meeting. Until Sunderland Red entered, there were no other persons present, except those named and the leader, Brother Smiler. At that time Brother Smiler was not so well known as he has since become, but he had all the force and fire which have since made him so famous in fighting the battles of the Lord.

Brother Smiler rose and began to speak rapidly. "I suppose this is the last meeting in Coalton Barracks," he said.

"I left this matter with the Lord; but I ain't tryin' to put no blame on Him. I've been to every place in town to-day, every saloon in all the Patches, tryin' to sell *War Cry's,* and I didn't sell one. I've invited every man I saw to come to this meeting to-night,—and they ain't here. I told the Lord that if He wanted me to stay, I'd stay; but He must give me a sign. The Commander is writing to me to come to New York where he'd give me a recruiting station. It looks as if nothing could be done here until this strike's over. Seems as if the men in this town don't care nothing

for their soul's salvation, but just nothing but strike, strike.

"O, God," he cried vehemently, "if the men and old Mr. Hatton would only hear the message of Jesus Christ! They're all talking about the strike and their rights and they won't either party hear the Gospel message. I'm afraid there'll be trouble and bloodshed before this thing's settled. I wanted to stay right here until it was over. I asked the Lord to give me a sign and He's done it; but it ain't the sign I wanted. I asked Him to fill this place with men to-night and to save souls. Instead He's sent me the tickets to New York, and the men are in the saloons. O, Lord, save the souls of these men here in the mines!" His voice rose to an agonizing pitch and then sank into silence.

"We haven't had much to eat in the last few weeks," he went on. As he said this the shabby form of the speaker's wife seemed to shrink under her blue and red uniform and the two children clung a little closer to her side. "I ain't complaining about it; when the men are on strike, they haven't much to give. We were willing to stay and starve with the rest of you people here, if it was the Lord's will. But the Commander says, come to New York, where the work is waiting for somebody to take it up. So I guess this is the last meeting we'll have here in the Coalton Barracks. The Lord will raise up somebody to carry on the work to the glory of His name; but I did wish I might see it when the blessing came!"

Then his speech turned into a prayer for the people of Coalton, broken, pleading, argumentative almost.

When he ceased, Sunderland Red rose. "You all know who I am," he said simply. "You all know what kind of a life I've lived. I've been on a tear for a week and I came home this morning because I had no more money. It was just before breakfast that I got in and I was feeling pretty rocky. I didn't want anything to eat, so I sat down by the fire and fell asleep for a while. Pretty soon along came Teed to me—that was the little child of my boarding mistress—and she says 'Why, Red, you look bad this morning. Teedie will tidy you up a bit.' Then she climbed into my lap and combed my hair and she brought me a towel and washed my face. And then she said, 'Why don't you pay me, Red?' meaning that I should kiss her. But I couldn't kiss her, being the way I was. So I pretended I didn't understand her and gave her an English penny-piece that I always carried in my pocket, which was all I had. But it hurt her feelings that I wouldn't kiss her the same as I always did and she went into the front room and said to her mother, 'Red don't love Teed any more,' so grieved like as if she was fit to cry.

"I couldn't stand that, so I put on my shoes and my boot-tops again and went out. You know how it snowed last night. Well, I went out on the mountains where the snow lay on everything. It was so white and still-like, that I could hardly bear it. It was all so white and I was in my dirty clothes, the same as I am now. I felt so bad—not fit to be with folks. I thought I would just go farther and farther and lie

down in the snow and never go back where Teed or anybody would be the worse for me. All the time it kept coming to me just like my sister used to sing when I was a little chap in Sunderland, 'Whiter than Snow.' And I said, 'No! not for me,' and I went on. I came to the top of a steep ledge of rock where they might think I had stumbled, but I was afraid to fling myself over; I was afraid of God. I went on all day. Sometimes I ran. Sometimes I sat down. Sometimes I turned back for a while. But all the time I could hear the words, 'Whiter than snow.' And I called out 'It's a lie! It's a lie! It's not for me!'

"I ain't drunk now. At least the liquor's dying out in me. I know what I'm saying. I—I want to be a better man. If the Lord Jesus will take me, I wish He would,—the same as you said. And I'll take Him and be a better man. I've been a pretty wicked fellow, but I'm willing to do whatever He wants of me."

One other interested auditor there was, although he was not within the building. Young Lieutenant Warne who was reconnoitering for the Colonel of the Twenty-fifth, had seen the lights in the building. Coming up from the rear, the two young officers stood for a few minutes while Smiler made his address.

"Come along," said the second officer, "we've nothing coming to us here."

He moved away from the building, but Warne still lingered while Sunderland Red told his story. To him it seemed as if he did have business there. The intense earnestness of both these men, the poverty-

stricken bareness of the place, the pathetic wish on the part of each to do something for the Master, gripped him strangely.

"Come on, Warne," said the second officer profanely. "Don't be a fool! It's only a dashed Methodist meeting!"

A TOY SOLDIER

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

—HENLEY.

IV

A TOY SOLDIER

IN the background a vast mass, black, deformed, menacing. At the foot of the sombre culm dump, a spot of blue like a soldier's overcoat. In the foreground the newly-fallen March snow was tracked as if by men running. Somehow, the blue figure and the black dump seemed to belong together, like complementary colours.

Except for the figure in blue, the path along the dump was empty for the first time during the day. Five minutes before the dump had been swarming with people. Usually there was hardly an hour during the daylight when it was not occupied by women and children picking fragments of coal from among the culm.

All that morning a woman with a babe bound to her hip by her shawl had toiled with frenzied haste to fill her sacks. The soldiers were coming! The rumour of their approach filled every heart with a fierce determination to fight. In order that she might be free to fight she must have coal.

"Yawcup," she screamed in the Magyar tongue, "why will you not help me to carry home these sacks of coal to-day? The *gendarmes* will be here and then we can pick no more coal to keep the children warm."

But Yawcup only shifted his pipe and passed on in the direction of the saloon.

A forlorn creature she was, this little Hungarian Katya, with a figure that might once have been petite, but now had grown stocky. In spite of the cold she was but poorly clad. Her bare, blackened feet showing beneath her draggled skirt added the last touch of misery to her pathetic figure. Her face had once shown a sort of childish, care-free prettiness, but it was pinched and eager now.

Then the soldiers had come and the frightened mother, like some wild creature of the woods, had hurried her brood of children from the dump to her cabin, for fear of violence.

The thin blue haze of powder smoke had not yet risen to the top of the mountain of culm before the crowds which thronged the path and the dump had scattered, the soldiers for reinforcements, the strikers —well, they themselves hardly knew why.

Both sides seemed to have forgotten the figure in blue. The towering dump seemed almost to threaten with extinction the unimportant spot of colour at its base. A few tons of coal dust moved a few feet from the lowering bank would bury the dead, if the man were dead, and remove all the marks of bloody conflict.

Nothing is more striking in the anthracite coal regions than these sombre mountains of black waste which often cover acres of ground. Black spots they are in the landscape, for except during the bitterest weather the snow melts as it falls on the towering sides of the heap. Piled up by the machinery in the break-

ers, they often hide the breaker itself from view; so that the wives of the miners can no more see their children working in the breaker but a short distance away from the houses than they can see their husbands when they are at work a mile away under ground.

The culm dump is the squalid prospect of thousands of miners' homes. So near to some that even the sky seems to be shut out of sight; so near to many others that every corner of the house is soiled with the grime which blows through the cracks of the doors and windows and makes cleanliness of clothing and person impossible; near enough also, if the giant dump should be on fire, for the stifling sulphur gas to bleach all colour from the faces of the children.

The cabin of the little Hungarian mother stood opposite to the place where the fallen soldier lay. When there was no further danger of violence the woman stole to the dismal front room and looked long at the hulk in blue. It was not a handsome figure, lying there in a shapeless heap. The shoulders which had been so square had sunk across the knees as he lay; the head had disappeared in the folds of the overcoat. One arm stretched out rigidly, showing a white wrist and hand. But for this hand there would have been no certain mark to show that the blue hulk was human. The man had fallen in his tracks when the bullet struck him, fallen like a lump of putty.

There had been strikes before in the anthracite coal regions and the militia had been called upon to preserve the peace not once nor twice; but there had never been a strike so momentous as the one which came at

the end of the great era of consolidation and before the hard times began. During that period of good times the great coal and carrying companies had formed enormous syndicates, while the men had amalgamated themselves into one immense labour union.

When the soldiers marched in that morning Owens had stood haranguing a crowd from the steps of his saloon.

"You don't have to be afraid of these toy soldiers," he said. "They won't hurt you. Their officers are a set of dudes, the sons of rich men. They don't know nothin' about fightin'. An' the men in the ranks are your friends. Just stand up to them an' they'll run."

The young lieutenant in charge of the squad moved quietly a few steps nearer to the saloon. Owens's voice was plainly audible now.

"It stands to reason that these little blue devils won't fight," the saloon-keeper was saying. "Why there ain't a man of 'em in the ranks but what has got some cousin in the union. When it comes to the pinch they won't hurt you. Knock the officers out an' the men"—

"Sergeant," said the young lieutenant sharply, "arrest that man on the steps. Close his saloon and seal it. Disperse the crowd and set a guard at the door."

The men moved off sullenly as the file of soldiers approached, but the numbers grew greater rather than fewer as they moved down the street toward the Hatton breaker and dump.

But Owens had spoken the truth after all. It was a case where the regulars were needed. The regulars

whom nobody loved and everybody hated; whom nobody despised and everybody feared; who had no cousins and no favourites; who belonged to no lodges and joined no labour unions; who received no boxes from home containing roast chicken and jelly cake and who carried no wreaths on their bayonets.

But the militia had sworn to uphold the constitution of Pennsylvania and they were ready to die rather than to break their solemn oath—unless indeed they should be smitten with sudden panic and run away.

At four o'clock the first skirmish was over. The path was cleared of soldiers and the crest of the dump free from strikers. The field was empty, except for the motionless figure in blue and the little Hungarian woman.

The melted snow water had partly revived the officer and the woman was ready to minister to his needs. It was painful work for the man to struggle back to consciousness. How had it all happened? Where were the boys that they had left him there alone? Why could he not move?

Presently the events of the day began to come back to him. He lived them over again, point by point. They were hurrying along the edge of the culm dump again, so as to drive the strikers from the top of the bank. The boys did not relish the job greatly and he was urging them on. He remembered one man particularly, who stood at the left of the column, who was especially sullen. He would get himself into trouble if he were not more ready to obey.

The officer could not quite remember what happened

next. The strikers had swarmed over the crest and out of the gullies between the folds of the pile of culm. There had been a hailstorm of stones and here and there a pistol shot. He had shouted to steady the men but the strikers were raising pandemonium above. He had tried to bring the men together, but the black mass of culm seemed to pour out hundreds of men and boys with stones and weapons, bent on separating the men on the left from the main body of the militia. Then somebody shouted "Fire!" There was a scattering volley and then the soldiers ran,—yes, ran! There was only a handful and the strikers numbered hundreds. That was the time the officer had gone down in his tracks.

While he struggled to recall these events, his uninjured hand sought to find the wound which was soaking his clothing with blood. It still felt so numbed that he could not tell where he was hit nor how badly, until suddenly he realised that the principal trouble was below the shoulder blade and that there was another hole in the armpit and one in the arm. When this fact dawned on him, the young lieutenant began to hate himself and almost to wish that the bullet had gone a little lower, so that he might have died.

Wounded in the back! Then he must have been running away too. He strove in vain to recall his last act before he fell, but now everything seemed confused, unreal. He could think of nothing but the ignominy of his wound. In reality there was no more feeling in it than there had been before, but it seemed to burn, until the agony was unendurable. He no

longer wished for the rescue party; in fact he dreaded to have the men return to find him wounded like a craven.

Then his future rose before him. This wound changed everything. He had thought to be a candidate for orders. He, who was wounded in the back! A coward who could not even face a mob of angry men! Where were the lofty ideals of his youth? Had his ideals been worthy of the name? Only the night before when it became certain that there would be a clash between the troops and the strikers he had written to Bishop Vaux telling of his decision to take orders. He was glad that the letter was not yet mailed!

While consciousness lasted he prayed—not for rescue as he had before he realized the shame of his wound, but a prayer of thanksgiving that the test had come to him before he was irrevocably committed to the service of the church. If he was such a coward, he rejoiced that he should never have the opportunity to disgrace the cause of Christ. Yet even in the midst of his half-coherent prayer, he found himself asking that cowardice should be removed from him and beseeching for one more chance.

This whole matter of entering the ministry had been such a weary, perplexing struggle. At first he had easily drifted into the idea because his parents wished it. Later his sturdy young manhood revolted from a ready-made career through another's wish, and he had definitely resolved not to take orders. Still later when Helen Vaux would have gone abroad as a missionary, he canvassed the matter again, wistfully de-

siring to come to a different conclusion. But even with the possibility of wedding the woman he loved, he was true to his decision not to take orders.

Then had come the strike and the call for the militia. In the performance of his duty to the State during the winter, he had come into touch with misery and degradation more desperate than any he had imagined to exist. While the poverty of the people weighed on his spirit, he could not escape from the thought that their spiritual need was still more desperate. He grew more restless until at last he had written to the bishop that he must offer himself to the church.

And now had come this shameful wound. He was a coward! Not fit for the Master's service. The wound in the back was the sign.

Then there was another period when the cold was forgotten and the sting of his wound was eased, a period of blissful unconsciousness, broken all too soon by the feeling that he was being dragged over rough ground as if by fiends that were bent on torture. Then liquor was poured between his teeth and presently the young officer knew that he was being warmed and chafed by a woman's hands—rough, heavy hands they were, but still a woman's.

"T'ank Gott! he open his eyes once again. It's Mr. Heinrich. Can't you speak to me, Mr. Heinrich? Keep back there children. Don't you know who it is, Mr. Heinrich?"

"Why, yes," he said slowly. "I know your voice, but I can't— Why—why it's little Katya! Why Katya, it's a long time since I saw you. Not since

you moved away. We didn't know what had become of you. Where's Yawcup?"

"Yawcup? Pst!" with a contemptuous gesture which spilled the liquor. "Out somewhere with the strikers!"

Ah yes! The strikers; he remembered now what it was that made his shoulder ache so. For the moment, until Katya's word about the strikers had recalled him to the present, Lieutenant Warne was back in his boyhood again. How often he had listened to the story of little Katya's trials.

She was a pathetic little figure; yet always so cheerful. Nobody had ever to bear so many hardships as little Katya, yet nobody was ever so utterly uncrushed by them. Her unfailing reply when one asked her how she was getting along was a bird-like chirp, "Oh, goot!" accompanied by a most ecstatic smile. Very likely she did not know that the English language contained any other form of response, for when the husband of her youth, who had brought her as a bride to America, was burned to death in the mines by an explosion of gas, she had proclaimed her cheerfulness in sorrow by her reply to a neighbour's sympathy by the response that she was "gettin' along goot!"

Then Katya forsook the mines for the city, where young Warne's mother had taken her under her protection. After her baby was born she became the laundress at the Warne household. Then after a few months she had declared herself about to marry again, a man of her sister's choice. The Warnes had done all in their power to dissuade her from the match; partly

in horror over the recent bereavement and partly because Yawcup seemed utterly unfit to assume the cares of a family. Katya had only one reply to all their arguments; "Single woman, she no goot. She must have a man to take of her the care. In my country, no single woman, all married." Even Mr. Warne's authority was invoked in vain. "You big boss, no can understand. Missy boss, she got you; single woman no goot."

So Katya and Yawcup were married in due time. Before many days they quarrelled violently because Katya could not find more places to wash, so that Yawcup might be supported in greater luxury. She still worked for the Warnes, although Mrs. Warne had declared that she should not do so, if she continued to allow that worthless Yawcup to abuse her. But Katya's cheerfulness never failed her. She continued to hide her bruises and to wash the family linen of the Warnes. It is not usually considered an amusing experience when the husband forms the habit of beating his wife; but Katya's cheerfulness almost made it seem so. One sad day Yawcup, who was theoretically the bread-winner and as such the lord and master of the family, conceived the idea that they could do better if they should move into the coal fields.

Then the family drifted, chasing the phantom of "good work" from one mining settlement to another, each succeeding home being a shade more forlorn and cheerless than the last. The tenant who becomes notorious for his belief that it is cheaper to move than to pay the last month's rent does not have his choice

of houses, not even of company houses remodelled from abandoned mule barns. But Katya's brave heart never failed her and life was always "goot" with her, even when they moved into the forlorn shanty at the foot of the huge culm dump.

Warne was recalled from his review by a cry from one of Katya's children, telling in the Magyar tongue that the strikers were returning. The house swarmed with children, babies whom Warne had never seen before. When Katya had driven all but the youngest to the inner room, Warne improved the interval of comparative quiet to ask how things were going with her family.

"Oh, we get along goot," she said. "Steve he get a big boy now. He can work in the breaker. Yawcup he no goot; he no work mooch."

Now it is a delicate matter to ask a wife whether her husband is still in the habit of getting drunk, and whether he still indulges in the habit of beating her, whether drunk or sober; but the world in which Katya lived is not squeamish about answering questions that involve such details. So when Warne had delicately inquired how matters stood between husband and wife, Katya said: "Poouf! That no make mooch account. Some one day he beat me little; some anoder day, he no beat. I jump aroundt quvick. I no stand still any more. He no can come oop. He no can hurt —mooch. He no work; no get strong—mooch.—How soon *gendarmes* come back?"

Before the soldiers with reinforcements and with the surgeon came back to the culm pile, the strikers

had gathered again in force. The regulars would have foreseen and prevented this. It was a very different sort of crowd from that which first faced the militia. The first crowd had been sullen and self-distrustful; the second mob was arrogantly determined that the soldiers should not gain possession of the dump which was the vantage ground and the key to the possession of the breaker. After the first shot had been fired and the strikers had chased the militia the men seemed to be possessed with the courage of demons. The yells that at first proclaimed their victory now sounded their defiance. The mob had grown fourfold and was now swaggering back towards the dump drunk with the sense of its own prowess. When the militia should return with reinforcements, the captain would find his work cut out for him.

The ruling passion with most of the peasant immigrants who come to America is fear. Perhaps it is because they find themselves without the protection of a strong paternal government, or perhaps it is the natural reaction after the break which has separated them from customs and institutions centuries old. Whatever may be the cause, fear prompts nine men out of ten to provide themselves with some weapon of defence. But whoever else the foreigner fears, he does not fear the police and the militia. Did he not help to elect the constable? As for the militia, are not the strikers themselves as well armed as these soldiers?

It was most unfortunate, therefore, that some one

should have suggested that the rabble should go across to the little Hungarian home in order to exult over the fallen foe in the person of Lieutenant Warne. Katya heard their shouts. Having packed her children into the closet, she rushed to the door. As soon as she divined their purpose, she ran out of the gate and down the road to meet the mob. For a few minutes she delayed the leaders at the corner of the lot. The path was narrow here, being bounded on the one side by the Anthrax creek and on the other by a stone wall which prevented the culm dump from sliding down and burying the roadway. Finding that the men were determined to disregard her pleas, and push past her into the lot and into the house, Katya seized a long-handled shovel which lay by her coal shed and scrambled to the top of the retaining wall of the dump.

For months fire had been eating into the heart of the dump at this point. Into this burning mass of coal dirt Katya thrust her shovel and before the leaders could pass into the gate, indeed before they realized her purpose, she had scattered the burning culm and cinder in their faces. Fortunately for her the wind whirled down the narrow valley in such a direction that the ashes and the stifling gases which her busy shovel set free were carried away from the wall into the eyes and lungs of the crowd. Like a stubby goddess of fury she stood, inconsequently beating the air with her shovel and hurling Hungarian defiance at the mob of strikers.

It was her hour of triumph. The men in the rear

shrieked with delight, as those in front sputtered angrily for a few minutes. While those in front backed off, attempting to rid the creases of their clothing and their hats of the burning cinders, the mob, moved by one of those sudden inexplicable spasms of humour which often sweep over a company of people, good naturedly fell back to the end of the dump.

All but one man. Yawcup, considerably under the influence of liquor, stood forth from the crowd to bring Katya to her senses. As for Katya, her divine fury seemed to forsake her.

"Make the shovel back," Yawcup shouted in English.

Katya obeyed, meekly enough. Yawcup followed her retreat with certain exhortations, half Magyar, half English, but wholly profane, calculated to impress upon Katya's mind that she was by many degrees the most foolish woman in Anthracite county.

"Why for you one blank fool make yourself with cinder?" he brawled. "Why for you bring the double-dashed soldier mine house in? Make him out."

Katya had by this time reached the door step. She replied in her own language that the man was the well-born Heinrich, the honoured son of her dear patroness, Mrs. Warne. The honoured master was badly wounded. Did Yawcup not remember how kind he had been to them?

But Yawcup was bent on disciplining Katya in a manner which should bring him public applause. So,

disregarding her repeated plea not to enter the house, he came roughly up the step.

Then a strange thing happened. If Yawcup had looked into Katya's eyes he would have seen his danger. But he was bent on having his own way. "You drag him in; you must drag him out!" he said, lifting his hand to force her.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of her dear Mrs. Warne; perhaps it was the long years of indignity that she had suffered; but when Katya saw Yawcup's hand raised to strike her, a sort of madness like that she had felt on the wall of the culm dump filled her soul. Blindly she rushed at her lord and master, dodging the blow he tried to strike and planting her heavy right hand, red and hardened with labour, squarely on Yawcup's neck. That was the only blow which the mob down by the end of the dump could distinguish. During the rest of the struggle, a furious figure, with wildly waving arms was seen to come into frequent and violent contact with Yawcup.

As for Yawcup, after his first attempt to strike, he offered only a feeble resistance. And long before the delighted crowd of strikers could come near enough to enjoy the performance, Yawcup had gone down, face foremost, into the slush while Katya sat across his hips pounding his head up and down on the ground.

When her frenzy had spent itself somewhat, she asked: "Shall the well-born Heinrich stay in the house now?"

In his daze Yawcup had forgotten all about the well-born soldier and his own intent to discipline

Katya. He could only groan and promise feebly, "Yes, Gott in Himmel! Let him stay! Only you no pound my head!"

When the crowd of strikers came up again to the little house the door was locked and all was silent within. Katya, with the two wounded men on her hands, was rendering aid to the injured.

While the strikers were still laughing and calling for Yawcup, Whiz Nicol, one of the pickets of the strikers, ran breathlessly down the road from the breaker. He flung himself into the midst of the crowd before he could persuade anyone to listen to him. "You fools," he stormed. "What have you been doin' this half-hour that you've let the whole company from the Twenty-fifth walk right up on the other side of the dump to the breaker? You've done us dirt! You've give the whole snap away! You'll see the blue devils swarmin' over the top of the dump in the next two minutes, while youse idjits stand here amusin' yourselves teasin' this lame Hungarian. O, youse needn't swear about it now! The game's up, here. Might as well sneak off."

Half an hour later when Major Creigan was bandaging Warne's wounds, he stopped abruptly.

"Why, Lieutenant, how did you get hit by one of our own men?"

"I don't know anything about it," Warne said wretchedly. His face was drawn and old, but not with the pain. It was bad enough that the physician must know that he had been hit in the back; why should he be so heartless as to ask an explanation?

Yawcup said something in his own language to Katya.

"Yawcup, he know," she cried. "Yawcup, he say the gracious sir, he try to make the *gendarmes* go up the bank. They no will go. One *gendarme,* he stand way off on end. He make shoot at the honoured master. Then Mr. Heinrich fall. The men all run 'way. Then Yawcup he come up from behind the bank of the creek."

"What's that?" cried Warne rousing up. "The man on the end? I know him. I remember that he was behaving badly. He shot me? The cur— No, I can forgive him for that. Now I can go to the bishop, if I get over this. But, Doctor, I didn't turn my back! I didn't run!"

"No, my boy," the surgeon replied, "this wound shows you didn't run," and he blew his nose violently before taking up the bandages again.

But Yawcup wonders to this day why the young officer shook hands with him so heartily and how a wounded man could grip his hand so hard.

THE HERETIC'S PARISH

"The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats,
The chambers of the great are jails,
And head winds right for royal sails."

—EMERSON.

V

THE HERETIC'S PARISH

WHEN the Reverend Henry Martyn Warne had recovered from his wound and had passed his year's diaconate the first thing which he discovered after his consecration was that he was a heretic! At least to his own conscience he seemed to be. It was not that he had as yet adopted any positive views which he was sure were in conflict with the Articles of Religion; but he was sincerely troubled lest the opinions he held might grow into the rankest heresy.

It came to pass when the young clergyman unburdened his conscience to Bishop Vaux and asked for advice that the bishop replied, "Do nothing at all at present."

"But, Bishop, it seems to be dishonest——"

"You have been honest enough to tell me. Never mind telling your wardens,—you are not responsible to them; and as for your people, preach what you are sure about and let your doubts rest. It will be time enough to try you for heresy when you have formulated your beliefs. In the meantime I have a place for you as rector in Coalton. The town is growing, and you will do better work up there than if you

should go to a larger place. There's work to be done. In a year or two, if you are still troubled with these doubts, we will consult further about the matter."

"Coalton is a forlorn place," the bishop went on; "and for some reasons I dislike to send you there." He did not say that it was because the young man must go alone, while Helen served her novitiate in a distant city. But Warne knew and sympathised in silence.

"What has been done there within the past few years?" he asked.

"Just a handful of people gathered and wardens elected. The work is all to be done yet, if you'll undertake it?"

"If you say so, I'll try, Bishop." And so the matter was settled.

The church and the rectory of the new charge were situated well enough on a commanding ridge, but the most of the town of Coalton clung to the bases of the steep mountain sides along the edge of a narrow valley. The Anthrax creek that poured swiftly through the valley ran black with coal dirt for part of the year. During the summer months it left its bed of stones bare and red with iron rust from the mine water, to blaze back the heat of the sun.

The night after the rector's arrival at Coalton, his warden, owner of one of the mines of Coalton, called to take him over the parish. As they walked along the back streets, songs and cries came from the curtained windows of the saloons.

"You see to-day is pay-day," the warden explained. "There's always lots of rum over here after the men

are paid, but it isn't so bad at other times. Maybe I oughtn't to have brought you."

The rector's heart was stirred at the sights and sounds of wickedness. "We'll start a mission over here," he said.

"But—but, Mr. Warne, this is your parish."

"This! These dens?"

"I supposed the bishop had told you where your work would lie."

Then came a running commentary on the people they passed.

"That man standing by the door of the saloon is one of our attendants, Breece by name. I'm afraid he's pretty drunk to-night. He looks much better when he's clean and sober. Yes, that youngster is rather a ragamuffin, but there isn't a brighter boy in the Sunday-school. He's rather a hard case, but what could you expect? His father was killed in the strike last year. There were five of our men killed by that volley from the soldiers, besides three little children and two women."

Rector Warne remembered with a throb of thankfulness that his wound had put him out of action before any blood but his own had been shed.

"It was down this street that the soldiers came," the warden went on, "and in these shanties on the other side of the Patch that the women and children were killed. That was a dark time for Coalton, Mr. Warne."

The rector did not seem to care to discuss the strike, yet he felt that he must say something. "Did the

men feel that anything was accomplished by the strike?" he asked.

"Oh yes, various things. The companies granted them ten cents per ton increase, after they had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars through the idleness of the mines. On the other hand the miners suffered to the point of starvation before they would compromise. When the soldiers crushed the strike, bloodshed accompanied the act, and hate and distrust followed it.—That's accomplishing a good deal, isn't it? The community hasn't recovered from it yet.—But I'm afraid, Mr. Warne, I'll make you want to leave town before you begin work among us. Shall we go home now?"

"No, not unless you are tired. Please take me clear through town and tell me all about it; I want to know what I have before me."

"You must not be too hard on these men, Mr. Warne. They have a great many temptations. For instance, there are scores of them here in the saloons to-night who came in to get change."

"What do they want with change?"

"Why, you know to-day is pay-day. Each miner is a contractor with the company,—that is, each man who has passed the mine inspector's examination is given a legal right to take out coal. But in order to do his work successfully, he must have helpers. All the work done under contract with the company in a particular chamber is paid for by the company to the contracting miner. If the mines are working steadily, he will have from two to four hundred dollars put into

HOW THE UNDERGROUND HALF WORK

his hands on pay-day in ten or twenty dollar bills. Each of his helpers will have a fraction of this amount coming to him. So the men get into the habit of going to the saloon to get change, and of course they don't want the saloon-keeper to change their money without buying drinks."

"But do you mean to say that there is nobody cares enough for the souls of these men and boys to change their money for them without subjecting them to the temptation of drink?"

"Well, you see the miners' labourers are often foreigners and they want a place where they can talk over the amount of their wages and figure it out for themselves. Then the money must be laid down on the bar in piles, so that each may see for himself that his neighbour gets no more than he has. In case of dispute, the barkeeper is the umpire."

"But couldn't they do this at a store?"

"The stores have no time to bother with them. Besides the men are dirty and their clothes are covered with oil and the stores are crowded and rushed on pay-days. The saloonkeeper doesn't mind the dirt and he has plenty of time. Then again the stores often run out of change, but the saloons are well supplied."

"Why couldn't the church rent a building over here and bring a few thousand dollars in small change out from Carbonville every pay-day, so as to stop this wretched business?"

"They do that in Carbonville at the Y. M. C. A. But then that's a city. We might have trouble if we tried it here. The saloon men would fight it."

The rector's eyes flashed. "I should enjoy that kind of a fight," he said quietly. "At any rate, I believe the Lord would be on our side."

They had just reached an electric light, under which a group of children were playing hop-scotch, when a sudden silence fell upon the whole street. A dark bulk loomed up slowly in the distance. No one could have told just how the word passed on in advance that the ambulance was coming, but instantly the laughter of the children was hushed and other sounds ceased, until all was silent as death. So it remained except for the shrill *staccato* of one youngster, who burst out crying as he ran swiftly towards his home, firmly persuaded that his father's body was following him in the ambulance. Doors flew open all along the street and anxious women peered out, clutching at throat or breast even though their husbands or brothers were beside them. Slowly the black shape passed, the driver with his head bent forward and his eyes fastened on the ground.

The crowd that walked behind the wagon answered all the eager questions.

"A Hungarian. Yes, dead. Named Klechi or something. Lived down in the Patch somewhere."

A sigh of relief broke from the lips of a woman in the doorway; yet there were tears too.

"Sure I'm glad it wasn't annywan iv our kind that was kilt! But the poor fellow has folks iv his own kind no doubt. May God rest his sowl!"

"There's many a one brought home like that, Mr. Warne," the warden said. "In looking over the rec-

ords of the church the other day, I found that less than one-half of the deaths recorded among the miners of our parish were from natural causes, as you may say. And even of those, some were from miners' asthma and others from pneumonia brought on by the men coming out of the mines in wet clothes which freeze on their backs before they can get home. You don't wonder they put whiskey in their boots to keep them warm."

The rector had not stirred from the spot beneath the lamp where he first saw the ambulance. "Let's go home," he said. "I've seen all I care for to-night."

Warne's first visitor was not a parishioner. Indeed she did not know that she was visiting the rector, or she might not have dared to enter the rectory. The housekeeper had left the front door unlocked and so the old woman had entered without the formality of ringing the bell. Once inside, she wandered about until she reached the study. Standing just inside the curtained doorway, she made a slight noise to attract Mr. Warne's attention.

She was a dried-up, bent, old woman, with a pleasing, rubicund countenance in which the wrinkles which indicated shrewdness were criss-crossed with about an equal number indicating kindliness.

"Well?" he said, thinking it was his housekeeper, without raising his eyes from the line he was writing.

"It's a foine winther's day," she said, drawing a step nearer to the desk where he sat.

He rose and placed a chair for her, but she refused to sit down.

"It's a nice place ye have here at all. Sure ye must be very comfortable here durin' the cold weather."

"Will you tell me, please, what I can do for you?" he asked.

"Well thin, yer honour," she said, consenting under necessity to waive further polite remarks, "I've some tickets here that I t'ought a gintleman like yersilf would be buyin'," fumbling in the bosom of her dress as she spoke, and producing some greasy strips of numbered pink cardboard.

"I don't want them," said Warne, without touching them.

"But ye haven't looked at thim!" she said simply. "Ye don't know what ye'll miss. It's for a neighbour iv mine, Tim Phelan, that I'm sellin' thim. The poor man! he got his eye hurted, an' the b'ys is givin' him a binefit. He's got five wake childer an' it's four months now since he c'u'd do a tap. God help us all! We anny wan iv us might be in the same state nixt. Ye niver c'n tell at all, whin ye goes intil the mines, what day ye'll come out kilt. We ought all to help wan another as far as we c'n. Ye'll take all iv thim tickets, for sure? A gintleman like yersilf, won't feel the price iv thim, an' ye might save the cost, if ye win the prize."

"The prize? What in the world do you mean?"

"Sure the prize in the raffle! It's a foine feather bed entirely. An' besides, the tickets admits ye to the binefit ball that they'll be holdin' overhead the hotel where the drawin's to take place. 'Tis Mark Owens' hotel, right up the hill an' forninst the breaker. Per-

haps a gintleman like yersilf wouldn't care for the ball, but ye c'u'd buy the whole four iv the tickets for yer frinds. 'Tw'u'd help poor Phelan along, an' you'd niver feel it." She laid four tickets down on his desk as she spoke.

"But I don't believe in raffles," the rector managed to say when she paused a moment for breath.

"But 'Squire Barber himsilf will conduct it,—a man that's niver been accused iv annything crooked. An' the bed! Oh! it's a foine bed entirely! Sure, the bist bed they had in the house an' but little used. Take two tickets, thin, if ye don't want the four iv thim. It's great merit that ye'll make, an' as foine a bed as there is in the town!"

"You don't understand me; I don't think a raffle is right."

"But don't I say to ye, that the poor man was sick these four month past? He's got his eye hurted that bad he can't work."

She did not mention the fact that the eye had been injured in an argument over the relative merits of two rival beneficial societies, and that the society for which Phelan had so valiantly done battle had gone into bankruptcy only a week after he had been wounded, leaving him without benefits from the lodge.

"But I don't like raffling. It's gambling. I don't think it is right."

"Is it gamblin' ye say? Sure there won't be a card in the house,—at laste not outside the bar-room. 'Twill all be done by 'Squire Barber, blindfolded as fair as ye plaze, an' drawin' the numbers out iv his hat. Be-

sides the man has five wake childer, an' what c'u'd he do, if his frinds didn't give him this binefit? Say ye'll take this wan ticket annyhow? I'll wait till afther the nixt pay for the money. 'Tis but a dollar, an' ye'd have the same chanst as annywan ilse to win a foine feather bed."

She stood a moment longer till the housekeeper, who had been summoned, led her away. As she went down the hall he heard the story of the five weak children repeated. The housekeeper, being a woman, quickly disposed of her by turning her over to the cabman who had come to take the rector to a funeral; while the cabman, having no one to call to his assistance, or being hopeful of winning the fine feather bed, purchased one of the tickets which Mr. Warne had refused.

AN EXTIRPATED HERESY

"I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed round our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest."

—E. B. Browning.

VI

AN EXTIRPATED HERESY

WARNE'S first funeral was that of Mrs. Breece, whose husband had been indulging in pay-day festivities on the night of the rector's first round of his parish. During the week which followed the rector's arrival in Coalton Mrs. Breece had quietly passed out of life into the peace of God. The little four-roomed company house in which the services were held seemed so pitifully bare and the circumstances of her death so sad that the rector was profoundly moved as he performed the offices of the church. While his own heart found comfort in the thought of the dead woman's undoubted piety, his whole delicate nature revolted at the barren unloveliness of the funeral arrangements. On the way to the grave, he had put aside his own feelings and tried to console the husband and children who rode in the same carriage with him; but on the return from the cemetery he had given himself over to his own sad meditations, feeling also that perhaps his companions would prefer silence.

He was therefore somewhat disturbed when Breece began speaking of a certain Mike McCarty, a well known character of the town, who had caused trouble

by interrupting the services of the church during the incumbency of a former rector.

Seeing that Warne had shown but slight interest in the recital, Breece warmed up and asked, "What wouldst tha' do, parson, if he should come to church some mornin' an' make trouble for thee?"

"I suppose I should rebuke him, and if he persisted I should call on the wardens to do their duty and eject him from the church."

"Huh! There's no warden like to be there but hold 'Ardin. I should like to watch him puttin' Mike McCarty hout, 'specially if he wer' full o' liquor!

"Parson, didst tha' never 'earn tell o' Zed Miller, the Hinglish fightin' parson? Ah, he wer' a rare one! Come from the same part o' Sunderland where I wer' born. A great preacher in his day an' the Lord's champion. Mr. Warne, I don't want to tell thee what's thy duty, but when Zed Miller wer' interfered wi' he went hout in the name o' the Lord and punished his tormentor.

"I've 'earn my father tell it wer' like this: A big Cornishman come to the meetin's night hafter night, an' he did so to make sport an' mock of it all. At first the preacher he told him, quiet-like, to behave. Then he give him public warnin', but it done no good. One night, just hafter Zed Miller had give hout his text, the man—they called him George,—fetched hout a loud haw-haw an' slapped his knee that you could 'ave 'eard it houtside the church. Zed Miller come down from the pulpit an' walked to the seat where George wer' set, an' he reached hover an' took him by

the coat. 'George,' he says, 'I told thee not to disturb this meetin' again. Now tha' must come wi' me. I'm the Lord's champion. The Lord an' I are goin' to whip thee.' George wer' a big man hisself an' the preacher a big man, so he didn't dare to 'old back, but come right hout. Well, they went houtside an' stripped off their coats an' right at it. George wer' pretty 'andy wi' his fists, but the preacher seemed to 'ave the reach on him an' it wern't long till he had him whipped. 'I'm goin' to thump thee good, George,' he said, 'until tha's had enough,' an' he belted him one more an' George give up. Then he made him get up an' when he had washed his face an' the preacher had washed his own hands and tidied hisself up a bit, he led George up to the front seat an' went on wi' his sermon. That wer' a man for you!"

No man had ever gone to work more earnestly than Rector Warne. Sleeping, he dreamed of impossible things to do for his parish, and waking, he put all possible plans into operation. With such helpers as he could find, he reorganised the Sunday-school. Just at first the little church was well filled both morning and evening, until the population had satisfied its curiosity by hearing the new clergyman. But presently the audiences settled down into the usual handful of regular and irregular attendants. The rector was doing his best to instruct and uplift his people, but it was up-hill work.

His first effort was in behalf of Mrs. McCarty, the washerwoman of the clerical linen. She was a dumb, patient creature, still quite young, but looking wofully

faded from hard work and abuse. Her husband, Mike, was a good sort of fellow when sober, but notoriously ugly when drunk. Only three weeks after his wife began to wash at the rectory he had driven her from his home in fear of her life. When the rector heard of this he sought Mrs. McCarty to see whether something could not be done to prevent her husband from getting liquor. Mrs. McCarty, smarting under her sense of wrong, told Mr. Warne that Mark Owens was to blame for most of her troubles. She could swear that he had sold to Mike while he was drunk, and that, too, against her orders. He had also, to her certain knowledge, sold whiskey on Sunday and to minors. Here was a clear case. The rector at once caused the man's arrest and had Mrs. McCarty summoned as the chief witness. But at the hour appointed for the hearing she did not appear, and 'Squire Barber refused to hold the saloon-keeper on the evidence of the other witnesses. On the following day Warne discovered that she had gone to the firemen's picnic, the saloon-keeper having bought her a railroad ticket and given her a five-dollar bill besides.

"That's more than I would have got out of it, if Owens had been sent to jail," she said. "Besides, he's been a good neighbour to us when we were in trouble. And then the baby was sick, and I thought the picnic might do him good, poor little fellow! So I thought I wouldn't go to the 'Squire's."

At half-past eight, a week later, Warne was hurrying home through Reagan's Lane, when he heard a muffled scream coming from McCarty's house. Com-

ing nearer, he made out the cry to be a call for help. Warne stopped instantly.

He did not know that the etiquette of Reagan's Lane requires that, so long as a family fight is continued in-doors, the neighbours are supposed to be unconscious of its progress. It is only when the defeated party rushes from the house to call murder that outsiders are supposed to take any notice of such unpleasantnesses. The rector, being ignorant of this rule of good breeding, must therefore be excused for what he did.

Springing upon the step, he rapped sharply with one hand while trying the door with the other. The door was locked. The noise stopped for a minute, and a thick, uncertain voice framed itself into curses on the intruder. The rector instantly called to be admitted, and improved the lull in hostilities to push aside the curtain from the half-raised window.

It is hard to make rules of etiquette that shall cover all possible emergencies: even the code of Reagan's Patch was imperfect. It happened that on this night McCarty, having locked the doors and pocketed the keys, had begun to abuse his wife by beating her with a mining needle. He had struck her once, before the clergyman's coming interrupted him. The woman, who was fast losing consciousness, from the blow of the iron rod, had sunk down sobbing in a forlorn heap behind the rocking-chair, whence her lord and master, by various unsteady thrusts with the rod was endeavouring to dislodge her. The rector, since all codes of etiquette would have agreed in pronouncing this a time

for outside interference, sprang quickly through the window, calling to the man to stop such brutal work.

McCarty looked at him stupidly for a moment. Then he began to explain. "Woman'sh drunk," he said profanely. "I've told her not to get drunk more'n a dozen timesh, but she won't mind me. 'Found her thish away when I come home. 'Knowed right away what'sh a matter.—I'm a-goin' to sober her up. Pound the solesh of her feet. Besht way in the world to sober up a woman. Fact!—you know how 'tish yerself."

Mr. McCarty delivered himself of this information by instalments, his statements being interrupted by various efforts on the part of the rector to induce him to desist from his laudable purpose of securing sobriety on the part of his wife.

Finally his patience gave way. "What'sh thish bishnesh to you? Who're you, annyhow? Musht be drunk yerself! You betther go outside."

Then to show that he had enough of such undesirable company, Mr. McCarty turned his attention to his wife's case again, aiming a most vicious blow with the iron rod at her unprotected foot.

As he raised the iron, the rector snatched it and threw it out the window. For half a second McCarty stared at the minister in speechless rage. Then he precipitated himself with all his force on the clergyman, striking out blindly and bearing him down towards the floor. For one breathless minute the rector struggled as for his life; then the two men fell heavily —but the rector was on top.

"You scoundrel!" panted Warne. "What do you mean by treating your wife in this manner? You brute! You——" There was nothing more that he could say. Even what he had said sounded to him like oaths.

"Go and get somebody help me take this man to jail," said the rector, turning his head towards Mrs. McCarty. Then, remembering that the man was her husband, he corrected himself, "I mean to help me put him to bed." But Mrs. McCarty could not help him. She had fainted.

It is not easy, even for one who is in constant practice, to hold down an antagonist who weighs forty pounds more than himself, unless he diverts the efforts of his enemy to rise, by punishing him with blows. But Warne, very naturally, was badly out of training; indeed, the one fight he had had during his public school days could hardly be called putting him into training at all.

So he soon found that McCarty was going to turn the tables and perhaps get *him* down, with no scruples about punishing him, unless he should pursue an aggressive policy, or some one should come to his help. He hesitated about striking the man, and so, while McCarty struggled more and more successfully to free himself, Warne betook himself to prayer—subject to interruptions.

"O Lord, help!" he prayed, "make bare Thine holy arm!"

But no deliverer came and here McCarty gave a tremendous upheaval.

"O Lord, help me!—to thrash this fellow until he can't do any further damage!"

Just then McCarty succeeded in throwing his right arm about the rector's neck and pushing him partly off his prostrate body. The rector felt something snap in his shoulder. It seemed to him that not only was his prayer unheard, but that the Lord had altogether forsaken him. Then McCarty's fingers began to close uncomfortably about his antagonist's throat.

"O Lord, forgive me if it's wrong!" gasped the rector, and then his long fingers instinctively sought McCarty's throat in turn. He was now lying at right angles across the miner's body; with his knees he held down one of McCarty's arms, with his left hand he wrenched loose the fumbling fingers from his own throat and held the hand down to the floor, while with his right hand he grasped his big antagonist by the neck. The man tried to bite, and bounced the rector up and down with his chest; but the long, wiry fingers never let go their grasp at the shaggy throat. It was not in vain that Warne had held the championship as tennis-player while in the seminary.

"I tell you the preacher was a'chokin' him," said the big "mule-whacker" who was the first to hear the fracas and come to the rector's assistance. He was addressing an interested group of listeners on the steps of the company store the next evening. "'Davis,' says he, a-turnin' round like this when he heard me drop through the window, 'Davis, help me to put this man to bed!' To bed! Wouldn't that jar

you? 'He looks as if you had him ready for bed,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'I guess it'll be better to call the constable to take him to the lock-up.' An' I didn't have no trouble to take Mister McCarty along all by myself last night. He was as sober as a judge, when he got his wind again, an' as meek as a lamb, after them white fingers got offen his neck."

"What about the woman?" some one asked, after the matter had been pretty thoroughly discussed.

"Oh, she must be used to such things by this time! I guess she wasn't much hurt."

"I heard the parson was for gettin' a rig and takin' her to Carbonville to the hospital."

"So he was. 'I hope you'll allow me,' he says to her, bringin' her a drink an' bathin' her forehead. Poor thing, I think she was so ashamed to have her husband ketched in such a dirty trick that she wanted us all to go away an' leave her alone. But the parson wouldn't hear to it. 'I couldn't sleep, if I thought you were here alone an' sufferin',' he says. An' just then Dr. Creigan happened to come along an' hauled her down to his house an' give her somethin' to make her sleep."

That night, for the first time in weeks, Warne reviewed his heresies. His injured collar bone kept him awake a good deal. Since coming to Coalton he had lacked time to reflect upon his own affairs. Sometimes he had been so tired that he fell asleep on his knees during his devotions. As he went over in his mind the events of the evening, he was in doubt about

the answer to his prayer. To be sure, Davis had come in, but not in time to preclude the necessity of violence.

He wondered whether he had done right. Then he was troubled for fear the church might suffer through his action.

Once he would have been certain that the men would be angry because he had laid hands on McCarty; now he was not certain but that they would approve of him. At any rate he would go to the jail to visit McCarty in the morning. He fell asleep at length, not quite sure which particular heresy it was that should concern him.

When the rector reached the jail he found McCarty without the least resentment and quite ready to see him. The prisoner wore no collar and he had black marks upon his neck. In spite of the best intentions on both sides the interview at first, was somewhat constrained. It was rather embarrassing to offer spiritual consolation to a man whom he had been trying to choke only a few hours before. But he dealt faithfully with McCarty, who listened in silence to all he had to say.

Warne would have gone away from the prison feeling that there had been nothing accomplished by his visit, if McCarty had not said just as he was about to leave,

"Why don't ye pray that other prayer f'r me?"

"What was that?"

"Why the wan ye prayed last night before ye was chokin' me."

The rector saw that the man was absolutely sincere.

"Ye prayed for help whin I was jist gettin' the betther iv ye last night, an' although I near bruk' yer collar bone, He helped you. Pray f'r me now; I need help!"

Then the rector sank to his knees on the iron threshold of the cell and bowed his head against the bars, while McCarty on his side of the grating knelt also. Warne's uninjured arm found its way through the iron barrier across the man's bowed shoulders. Then the rector poured out a prayer the like of which was not found even in the Service for Visitation. When the rector had finished and at his request, McCarty himself prayed:

"O Lord, I don't know how to pray to you at all, at all. But whin this man prayed you heard him. 'Make bare thy howly ar-rum.' Now Lord, you helped him; why won't you help me? I'm in prison, a place where I niver was before. I can't help meself; it's all on account of the dhrink. Lord, help me—help me!"

And who shall say that He who hears the sighing of the prisoner, bound in affliction and with bonds of evil habit that are stronger than iron, did not hear that prayer?

So it came to pass that on that day one of the rector's heresies perished.

THE UNDOING OF THE HOUSE OF GOOCH

"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad."

—KIPLING.

VII

THE UNDOING OF THE HOUSE OF GOOCH

"YOU work late to-night. Evidently you don't keep union hours." Rector Warne paused a minute in friendly interest where Mr. Gooch was busily working away on the roof of a new house.

"The union 'asn't nothink to do with this job," he said. "Hexcept layin' the stone for the foundation an' framin' the timbers of the 'ouse, there 'asn't nobody 'ad naught to do with the buildin' o' this 'ouse but William Gooch,—that's me. I'm fair proud o' the job too an' when I get the missus an' the young ones 'ere, as I will 'ave, please Gawd, afore many days, w'y we'll all be as 'appy as kittings."

The rector made a mental note to visit the new family as soon as they should be settled, to see that they were properly located in the church. After a few minutes' further conversation about his family and his house, the rector passed on, leaving Mr. Gooch to proceed with his work.

Mr. Gooch went on nailing the sheet iron from blasting powder kegs over the roofing boards of the lean-to kitchen. In spite of the fact that he had been hard at work all day in the mines, he whistled as cheerfully as

if it had been ten o'clock in the morning. As he bent over his work he was lighted by his miner's lamp fastened to his oil-cloth hat. The blows of his hammer upon the sheet iron rang out with a sharp, metallic clangour which would have made sleep impossible for the denizens of Reagan's Patch, if they had not been accustomed to the continual clanking and shrieking of the coal trains all night long, and the infernal din of the coal breaker throughout the day. The only noise which could arouse Reagan's Patch from its slumbers was a fight, and Mr. Gooch was not a fighting man.

Mr. Gooch's house was almost finished. To be sure, there was quite a space which had not been weather-boarded, but then that was well up toward the eaves, where the rain was not likely to come through. It was a brilliant economical suggestion which led Mr. Gooch to use the sheet iron from old powder kegs for roofing material. He had no money left with which to buy shingles, and he had plenty of powder kegs. The coal company forced its men to buy the useless kegs in which their powder came. By tearing these kegs to pieces and using them in place of shingles he would have a fire proof roof with no extra expense. When he had driven the last nail he climbed down from the roof, entered the new house, and, without undressing, fell asleep on the rough bunk in which he had been sleeping ever since there had been shelter enough to call a house.

While Mr. Gooch was putting the last sheet iron strips on his house, the big White Star steamer was coming into port in New York. Down among the

steerage passengers a woman and three children, all girls, stood looking curiously at the lights of the great city which seemed to be drawing nearer. They were dazed and untidy after their voyage. The high-heeled shoes and cheap foreign finery of the woman seemed strangely out of place. In the morning, when the other passengers had landed, they would be allowed to enter the detention pen. Then they would be interrogated by various officials of the immigration bureau, passed through various gateways and offices, and finally carried on a slow train to the anthracite coal regions in Pennsylvania and the little house built by the husband and father.

It was all so new and strange to them! The barren mountains were not at all like England, nor the wooden railroad bridges, the frame houses, the unfamiliar speech.

"Tell us which way to go to Reagan's Rag, sir?" the woman asked, when they stood alone on the platform of the station at Coalton, beside their old country "boxes" and bundles of bedding tied up in sheets that were blackened from steamer and railroad travel.

The man failed at first to understand the purport of her timid question. "Which way is it to Reagan's Rag?" she repeated.

"Reagan's—what?"

"Reagan's Rag, sir. Me 'usband 'as built us a 'ouse there. He works in the 'Atton Colliery," she added, seeing that the man still failed to understand her.

"O, you mean Reagan's Patch!" he laughed, pointing out the way. "Don't let any of the goats eat

you," he called after her. "I guess green things are rather scarce down that way."

When at last they toiled up to the door of the house which Mr. Gooch had built, even the children bearing their share of the heavy burden of baggage, it was only to find that the door was locked and the place apparently deserted. Within was the rusty stove, a few pieces of furniture from the second hand store, and the bunk which Mr. Gooch had made. They set down their bundles and waited, eagerly watching for the coming of their loved one.

Old Davis found them there when he went by to feed the Company's mules in the pen outside the mine. He stopped curiously in the dust where Mr. Gooch had meant at some future time to build a fence.

"Was you waitin' for some one?" he asked.

"I'm lookin' for me 'usband, sir, William Gooch. Can you tell me where to seek 'im?"

"Your husband! You don't mean to say"—he began. "William Gooch, did you say? Good Lord!" he cried. "Why, woman—wait a minute," he broke off and stepped behind the house. "I suppose I might have known that old Hoochi-coochi wasn't buildin' that house to live alone," he said to himself. "But, thunder! Did anybody ever see the like o' this? The man just killed by a blast and buried by the town, because he had no friends, and now right on the heels of it all, here comes his widow and children askin' for her husband! Well, anyhow she didn't find her husband married to another woman, as Casey's wife did when she came over."

It were better that the history of the house of Gooch for the next year or two remain untold. The end of it all was that Mrs. Gooch went into business. She could not keep boarders, because she could not cook American food. Nor could she do washing, because a score of other women, who had lived long in Reagan's Patch, waited for every washing that was to be done. There was a great deal of it too, for the dust from the coal dump soiled everything, so that even carpets must be washed frequently; but there was nobody to hire washerwomen, except the wives of the saloon keepers and the wives of the mining bosses.

So since there was nothing else to be done, Mrs. Gooch went into the business of selling bottled beer, without the formality of appearing before the license court. She had been the barmaid in an English inn, and this gave her the necessary experience about dealing out liquors, while a ready tongue made her popular with her customers and insured her success. The fact that she was not obliged to pay the license fee, which Owens found so burdensome, made her business still more profitable.

But the chief reason for her great success, lay in the fact that the community at large approved. Not that anybody actually wished to see the laws broken, but that many people did not believe in the restrictions of the license laws, while they did sympathise with the widow, who had no other way to make a living than by selling unlicensed beer. If Mr. Gooch had lived things might have been different. No doubt Mrs.

Gooch would have been a model wife and mother, and her children would have been washed and brushed and sent to Sunday-school. But now it was very little time she could give to the care of the children.

Two men did not uphold her effort to earn a livelihood: Rector Warne, who found her unlicensed saloon a hindrance in his effort to revive the little Episcopal church, and Mark Owens, who represented the dignity of licensed saloon-keeping.

Mark Owens and the rector had failed to get along very well together, which was a pity, considering how well their first acquaintance promised. Perhaps it was Owens' unfortunate misapprehension in connection with their first meeting, soon after the rector came to Coalton, that hindered their further intimacy.

The rector had visited Owens and had been very cordially received by him. He was so pleased with his visitor that he offered him a drink of his best whiskey. Some men came in just then who did want liquor and Mr. Warne took his leave.

"What in blazes was the new preacher doin' here, Owens?" one of the men asked. "Are you goin' to get religion?"

Owens snorted. "Some fellows is fools, an' some is too smart for 'em. There's no use for you to tell me that he's the preacher. Why I talked with that man for half an hour, an' he's a good fellow!"

Owens had had to stand so much joking about the incident that he felt he must antagonize the rector somewhat to even up matters. When it came to the

matter of Mrs. Gooch's speak-easy Owens was ready to make peace.

"Why don't your church people appear against these miserable speak-easies?" he asked. "How can a man like me do a decent business and keep a decent place, when you can get a drink in any little dog hole? Some Hitalian or Russian Jew or Slav will buy a barrel of beer, without no license or nothin', and go right to work to sellin', same as I do who pay a big license fee. And they ain't all Hi's and Huns that's in the business, neither. There's some Protestants that's come to town that's just as bad as the worst of the Hi's."

Owens was well aware that when Mrs. Gooch's child had sickened and died during the awful heat of their first summer in America, it was the rector who had been called to administer spiritual comfort to the sorrowing mother.

"It's hard to get evidence. If you know these things to be true, Mr. Owens, and if you are the chief sufferer, why don't you do the prosecuting?"

The rector was sure that Owens had so often been guilty of breaking the liquor laws himself that he would not dare to appear against Mrs. Gooch.

So it came about that between those who could not or would not and those who dared not prosecute, Mrs. Gooch passed a most profitable season of law-breaking.

It was just at the beginning of Lent that the first sign of danger to Mrs. Gooch's business appeared. A bitter February wind was blowing clouds of dust from

the huge culm heap down the icy streets of Reagan's Patch. It is a peculiarity of the culm dump that the waste of which it is composed lies loosely, so that the water drains off and the mass does not freeze. Therefore when the wind blows, either in summer or winter, fine particles of coal dust are carried abroad until the whole landscape, houses, trees and even the snow, is blackened.

The Sunday evening Lenten service had just closed. Mrs. Burt Hatton, the Old Mogul's daughter-in-law, and her guest, Helen Vaux, were on their way home from church. While the two women stood waiting for a car on the corner where a squalid lane came down the hill from Reagan's Patch into the main thoroughfare of the town, a little child was driven by the wind down the narrow street. She appeared to be not more than three years old. Her only wrap was a small pink shawl, which was dragging after her. The shawl had been wet and was frozen until it crackled as the wind whipped it against her heels.

Mrs. Hatton sprang forward with a little cry. "Why, you poor tot! Where's your mother?"

The child regarded her wonderingly while Mrs. Hatton covered her with the folds of her heavy cloak, her face tender with feeling.

"What is your name, dear? Where do you come from? Tell me, can't you?"

Further questioning and persuasion elicited the fact that the child's name was Beatrice and that her mother was "givin' the men a drink."

While the two women toiled up the hill whence the

girl had come, carrying her by turns, they saw an older child leave one of the houses and pass quickly in the direction of Mrs. Gooch's lighted speak-easy. A woman who might have been the child's mother stood at the gate, watching her as she ran to the back door of the unlicensed saloon.

When they came up to the woman, Mrs. Hatton opened her cloak and drew near to the fence where the woman waited. "Can you tell me whose child this is?" she said.

"Sure, it's Mrs. Gooch's Be'trice. An' where did yez find her this cold night? It's a great wan for runnin' away she is. Aw, Be'trice, ye naughty gur-rl ye! I'll take her from yez, mum. It's mesilf that was jist on the pint iv cursin' her mother, for takin' al' me man's money for drink, an' sellin' to him till he won't be fit to go to wor-rk to-morrow. But I can't see the poor child iv her freeze to death on the streets sich a night as this. May be her mother w'u'd do me the favour to sell no more drink to me Dinnis, if I tuk her along home. I've sint me own little Annie up there to bring him back, but it's no certainty that he'll come wid her."

When they were on their way home again, Helen burst out, "O, Kate, do you have such things as this up here? I thought I'd seen all of such scenes that I could bear in the city. Among these rugged mountains, people ought to be good. What an awful creature that child's mother must be! I was glad the Irish woman offered to take the child home. I didn't want to see her."

"I supposed you knew, Helen. I have never known anything else. We have always lived at the other end of the town and come to church in the carriage, so that we don't need to get into contact with these foreigners. If you can't help such things, what's the use to know about them?"

"But you can help! I should think you'd want to come in contact with them. Why they're real heathen right here at your door. Just think of that little child on the street such a night as this, while her mother was drinking with those——"

"O, Helen, don't!" Mrs. Hatton begged. "She is just the age of my baby. Oh, why should my baby die, while God lets this uncared-for waif live? Surely I was as fit to bring her up as this woman in the speakeasy."

"Forgive me, dear," was all Helen could say. "I was so indignant at that wretched woman."

"Helen, I don't believe you can ever understand how hard life has been for me during these years since we left College. How little we thought then, when we said good-bye after Commencement, what was in store for us!"

"Tell me about it, dear. Sometimes it helps." The tone had a caress in it.

Mrs. Hatton began bravely, but her voice broke now and then with a sob. "Oh! I've made such a mess of it all! My own life and other people's too. You knew about my runaway marriage. Romantic, I thought it, but it was only selfish. I had always done as I pleased and although father didn't want me to

marry Burt, I would anyhow. Burt had always done as he pleased, too; so you see how easily we came into conflict. You weren't surprised when the end came and we separated?"

"I was so sorry, dear!"

"I was proud and thought I was glad to be free of the bonds, as my lawyer put it. But, Helen, when I went down alone into the valley and came back with my baby, I saw some things more plainly. Think of it! My child never saw her father. Burt would have been so proud of her!"

She choked a moment and then said brokenly, "I suppose I loved her too well; but she was all I had to love. I suppose God took her to punish me."

"Kate, I don't believe that you loved your baby too much. I don't believe you could."

"Why, Helen, a very good woman said to me that she supposed I might idolize my baby, so that God had to take her away from me."

"God isn't jealous of our human loves; He is a God of love, not of hate."

"I try to believe it," she said at length. "But what am I to do?" she went on piteously. "I am just a weary woman, who knows that she has made a failure of it all. And now I can't even stir from home without seeing some neglected child that makes my arms ache for my own baby."

"Find some sort of work where you can help to make life easier for somebody whose sorrow is greater than your own."

"O, Helen, you could do this; but I can't! Unless

it was some child like this one we saw to-night, I could not bring myself to do such work."

In her own mind Helen determined that it should be this very child of the speak-easy. She would put aside her own repugnance for the mother, and for the child's sake and for Mrs. Hatton's sake, she would visit Mrs. Gooch the very next day.

That same night it was reported to Rector Warne that Mrs. Gooch was selling liquor again and he resolved to visit her in the morning.

Helen reached the speak-easy first.

She was received with great delight by Mrs. Gooch and given a seat of honour in the bare front room. Although there was but little furniture, there were lace curtains at the windows and some gaudy tissue paper flowers on the wall. Among them hung the coffin plate of the child who had died during the previous summer. In the kitchen stood a table with an untidy clutter of dishes and broken food. The unpainted wood work of the house began to show spots of grease and marks of grimy fingers which were not all made by children.

No, Mary Liz did not go to school. She needed her to grabble coal from the dump. Be'trice? No, Be'trice was not out of bed yet. She was not very well. She coughed in the night. Her food didn't agree with her either. No, she never took pains about the food of her children; just gave them bread and tea and a bit of bacon, the same as she had herself. Strong meat would make strong babies. She knew, for she had raised three, and buried five.

While Helen was still in the front room, there came a knock at the back door and Mrs. Gooch, anticipating a possible customer, hastened out and closed the door. It was Rector Warne. The door being thin, Helen could not help hearing a part of the conversation.

The rector came straight to the point. "I've come to talk to you about this illicit liquor business. It must be stopped at once."

The widow looked rather startled. "I ain't done nothink," she said. "It's the only w'y I have to keep me 'ome."

"But you're breaking the laws by selling drink without a license, and it can't go on any longer."

"Mr. Warne, I'm just a poor widow tryin' to support me little 'ome. I 'aven't done so bad, sir, thank Gawd. If I could hafford to do it, I'd be willin' to keep the laws. I would 'ave kept a plyce meself, the same as Mark Howens, if I could; but I'm too poor. I'd 'ave 'ad me license pypers—same as you want me to do—long ago, an' kept the laws all nice an' reg'lar, an' come to church of a Sunday. I can't 'elp bein' poor! It'll be very 'ard for me, sir, to p'y the license fee, an' I don't know if I can get the pypers!" Here she seemed to be on the point of tears. "If you would please to sign the pypers, sir, when I applied for license, m'y be the judge would give it to me. It's quite a bit o' money, sir, to p'y out. If you'd be so kind, sir, to go me byle, they might trust me for it, or let me p'y it by the month."

Mr. Warne's view of the case did not seem to be making much impression upon the mind of Mrs.

Gooch. So he rose to lend force to his words and to take his leave. "Mrs. Gooch, you must give up this whole business. Licensed or unlicensed, you are doing wrong in the sight of God."

Mrs. Gooch now began to wail loudly. "But what'll I do, sir? 'Ere's me 'ome an' me little children that depends on me for their bread!"

There was a sound from the room within and then the closing of the front door as Helen took her departure.

"I 'aven't done nothink," the widow went on between her sobs. "Just sold a bit candy—an' soft stuff —to me neighbours."

"Do you mean to declare," asked the rector sternly, "that you sell no liquor here,—no beer or whiskey?"

"Who said whiskey, sir?" she bawled, forgetting her grief. "Was it that 'Ungarian Katya? Of all the bare-faced, oudacious bla'guards and liars on the top o' Gawd's hearth——"

"Never mind," interrupted Warne. "Tell me the truth now; haven't you sold beer, and whiskey too, right here in this room within a week? Weren't you selling last night?"

There was no evading the rector's searching glance. Mrs. Gooch's eyes fell. "I suppose I 'ave sold a drop or two o' beer," she admitted. "But us hold country people doesn't look on beer as an intoxicatin' drink, sir, as you may s'y. But what can a poor woman do? The 'ouse over our 'eads is all I 'ave; the ground ain't pyde for yet. If you make trouble for me, I 'aven't a friend to turn to. Me poor dead 'usband's gone, an'

me an' little Be'trice an' Mary Liz must go out into the street!"

"Mrs. Gooch," he said slowly, "you must choose one thing or the other now. A month ago I offered you a chance to take care of the kindergarten rooms of the Grace church up in Mudtown——"

"But I can't give up me 'ome, sir. Me 'usband built it for me. An' the patch up at Mudtown is filled up with 'Ungarians an' Rooshians, they s'y. I'd 'ave to live in that big store buildin', an' it's deadly lonesome, sir. The room down stairs is so big that I couldn't 'eat it with me little stove in winter. I can't go there, sir. There's nobody to speak to. Why I'd fair die of 'omesickness."

Mrs. Gooch had now reached the point of real tears. The rector stood silent for a minute. "I'm very sorry, but I've nothing else to offer. Don't forget what I have said about selling any more drink. You'd better throw away any liquor that you have on hand, so you won't be tempted. We won't let you come to want, but I can't allow any more liquor to be sold here."

As he left the house, he recognised Helen's figure rapidly disappearing down the street. Without hesitation he quickened his pace and soon overtook her. "I didn't expect to see you here," he said.

Helen's face was flushed and she held her head very straight. She extended her hand.

He greeted her as he might have done if they had parted over night instead of nearly two years before. "I saw you in church with Mrs. Hatton. I've written asking your permission to call, but I am sure the

letter could not have reached you yet. I asked if I might not see you while here, just as if nothing had happened. O, Helen," he began intensely, "can't we go back again and go on as we did while you were still a girl in——"

But Helen was not quite ready to take up personal matters.

"A dreary section of the country this is, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is. I can't tell you how it depressed me when I first came to Coalton. I used to tramp over the barren country till I was weary in body as well as mind. And then the tragedies! I used to go home to the rectory so lonely and blue, and there was no one to lighten the dreariness."

The girl's eyes softened and she half-turned toward him, when he blunderingly continued, "but I've grown used to that now and don't mind."

Her figure stiffened a trifle and there was a touch of resentment in her voice as she said, "I thought you were heartless with that poor woman. I was there when you came in and couldn't help hearing. Why did you treat her so? Can't you see the matter from the woman's point of view?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I'm only a man. I'm trying to see it from the point of view of the other women. Helen, you can't imagine how much harm she is capable of doing. You don't know how she is actually robbing the children of the neighbourhood of necessary food. Of course she's anxious to keep her own home, but she is destroying the homes and happiness of a score of other women."

"But why should you be the one to do this? Won't the church suffer? Won't she think that you are hard hearted?"

"I am not doing it. I have stood between her and Mark Owens who has bought the mortgage on her house. Now if she doesn't quit the business, I'll withdraw and let him foreclose."

"But where will she go? What will she do?"

"I've offered her a place in the kindergarten at Mudtown."

"Oh! did you?" said Helen with a thrill of pleasure in her voice. The rector felt the difference.

"Come, take a walk with me, Helen, please. I'll show you the parish."

Yes, Helen would go. Down in her heart there was still a desire to see all of life through the eyes of Henry Warne. So they ranged from one straggling street to another, past long rows of company houses, all built after the same hideous pattern and all painted the same dingy, metallic red. The gutters were choked with filthy ice, the fence corners showed dead smartweeds and burdock stalks through the snow. Rusty tin cans and old shoes driven full of hob nails lay in the middle of the streets. Gates sagged. The pickets of the fences and the rails had often been split up for kindling. In some places even the posts had been chopped down for the same purpose.

As they walked they talked of what Warne had promised, at least to himself, to leave untouched, Helen's life since she had chosen a missionary career and refused to be his wife. He asked swift, sympa-

thetic questions, when once the subject was fairly introduced, and she found the reserve which she thought she wanted to remain between them, melt away. As the walk lengthened she saw that mission work in the slums of the great city where she had gone when the war in China made the foreign field impossible to her, was very much like the mission work for these poor foreigners among the mines for whom Warne was giving his life. Something of the same horror which she had felt when she and Kate Hatton stood by the speak-easy the night before came over her.

"Let's go home," Helen said at length, just as the rector himself had said to his warden. "I didn't dream that you had so much need here. O, Henry, isn't there some way to make it better?"

"Come and help me, dearest," he said simply. "By God's grace we can do something."

Grimy, sodden Coalton! Could she make this place her home?

There would be none of the romance of missions about life in Coalton. And yet—it was no new knowledge to the heart of Helen Vaux that to walk side by side and hand in hand with Henry Warne—anywhere—was the sweetest earthly thought she had ever known. Having felt once that she must put it aside for a more imperative call, her woman's soul had shrunk from confessing even to herself the sweetness of this recurrent thought.

When at last her sweet, grave face was turned towards her lover, Helen did not answer with many words, but what she said was enough to glorify to him

even the mountain of culm which towered above them. They walked home past Mrs. Gooch's house in that beautiful silence which needs no words.

The rector and Helen did not visit Mrs. Gooch's house again until after the mine which lay beneath Reagan's Patch had suffered from a serious cave-in. Then they went out to see the damage.

The ground was cracked in long gaping seams clear across the street. In the mines below, a blast had opened a pocket of quicksand and the lot on which Mr. Gooch had built his house was directly over it. The house had sunk until the roof was nearly on a level with the street. The lean-to kitchen with its sheet-iron roof had gone down first, and the main part of the house had tipped backward upon it, like a ship going down on its beam ends. The strip of sheathing which the weather-boards had not covered was now below the level of the ground, and the water from the gutter was pouring through it.

Mrs. Gooch and the children had climbed out the front window when the house began to settle and some of the men from the neighbourhood had taken out a part of the furniture from the front room, including the coffin plate and the tissue paper flowers. As for the beer kegs in the cellar and the boxes of bottles they had gone down first, followed by the rusty kitchen stove. Seeing no prospect of a successful establishment in Reagan's Patch, Mrs. Gooch had bought a new stock of liquors and moved to Higgin's Patch beyond the boundaries of Coalton.

THE RECTOR'S GAME COCK

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

—Hood.

VIII

THE RECTOR'S GAME COCK

IT is not entirely certain what Bishop Vaux would have thought of the fact that in the back yard of the Coalton rectory there was a full-blooded red pyle. There was nothing to distinguish the rector's red pyle from any worldly fighting-cock. He had the same snaky head, the same wicked eyes, the same powerful wings; his spurs were almost stiff enough to force their way unshod through a leather boot-leg, let alone through the neck of any cock that dared to stand up against him. There is a story that the red pyle once killed a weasel which was trying to pick up its breakfast out of a brood of young game-chicks, actually driving his spur into the creature's brain before it could escape. But that was before the red pyle fell into the hands of the rector, and there is no way to verify the story.

Mr. Warne never would have owned him at all, if it had not been for William Bugdale. Bugdale was the promoter of most of the cocking mains between Coalton and Carbonville. Cock-fights between the two rival places were always popular, but the fight in which the rector won the red pyle rose to the dignity of an historic event. The battle took place at sunset

on the last Saturday night of July, which was also pay-day. All the sporting men of both places were on the edge of the old reservoir above the Coalton breaker. Mark Owens was the referee, and Pete Casey was the stakeholder. Three hundred dollars were put up for the best three in five.

The main was only fairly begun. One speckled two-year-old from Coalton had been disabled, and the red pyle, entered by the Coalton party, had just worsted the Carbonville bird. The third match was beginning, when "Spike" Dolan's boy slid down the embankment and broke into the shouts and oaths of the ring with an excited gesture:

"Cheese it! Here's de preacher! Mr. Warne's right out de udder side o' de bank."

The men started up uneasily, the shouts sinking into gutteral silence. William Bugdale profanely consigned the rector to torment, and with him all bishops, clergy, and laity who interfere with the business of other people, and then gave as his advice that the fight go on in spite of these condemned worthies. It was this advice of William Bugdale that gave the rector his opportunity. It would have been better if the men had scattered until Mr. Warne had passed on, and then come back to settle the fight for the championship at their leisure and in peace.

Bruce Hardin, who was among the men, skulked behind a pile of mine ties at the first mention of the rector's name.

"I can't afford to be caught here," he whispered. "Come on with the birds, till he goes away."

But instead of catching up the birds and retiring until Mr. Warne was safely out of the way, young Mick Phelan, who had charge of the remaining Carbonville cocks, untied the sacks, turned them all into the ring at once, and then disappeared before the crowd from Coalton could punish him for his treachery. The red pyle, beset by four birds at once, was doing his best to hold his own in spite of the terrible odds. Avoiding their attack as well as possible, he finished the bird with which he had been fighting, and then attacked the strongest of the three remaining adversaries. The Coalton crowd, frantic at the sight of their champion so unfairly matched, would have trampled under foot the cocks of the Carbonville party. But the referee instantly rose to the occasion, and ordered that the remaining three birds of the Coalton crowd should be added to the ring.

In the meantime Warne had pushed on rapidly until he came to the top of the embankment. He paused but an instant to gain breath and to survey the motley crowd below. Then he cried out, in ringing tones, "For shame, men! Have you no manhood, to set God's living, feeling creatures to torture one another like that?"

Only a few of the men looked around. The rector went on to urge those nearest to him to leave such brutal sport and come with him to separate the fighting roosters. Some laughed uneasily, others moved away, while one or two wavered; but, as no one complied with his exhortations, the rector pressed through the crowd alone to the edge of the ring.

The cocks were now in battle royal, almost evenly matched. They paid not the slightest heed to what was going on about them. The rector waved his hand once or twice in futile endeavour to frighten them apart, and was just reaching out his umbrella to intercept the red pyle, when William Bugdale sprang forward, presented his brawny shoulder under the rector's outstretched arm, whirled him quickly around, and, without heeding his protest, began to push him backward up the hill toward the top of the reservoir.

The movement was ridiculously unclerical,—more like an awkward colt being backed out of the wrong stall than anything else. The minister never would have found himself in such an undignified position if he had only stayed at home that Saturday night. There he would have been safe and cool and away from all disagreeable sights and sounds. But the rector had a theory that he got some of his best sermons while wandering about the dark corners of his parish. Whether or not this theory was correct, it is certain that some of the preacher's parishioners were disturbed in their Sabbath slumbers as the result of his wanderings abroad.

There was really no excuse for Warne's being abroad that Saturday night. It was only two weeks since he had brought Helen Vaux to the fine old rectory as his wife, and there is no doubt that he should have been at home with her. He had longed for years for her; he was profoundly impressed with the nobility and sweetness of her character, and was almost humbled by the

loftiness of her ideals. All this made it the more fitting that he should have been on his own veranda, except that it had sent him forth to make sure that Mrs. Gooch was not without food over Sunday.

But, if he must go, why should he choose the night after pay-day, of all the days in the month? Why not wait until the usual proportion of the wages of the community had got safely into the hands of the saloon-keepers and the sporting fraternity and the men had settled down to grumble at the hard times and poor work about the mines? Nobody wanted the rector to be abroad on pay-night. His own people did not like their spiritual adviser to see the sights incident to that lively season, and those who were outside the church were still less anxious to have him about,—unless, indeed, some member of his flock happened to be "making a holy show of himself" about one of the saloons: then the scoffers were quite willing that Mr. Warne should see all that was to be seen.

But to have the rector come upon a man of his own congregation drunk was one thing, while it was quite another matter to have him catch the sporting element of the community in the midst of a cock-fight. There might be church law against drunkenness, but there was statute law against cock-fighting. Rector Warne was known to deal very tenderly with the weak brethren of his flock who had fallen under the power of the cup,—although the men whom he visited and with whom he prayed, did not consider such interviews pleasant. But it was not known just how leniently

the rector would regard the subject of cock-fighting. Indeed, it was very seriously doubted whether he would deal leniently with the offenders at all.

There is a tradition concerning old Father Hill, who had been the *locum tenens* in the church of Carbonville many years before, that he enjoyed a match as keenly as anyone else. One Sunday afternoon, so the story went, he had chanced upon a crowd under the lee of a culm-dump watching a couple of cocks fighting. The old man was declared to have said, "I suppose they got to fighting of their own accord, boys; nobody would set them to fight on Sunday, I'm sure. Might as well let them have it out now; it's got to be settled some time." But Rector Warne was not Father Hill by any means, and it was more than suspected that he would have called on the police to stop the fight, if the promoters of the main had not taken care to choose the reservoir as a battle-ground just because it was outside the jurisdiction of the police.

It was therefore only a partial relief when William Bugdale shouldered the rector to the top of the embankment. Bugdale paused a moment, purple-faced from his exertion and hot with anger. "Now th'd better go," he said. "If I c'd lift th' hup this bank, what does th' think I c'd do to throw th' down that un?"

"Parson," shouted Mark Owens, not unkindly, "you'd better take a walk."

The rector stepped past Bugdale and faced the ring again. The red pyle and his speckled foe, the only

two that were shod with steel spurs for fighting, were now facing each other, panting and covered with blood, each watching the other for a chance to strike, and raising and lowering their heads as they feinted and sparred for advantage. The men had ceased to watch the fighting birds, and were all looking up at him. He pushed forward to the edge of the embankment and balanced himself on the crumbling reservoir as he did sometimes on the edge of the pulpit platform on Sundays before he began his sermon.

"You may throw me down, if you will,—I have no doubt that you are strong enough to do so," he began, in a clear, high voice, speaking to Bugdale without looking at him; "but I will not go down. Even if you throw me down, I will not be silent; you must hear me. Jacob Breece, and you, Mark Owens, and you, William Bugdale, and all the rest of you who are engaged in this shameful business, you are doing a wrong in the sight of Almighty God!"

"When he said Jacob Breece," said that individual in telling the story afterwards, "it went through me same as a knife. But it beats me to this day to know 'ow he saw me, when I wer' down behind a pile o' ties, where I'd gone after Mick Phelan when he let hall them birds hout on my red pyle. Some'ow I 'ad to stand hup when he called me name, an' then he went on to give it to us the worst you ever 'eard. The Jedgment Day won't be no worse. He took us hup before the White Throne like, an' it kind o' seemed to me as though he wer' a-goin' to be one o' the witnesses against us hall, the way he went for us there.

His voice kep' gettin' clearer an' solemner,—only it wer' so hawful sad,—an' then all at once he rung hout a command, like he wer' blowin' on a trumpet, an' then stopped:

"'*In the name of the Lord Jehovah, I command you to stop this fight instantly!*'"

Breece paused for a moment in his tale, and then went on: "He looked grand—nothin' short of it. He just looked hawful, as he stood there, in the last red o' the sunlight, stretchin' hup his long harm an' never movin' a muscle, whilst you could 'ear the sound of his voice come hechoin' back from the mountain above. I felt as if the bank would fall in on me; an' I kind o' wished it would. I wanted go an' 'ide meself somewheres—only it seemed as if I couldn't move. The reservoy wer' still as a church, hall exceptin' the flappin' o' them birds down in the middle of the ring. But nobody looked to see which wer' gettin' the best of it. You might 'a' thought we wer' a-waitin' for him to begin to pray—only, some'ow, he didn't seem like a preacher, either. I'd been to church afore that night,—of course I 'ad,—but when the parson said it 'ad to stop, we never thought he wer' preachin' or nothin'; we thought he *meant* it. I remember I wondered that the birds didn't stop fightin' theirselves—an' them jest gettin' 'ot an' wild with blood. It wasn't as if some man 'ad said we wer' to stop; it wer' as if"—Breece sunk his voice as nearly into a whisper as was possible for him—"it wer' as if it wer' some *hangel!*

"*Did* the men mind him? Why, they 'ad to mind him! Didn't I tell you it was like the Jedgment Day?

Wully Bugdale could easy 'ave broke his face as he stood there, or pitched him 'ead an' 'eels down the reservoy bank. But he only made two slidin' steps an' caught the speckled bird jest as the red pyle wer' a-holdin' him down to carve his 'ead hoff. I grabbed my red pyle right back o' the wings an' whopped him into the bag afore he knew what wer' 'appenin'.

"'The match is hoff, permanent,' says Bill.

"'I thank you, men,' says the parson. Then he went on to make us a speech—a kind o' po'try some of it—about kindness to the least o' God's creatures; but I forget what it wer', hexcept that he said just before he stopped that hevil wer' wrought for want of 'eart as well as for want o' thought.

"'He'll pronounce the benedicshee next,' says Bill to me on the quiet. Then he says hout loud, 'This 'ere match bein' declared hoff——'

"'It hain't been declared hoff yit,' says Mick Phelan from behind the pile o' ties.

"'Oh, it's hoff all right enough, you bla'guard! It wer' you as fouled the bird,' says Mark Owens, swearin' at Mick under his breath, for the men wer' afraid to touch Mick or even to cuss him hout loud while the rector wer' there.

"'I'll howld the bags fer ye, Owens,' says Pete Casey, 'while ye go out behind the pile o' ties an' cuss the little divil, so ye c'n give yer whole attintion to the job.'

"'This match bein' declared hoff,' says Bill again, louder than ever, lookin' straight toward the pile o' ties as he spoke, 'yous sports c'n come an' git your stakes.'

"'I don't want no stakes,' says one fellow from Mudtown, 'give the boodle to the parson.' 'Nor me neither!' 'Nor me!' yells one an' another.

"'Gentlemen, I cannot take your money,' says the rector, as perlite as if he wer' refusin' a third cup o' tea in a parlour. 'You need the money for your famerlies. Thank you for your good will——' he says, beginnin' another speech.

"But Bill Bugdale cut him short: 'Yous men that has famerlies, come an' git yer bood. You sports like me an' Jake 'ere an' Casey c'n watch an' see me put hall that's left of the stuff that's in this box into the 'ands of Mr. Warne, to use for missionaryin'—or any way he likes.'

"That's hall. Only—see 'ere—I ain't ashamed to tell it, but it seems queer—the rector got 'old o' some o' us, 'specially me, afore I left the ring, an' we j'ined the confirmation class. I've give hup the drink, an' I'm goin' to be a better man. I give Mr. Warne my red pyle right there in the ring that night, an' I ain't seen him since. The rector wer' goin' to invite his Bible-class around to heat him, once; but I told him I hadn't no 'eart for it: so he give that hup. He tells me now that the red pyle is as peaceable as a turtle-dove an' stays 'appy an' contented-like in the back yard o' the rectory. Poor fellow! He's gettin' hold, I fancy. Well, hall of us has our day."

A ONE-MULE MAN

" God made bees, and bees made honey,
God made man, and man made money;
Pride made the devil, and the devil made sin,
So God made a coal-pit to put the devil in."

—ANON.

IX

A ONE-MULE MAN

HE was just a one-mule man. Not that Henry Morris cared that it was only a mule he drove. The trouble was that it was but one mule. Indeed, it was not a question of mules, but of money, for the man who drives two mules in a coal-mine draws more pay than a one-mule man.

Morris had not cared about the pay when he used to take his money home and throw it into his mother's lap. But now, that he and pretty Rosy Kline were sweethearts, it fired him with unholy passion when Buck Davis referred to him as "that one-mule man." He had fought with Buck and ground his face into the cinder walk, but this did not alter the fact about the number of mules that he drove.

It would be years, perhaps, before Morris would have more than one mule. If enough drivers and runners were killed, he might be promoted rapidly enough to be in a position to marry Rosy within a year. On the other hand, he might be injured himself, and then—good-bye to Rosy; for how could a cripple expect to win so choice a bride? If he did not get the rise in wages for which he hoped, somebody might rob him of Rosy. Anyone who had ever seen Rosy

would understand why the thought made him savage. Davis had a house and a good income to offer Rosy, and could make her very comfortable. But then Davis was too old and a widower and Rosy didn't want him.

The evening before the fight with Davis, when Morris and Rosy sat under the crab-apple tree near the new company houses, he had gone over a part of this with her. There was a scent of wild crab-apple blossoms in the air, an elusive, indefinable sweetness wholly foreign to the air of the dingy settlement at every other season of the year. It suggested poetry, green fields, bird songs, serenade music in the moonlight,—anything else than the hard, black outlines of the culm-dump etched against the steam-whitened sky. The perfume had need to bring suggestions of sweet sounds and green fields, for there was absolutely no hint of such things in the landscape. Everything green except the crab-tree had perished. But the cows could not break it over, the goats could not destroy it, and Davis, the stable boss, could not cut it down without lacerating his wrists. So it stood.

For one brief week the children would gather its creamy pink blossoms; for one day the Italian and Hungarian peasants would carry the fragrant circular wreaths and lay them on the graves of their dead in the cemetery, when the Grand Army of the Republic strewed flowers upon their fallen comrades. Then they would go back to their unlovely toil and to the smell of cinders reeking with the gases and steam of the ash dump.

While Morris and Rosy sat under the crab-tree, he

talked about the possibility of injury to himself, and she clung to him in a way that made him dwell on the subject to an extent that any miner would have scorned to do—unless, perhaps, there was a Rosy to do some clinging. Rosy was so charming that he had told her he was ready to eat her up. There is no telling what foolish plan for their immediate marriage the young man might not have persuaded her to accept, if her mother had not called Rosy into the house. Until Henry could show in the manila envelope which contained his monthly pay a sum sufficient to discharge the bill at the store, and the rent, with something left, the mother would not consent to listen to proposals of marriage; and Rosy could not think of going against her mother's will. Rosy had told him this, as gently as she could, while they were seated under the crab. She had also vowed that she would wait until the company intrusted him with another mule. But Henry could not get rid of the thought that some man might appear with a bulkier pay envelope and that the mother, with her old-country notions about marriage, might force Rosy to accept the robber.

So on this particular spring morning Henry sat and scowled at the stunted laurel-bushes which grew about the mouth of the shaft of the Hatton mine, while he waited for the cage to take him down to his mule. On the way down he heard the inside foreman telling one of the men that young Burt Hatton was to bring down a party of New England coal-dealers on that day to inspect the mine. In his heart Henry hated the coal-dealers; for they were responsible, he felt, for the

meager wages he was paid and for the one mule. Henry had heard a Socialist lecturer, who said that the dealers fixed the price of coal and the quantity to be mined. He had called the miners slaves of the market. It all sounded very grand.

In the meantime the members of the Coal-dealers Protective Association had not yet breakfasted at the sumptuous hotel where they were quartered. Up to this time their visit to the anthracite coal region had been one continuous round of banquets, receptions, and excursions. Perhaps there would have been no trouble at all if that foolish Scidmore had not insisted that they should see the inside workings of the coal-mines. Accordingly, as assistant secretary, he had arranged to have the private electric car of the president of the trolley railway take them to the suburbs of Coalton for a trip through the great Hatton mine. The secretary-in-chief would never have consented to such a trip as this, if Scidmore had not settled the matter without consulting the association.

Some of the men hesitated a little about going into the mine because of the danger; but the younger element, led by Scidmore, were ready to laugh at their fears. So before they rightly knew what they were about, they found themselves huddled together in a somewhat bewildered group in the main gangway of the mine, which was much like a murky grimy cellar, very damp and very draughty.

At the foot of the shaft, they were plunged at once into the very busiest spot in the mine. The inrushing air drawn by the ventilating fans caused the lights to

flare so that they made but faint impression upon the gloom. Machinery crashed and roared. Gongs and warning bells jarred their nerves with the apprehension of unseen danger. The floor was a network of tracks and a cobweb of cables to entrap the feet. The roof hung low enough to menace their heads. Whole trains of low mine cars that were being shifted on the switches threatened to crush the unwary. Drivers and switchmen shouted warnings and imprecations. Mules threaded their way in the darkness and brushed their shaggy sides against the well-dressed brokers. It was a Broadway blockade—in the dark.

Back from the main shaft the character of the sounds changed somewhat. The mine became sinister. Menacing sounds lurked along the galleries. Danger crept up in the dark and then threatened with sudden malevolence. The strange, far-off humming of the cables running over distant wheels and wooden rollers, suddenly changed to the deafening rush of a trip of cars that seemed about to spring upon and crush the party. When this had passed, out of the ominous silence came the explosive throb of a blast, which seemed to rock the solid walls and threatened to bring down a thousand feet of rock upon their heads.

At the foot of the first plane they found the fire-boss, Hudderfield, known to everybody as Sunderland Red. Since the day when as a baby he was carried into the coal mines to cure the whooping cough, in Sunderland, England, Hudderfield had almost literally grown up in the mines. While others pined for the light, he thrived in the darkness. His stocky figure did

not droop, although he had spent fifty years under ground. As fire-boss, it was his business to enter every chamber of the mines each day before the miners came in the morning, to test the condition of the air with his safety lamp in order to secure the men from danger of being burned by the explosion of gas collected during the night. If his chalk-mark were lacking at the entrance of any chamber, the workman not only risked his own life by going into it, but the lives of all the men in the mine.

The first spot which the visitors sought was the mule barn. Here Davis, the stable boss reigned. It would not do to say that Davis was only a mule whacker, although his work was to attend to the varied needs of some forty ridge-backed, singed-bellied mules, with galled shoulders, scraped legs or contracted hoofs, with here and there an eye missing or an ear cropped, with homicidal tempers and with tricks enough to graduate any one of the outfit into the circus. It was no ordinary genius who could preside over such an aggregation. And when to the troubles of such a situation was added the oversight of an equal number of driver boys, trained in the breaker, it is easy enough to understand why Davis believed himself to be predestinated to end his life in an asylum. That is, of course, if he should escape violent death from a fall of rock or a runaway trip of cars, or, what he regarded as much less dangerous, from the hoofs or teeth of the mules. Other mule whackers have died of lockjaw through having been

playfully chewed, or have been kicked or squeezed to an ignominious death by the mules themselves. But Davis did not trouble himself about that.

Davis, the stable boss, was a specialist. His specialty was mules. Not only did he feed them and groom them and harness them and stable them in the stalls built for their use near the foot of the shaft, but he doctored their ailments and studied their happiness. His day began at four A. M. Except for a short rest at the breakfast hour of ordinary mortals, while the mules were busy in the various gangways and chambers of the mines, he spent the rest of the working day in the society of the mules. If the coal was coming out rapidly and he had no baled hay or grain to bring down the shaft, he might not see daylight for weeks at a time.

While the coal dealers were inspecting the stable, several uncomplimentary remarks were made about mules. Davis ignored all these until Scidmore's insolent ignorance forced him to speak.

"When you come to think of it, the mule ain't to blame. If there's anything on top of God's earth that has a harder time than a mule that has to work under the earth, why I pity it. Ain't there some heathens that think that when you die you'll be born over again into a beast or something, if you don't play a square game the first deal? You don't suppose there's any truth in it do you? I reckon it would keep a man pretty near straight, if he thought he might wake up some day and find himself inside a mule's hide

a-workin' in a mine! If you've formed the habit of makin' an ass of yourself, young man, you'd best take warnin'.

"I hear they're goin' to put in electric motors to haul the cars," he went on as if he had not heard the laugh of the coal brokers at Scidmore's expense. "If that's so, I guess the Lord an' the Hatton Coal Company must love the mules. An' the mule ain't a very lovable kind o' creetur. Not particularly. 'Specially after he's been in the mines without seein' daylight for a year or so. They have all sorts of drivers an' the boys lick 'em an' gash 'em an' burn 'em with their lamps on the belly an' all sorts o' places to make 'em pull more cars than they ought to pull up the steep pitches. By the time a mule's been through that kind o' picknickin' for eighteen months or so, he's apt to get a leetle irritable, unless he's jest naturally too good tempered for this world. If he's that way, he'll lay down an' die. Fact is, most of 'em gets so infernal ornery before that time that nobody can do nothin' with 'em."

"What happens then?" asked Scidmore, who was interested in spite of his pique.

"O, when he gets so naturally cantankerous that nobody can drive him, we h'ist him up the shaft, an' let him spend a Sunday or a week out doors. Say, I don't suppose you ever saw a mule when he got off the cage at the top o' the shaft? It'd do you good. I went to school once—you wouldn't believe it, but I did. I was there about a month an' durin' that time I did somethin' that made the teacher mad. She said

"WE H'IST HIM UP THE SHAFT"

she'd keep me in an' whip me after school. That afternoon her beau come to the school for her, an' the teacher let me off. I ain't been back since. But I wasn't no gladder than them mules is when they find themselves on top o' ground 'stead of under it. Why they jest jump sideways all over the pen. Sometimes one of 'em will tremble all over, as if he was scairt o' the light or the big broad earth or something. Sometimes he'll go feelin' his way 'round with his forefeet. Sometimes he'll lay down. Sometimes he'll bray! It's all accordin' to his disposition. Just like men. But he's glad all right enough!"

Then the party must see the actual work of mining.

Half an hour later as they left a chamber where they had been watching the process, a number of men came running down the gangway. For a moment Hatton held up his lamp and watched the flame. Then he said very quietly, "We go back now."

"I'm glad that miserable wind has stopped blowing," said Scidmore. "On the way in it blew so hard that I could hardly keep my lamp burning."

"Mr. Scidmore," said Hatton, slowly, "if that wind doesn't blow again, in a little while you won't be able to breathe this air. Something is wrong, and we must reach the foot of the shaft as quickly as possible."

Arriving at the shaft, the word which had been telephoned down went round that there had been an explosion in the boiler-room, which had stopped the ventilating-fans and the hoisting machinery. There was nothing for it but to climb the ladders to reach the

top. Several of the driver boys and younger miners had already gone out of sight up the ladders.

"This is the worst hole we've been in yet—worse than when the Street slumped last winter," Scidmore said.

"I wish he'd keep his fool clack quiet," said some one in the rear of the party, and the association agreed with him.

When Hatton came up there was a hush among the miners until he said, "Men, I want our friends to have a chance to climb the ladders. You'll have to help them. I'll stay here until the last man is out. I want one of you to go with each one in this party to show them how to climb and to help them, if they need help."

"I don't need anybody to show me how to climb a ladder!" blustered one young broker. "Just show me the ladder!"

That the ladder! The elegant coal-brokers looked at the grimy timbers built like a log cabin around the sides of the shaft, then at the gray patch of light in the eternity above them, and then into one another's faces for a moment in blank amazement. They fell on Hatton with voluble protests. They could never do it. Why, a fire-escape was a promenade in comparison! Did he mean to say that the miners were obliged to face such risks? It wasn't right! There ought to be a law to prohibit such risks! How far was it to the top? It was preposterous!

"That's the ladder, gentlemen. It is the only way out. There is the top, eleven hundred feet above.

Every moment increases the danger, so the sooner you start the better. Mr. Scidmore, you take this side. Morris, let somebody else take care of that mule and you go with Mr. Scidmore. Here, Hudderfield, you go with this man. All I can say is, Be careful. Take it slowly."

Morris and Scidmore started to climb together.

"Did you ever climb up this way before?" Scidmore asked.

"Not this shaft, but up the second opening, when the breaker burned at the top of this shaft. That time the shaft was full of smoke. We had all we could do to get out."

Before the first hundred feet were covered, the broker was panting and trembling from the unaccustomed exertion.

"Better throw off your coat, sir," Morris suggested.

"I can't take it off and keep my hold. Could you help me?" In a minute the coat and vest, with Mr. Scidmore's silk hat, lay at the bottom of the shaft.

As each man of the visiting party came forward to mount the ladders, a grimy miner stepped out to accompany him. To the credit of the miners let it be said that there was no objection made, although they knew that elderly millionaires, weighing two hundred or more, seldom keep up their gymnasium practice.

"I can't go any further without resting," Mr. Scidmore groaned presently. "I don't see how I am ever going to get out alive. Put your hand in my pocket and take out my watch and my money. Do as I tell you," he commanded, as Morris protested. "I'll give

you what's in the purse, if you get me out of this all right. There's nearly a hundred in that. Yes, I'll make it two-fifty if you get me up."

"Do you think I'm a bloodsucker? I ain't doing this job for pay. I need money just now as bad as anybody; but I don't have to be bribed to help a man out of danger. Don't you know that there are men in the mines who have carried an injured dago up such a place as this on their shoulders, rather than let him die at the foot of the shaft? Do you suppose I want your blood on my hands? I'm ready to do all I can for you; and I don't want your money, nohow!"

Stifling waves of heat began to surge upwards, a reek of smoke and oil. The steam pipes, in spite of their asbestos coverings, gave off a large amount of heat. One and another of the men began to look upwards, but the gray patch at the top seemed as small as ever. The sweltering climbers began to go more slowly. Then Hatton passed up the word:

"Let the men who are freshest pass on, while the others take turns resting on the platforms."

A little later he called up: "Don't hold the platforms too long. Show the men how to rest at the corners. Each miner must hang below his companion."

Presently there was a swish of falling water, like the first big drops of a thunder-storm. Hatton shouted, "They've turned the fire-hose on us!" Whereat Scidmore swore. Morris looked at his companion for a moment in silence.

"You ought to thank God, young man, instead of

swearing," he said, simply. "That drip of water is carrying down a current of fresh air that'll maybe save our lives."

After a few moments the air did seem cooler, and although the water fell faster and drenched them until their clothes hung heavy on their shoulders, yet they breathed more easily and climbed more steadily.

Still, it was a weary struggle. Fingers were lacerated and benumbed; arms ached until it seemed as though they would be drawn from their sockets; heads buzzed and swam, so that the brain seemed hardly to direct the movements of climbing, while the hands went on fumbling automatically for the timbers. No man passed a platform now without resting. It seemed to the climber that he had hardly begun to relax his weary muscles and catch his breath until some savage face, which seemed in the increasing light to be blacker and more haggard than the last, appeared over the edge of the platform and demanded the place.

When the brokers reached the top of the shaft, men were ready to seize each climber by the arms and hoist him into safety. The coal company's ambulance stood backed up by the engine-house. Carriages had been summoned, blankets were in readiness, and each shivering coal-dealer was wrapped up and hurried off to the hotel.

The alarm had been given by the blowing of a long blast upon the whistle of the breaker. In an incredibly short space of time an immense crowd had gathered. Old men, the clerks and drivers from the stores, bareheaded women, some with little children in their arms,

others with the flour of baking day still upon their hands and reddened arms, crowded about the mouth of the gaping shaft. Two grizzled miners held the nozzle of the hose which was pouring water into the shaft. These passed back the word that there were voices heard in the darkness below. The officials of the company were kept busy denying rumours that there had been loss of life. The old men declared that there was no danger to the workmen, however it might go with the visitors. But the women were not to be quieted. They had heard such things before. If there was no danger, why was the ambulance there with bandages for the injured, blankets for those who might be burned, and sheets for the dead, who did not need to be warmed after the physical shock of an accident.

Rector Warne came up soon after the alarm was sounded. Back and forth among the excited watchers he passed, now stopping to cheer some sobbing wife or mother, now repeating some word of encouragement from the officials for the comfort of some anxious sister.

"He knows no more'n the rist iv us;" Mrs. Phelan said, "but he's a good man, annyhow, an' God bless him, I say!"

The crowd of women and children from the village, alarmed by the sight of the ambulance, grew greater every moment. As each of the miners climbed out, he was pounced upon by some anxious member of his family. The men laughed at the needless excitement

of the women, but they could not reassure those whose fathers or husbands had not yet come to the surface.

It was through Hatton's management that the men came up safely. He seemed to be just where he was needed upon the ladders, generally coming to the relief of some miner who found his fellow-climber too heavy a burden to be sustained alone. For the last two hundred feet, Hatton had brought up a double guard of miners for those members of the party who seemed likely to become exhausted. These two guards climbed with their shoulders beneath the arms of their burden, thus supporting and guarding him as well.

At last the women were all quiet but two. A little apart from the rest, Rosy Kline sat on the bumpers of a low mine car, her face flushed with anxiety yet tearless, rocking to and fro, and never taking her eyes from the shaft. Her mother hovered over her, weeping softly. The scene brought back the tragedy of her own life, when she had waited for days, with other agonized women, for the husband who never came back to her.

"Don't look so, Rosy, darling," she whispered, cut to the heart by the despair in Rosy's face. "I won't say anything more against your marrying him. He can come and live with us, and we'll get along somehow."

"*If* he comes out, mother."

"Don't say that, child; he'll come out all right."

In the meantime Morris was having a struggle with Mr. Scidmore, the last of the visitors to come up. The

secretary had dragged himself painfully up towards the top of the shaft, when some weakening of the heart's action left him limp and almost unconscious, a tremendous dead weight on Morris's young shoulders. Morris crowded him towards the corner, bracing his own legs between the logs on one side while he rested his back on the other side, and clinging with a death-grip to the logs with one hand. With the other arm he managed to balance Mr. Scidmore's body and hold it against the wall, meantime calling for help from above. It was but a little time until a rope was lowered, and the nerveless figure of Scidmore was hoisted up the shaft.

It was Hatton himself who climbed back into the shaft when the rope was lowered, and who came up beside Morris, the last man to leave the shaft.

As soon as the coal dealers were safely at the hotel, they began with frantic haste to send telegrams to their families. Scidmore's message to his wife was typical. It read as follows:

"Disregard sensational reports which may be published concerning Hatton mine disaster this mornlng. All our party escaped death and injury. Further engagements cancelled and investigations abandoned. Expect me home Saturday."

It was these telegrams which provoked the publication of the facts regarding the accident. The city editor of the Anthrax *Herald,* had written for his own paper a ten line item reciting the injury to the fan house, but the excitement which the visiting coal magnates showed seemed so amusing that he telegraphed a column of stuff to a certain New York paper

describing in detail the adventure. It appeared the next day under the heading:

MILLIONAIRES IN A PLIGHT!

AN 1100-FOOT SHOWER-BATH

The editor had an eye for the picturesque and he had never missed an opportunity since the day he left the dump to enter the newspaper office.

On the second day after his climb Mr. Scidmore felt able to leave his bed. Toward evening he presented himself at the home of Rosy Kline inquiring for Morris.

"He hasn't come up from work yet," Rosy answered.

"You don't mean he has gone back into that dreadful shaft!"

"Why, yes; they repaired the machinery in a little while, and he was at work again yesterday. He can't afford to be idle when the mines work."

"Are you his wife?"

"No, not—not yet. A man can't support a wife on a one-mule job."

"Ah! I see. Now look here; if Morris could manage a big fellow like me, don't you think he could manage more than one mule?"

"Of course he could, if the company would only give him a chance."

"Well, the company is going to give him a chance. I've been talking to Mr. Hatton, and he has promised that he shall have a place in some new gangway—running cars, I think he called it. That ought to enable him to support a wife. That's Mr. Hatton's part. For my own part, I offered to pay your husband—I mean Mr. Morris—if he would bring me up alive, and he grew angry. But if you and he *should* happen to get married, and if you should want to use some furniture which will be put into one of the new houses down here in Reagan's Patch, I believe you call it, the house with the wild crab-apple tree in the yard—why, I should be glad to give you the furniture for a wedding present."

When Rosy told Henry about it that evening, she lamented that Mr. Scidmore had gone before she could thank him properly.

"Maybe he'll come to the wedding," Henry said, "and you and I will thank him then."

"Who said there was going to be a wedding?" she asked, saucily. Then she added, with a little shake of her head: "Mother says she'll give us a pig. Won't we be just set up in housekeeping?"

THE COST OF MINING

"There are countless heroes who live and die
Of whom we have never heard;
For the great, big, brawling world goes by
With hardly a look or word;
And one of the bravest and best of all
Of whom the list can boast
Is the man who falls on duty's call,
The man who dies at his post."

—ANON.

X

THE COST OF MINING

AN unusual bulletin, in large capitals, on the outside of the frame office of the Number Five Colliery,

WORK TO-MORROW

An unwonted stir among the men, both inside and outside the mine. New mine cars standing in order on the switches. New wire ropes on the slopes. Clean yellow sticks of timber here and there beside the grimy machinery and weather-boarding of the breaker. While other collieries had been working after the strike the Number Five mine had been idle. But now work was to be resumed. Three or four men seated in an office which was as beautifully furnished as any parlour, had decided that it was time to seek a dividend from this particular piece of property. Nearly a thousand men and boys would be affected by this decision. No wonder there was rejoicing.

A long, hilly road of black culm and cinder, with a dirty snow-bank on one side, chilling in the early mountain twilight. A rickety wagon, drawn by two

smoking horses, toiling up the hill. A forlorn huddle of furniture, shaking and sliding as the wagon creaked and the horses strained over the hummocks. A short, gaunt man walking ahead of the team, a boy and a girl running beside him, and a woman with a baby seated with the driver. The Hetheringtons were coming back to Coalton, in the hope of steady work and better times.

The man's gait and appearance were those of an old man, although he was but little past thirty. There was a peculiarity in his walk which made him seem almost ape-like in his carriage. His head was bent, his shoulders drooped forward, his knees were crooked, while his hands hung so far to the front of his body that they almost touched his knee-caps. In appearance he resembled nothing so much as the man-ape of the tropical forest.

It is the stamp of the mines left on the body by years spent under ground in the narrow veins of coal. It often happens that a miner breaks down in health at forty, after thirty years in the mines. As soon as he begins to grow towards manhood, he must bow his shoulders and bend his back all day long. No wonder that character as well as figure suffers deterioration.

When the man came back to the wagon where his wife rode and lifted his head, his form lost its abject appearance. His face was kindly and noble.

"Here we are," he said.

"O, Jim! Is this the house? Isn't this where little Hungarian Katya lived when her man was burned to death?"

"This is the house."

"And isn't this where the Breece family lived when their boy was killed; didn't the McCartys have the fever here and wasn't there an Italian lived here who was arrested for murder?"

"Now don't be foolish, little girl: it's the best we can do."

"O, Jim, I wish you wouldn't go back into the mines again! Don't let's go into that house! I can't bear to have you put your life in danger for the sake of me and the children. What would we do if you were killed? Let's go down to the flats and work there. We can manage to live somehow, even if the wages are small."

"What makes you talk like this? You're a miner's daughter; you should have more pluck."

"I know I'm foolish, but you can't think how dreadful it is every time you hear wheels on the road to look out for the ambulance. Every time it has ever come our way I knew it was coming somehow, even if it was in the middle of the night. It's bad enough to pass the shed by the mines and see the great black doors in the back like a hearse staring at you as you pass. But oh, when it turns up the street towards the Patch every woman is like to faint she's that sick with fear until she knows the great, black thing is not to come to her with its load of sorrow. Why when that Hungarian was brought home in Reagan's Patch to the house next to us I just fell down with fright, I was that scared. I've always thought that was the reason why this baby was such a timid little thing. You can't help it, you just feel you must scream if the ugly thing

comes another step nearer to you. Now if I should see it coming up this long hill, I'd know it was for me, since there's no other house up here. Don't let's go into the house; let's go back!" and she began to sob at the prospect.

Her husband's rough hand lay a moment on her hair. "Come, little girl," he said, "you know we can't go back. I haven't the money to pay for taking the things back and there's nothing to do there which would keep you and the children from want. Besides the work on the flats kills me. I can't stand it like I can working in the cool of the mines."

"But Jim we've the twenty dollars you earned digging that well on the flats. We could live on that for a little while until——"

"I'm fair sorry, little girl, about it—I oughtn't to have done it—at least not without telling you about it. —But the twenty dollars is gone——"

"Why, Jim, what do you mean?"

"I had to do it," he went on doggedly. "Things about the mines don't go the way they used to in the old days when old Mr. Hardin managed the business himself. These big companies can't keep track of things the same way——"

"But Jim, our twenty dollars? What became of that? What has the Company to do with it? You didn't earn it from the Company?"

"It didn't go to the Company. It was Bruce Hardin. I'm ashamed to tell you. I had to pay twenty dollars to get a job of work. He wanted fifty. It's timber-

ing and brattice work—it's good work and I can soon make it up."

"You mean that you bribed the Company to give you work?"

"I had to do it. This young Bruce Hardin got my money for the job."

"My father would have killed him, if he'd asked money from him."

"It was that or starve."

"Jim, you've bribed them to let them kill you! It isn't right!"

"O, don't say that. I know it isn't right, but I couldn't help it. Many a man lives to be old working in the mines and never gets hurt."

"Yes, and when he gets old the Company pays him a boy's wages for tending door or watching at nights,—that is if he isn't too near dead with miners' asthma!" Her mood had grown bitter, although the tears still lay on her cheeks. But she came down from the wagon and went into the house.

"Well it's got a good sized kitchen, I will say that for it," said the woman, carrying the fair-haired baby over the threshold of the dingy little house.

Presently she came up from the cellar. "Why, Jim, this is the very house that's over that bad piece of roof where the heat and steam from the mine comes up into the cellar!"

"I know it is. I've got to timber up the roof just about under here to-night, so as to let the men go safely to their work in the morning."

"You may be able to do that, but what about keeping things to eat in the cellar? And how are you going to sleep here if you work at night? You're a poor sleeper in the daytime anyhow. But here the blasts under the house will fairly shake you out of bed. I remember now that Ellen Breece told me when they were cutting the gangway up here, the shots they used to fire with dynamite would spill the water out of the kettle on the stove, and when they were right under the house, they had to wire the pipe fast to the stove below as well as to the chimney above to prevent the shock from throwing it off every time."

"Well, well, it's the best we can do. Let's get the things into the house while I can help you."

A man is not of much use at a moving, unless he be a handy man at other times. Hetherington, who was skillful from much experience, soon set up the stove and wired the pipe. But the driver, a lout who had grown callous by having moved many families, and being anxious to be gone before night, set the goods out of the wagon into the mud or hung them from the posts of the dismantled fence, from which some former tenant had burned the rails and pickets for kindling wood. Mrs. Hetherington busied herself putting up the bed, while the girl held the baby. In the meantime Hetherington carried the boxes and trunk containing their supply of clothing to the second story, lighting himself by fastening his miner's lamp to the top of his boot.

But the baby soon grew too cross to be neglected, and the children were sleepy and so went off to bed.

The mother toiled on after that, busy with setting things to rights, until time for her husband to leave home to begin work on the night shift, which must be in the mine at eleven o'clock. He ate his supper while she packed his dinner pail. Then he drew on his rubber boots and tucked his oily overalls into their tops, put on his oil-skin hat, after lighting the lamp that was attached, and took up his tools to leave.

"Well, good-bye, little girl," he said leaning over to kiss her. "Now be sure you keep a good heart and it'll all come out right."

"Good-bye. Now do be careful of yourself."

Then she threw herself beside the baby after filling the stove with coal and locking the door. The baby stirred once or twice during the night, but the woman slept on, wearied out with the long ride on the shaking wagon and the heavy work of moving.

* * * * *

An hour before daylight another team climbed the hill, drawing a covered wagon. It was square, massive, top-heavy, high enough for a man to stand erect inside, a gloomy affair with doors in the back that had panes of glass in them; more like a hearse than an ordinary wagon. Two men walked behind it and two rode on the seat with the driver. The men smoked their pipes—all but one, Henry Morris. He lagged behind his companion as though he found his feet heavy. It was cold and the winter wind had frozen his water-soaked trousers until they crackled with each step; but it was not the cold that made him shiver.

The wagon was fitted with carefully adjusted springs so that the load did not joggle or slide as a load of furniture would have done, but Morris rushed forward and lifted his hand as if to steady the wagon when it jolted over a stone in the road.

Hetherington was coming back to the little house on the hill. Like a hero from the field of battle they were bringing him home. With one companion he had been at work in the mine at the point under his own house where the dangerous piece of roof lay. There had been a preliminary fall of roof which struck down both men. Hetherington, who was only slightly injured, had dragged his comrade into safety and then gone back into the dangerous gallery to warn the men who were still further in. It is an unwritten law in the code of the miner that no man ever flees from threatened danger in the mines leaving unwarned those who would be in greater danger than himself, unless all hope of their escape is cut off. While he was passing a second time beneath his house through the dangerous gangway, a second fall of rock from the roof occurred which crushed out the noble, patient spirit.

When the ambulance reached the little house on the mountain side, Davis halted his mules in front of the ruined picket fence and the two men climbed down slowly from the seat. Three of the men, one at the front and two behind, removed the load, while Morris, the wretch who had drawn the lot and must break the news, knocked at the door. The men pocketed their pipes and extinguished the lamps in their hats, all except the driver, who kept himself well out of sight on

the seat of the ambulance. In the gray darkness the men found their way to the fence and leaned their burden on a post, waiting for the woman within the house to light a lamp and open the door.

"Where's your husband?—There's been an accident, Mrs. Hetherington,"—mumbled the wretched man at the door. "We've come—that is, I mean, we've brought——" then the carefully prepared speech which Morris had conned fled utterly out of his mind and he stood silent.

"Whist! man, a minit," McCarty broke into the silence. "Kape the light back, Davis. Let me spake it, Hank, if ye can't do better than that. Poor Jim! He got hurted, mum, by a fall o' roof a fwile ago——"

"Oh, he's killed!" cried the woman, catching sight of the figure shrouded with the blanket on the oil-cloth cover of the mattress. "It's Jim, she gasped, throwing herself beside the stretcher and reaching out her arms as if to grasp the body.

She would have lifted the blanket, but Morris gently held her back. "No, you mustn't," he managed to rasp out. "The rock fell on his head." Blood and coal dirt do not make a sightly mixture.

"Here's his watch and some things we found in his pockets. We were afraid they might fall out and get lost on the way down the gangway." But Mrs. Hetherington did not touch the pitiful bits of property he held out.

"O, Jim! I knew that you'd be brought home to me in that dreadful ambulance, if you went into the mines. He can't speak to me! O, Jim! *Jim!*" her

voice rose to a *staccato* and then sank into silence, as she knelt by the stretcher.

"There, there, niver mind, mum. All of us has to come home this way some time. Let us bring him in," said McCarty from the head of the stretcher. "Don't wake the childer," he added as one of the men stumbled on the threshold.

The men stood around awkwardly, nursing their hats. Even McCarty was silent now. "I guess we'd better be goin', b'ys," he said at length. "I'll sind me wife right up, Mrs. Hetherington."

"I'll go straight to the undertaker's, before he has his breakfast," said Morris, anxious to do something.

The men climbed into the ambulance, which drove heavily down the hill; the children slept on; the whistles blew to waken the men for the first regular day shift of work at the Number Five Colliery since the strike, while the woman sat at the head of her shabby bed alone with her dead.

There Rector Warne found her, dry-eyed and dazed. She did not look up even when he had finished his ministrations.

Helen had gone with her husband. Mrs. McCarty, who had been with the widow since morning, followed the rector and Helen outside the door when they came to leave.

"That's just the way she has been all day long. She doesn't speak nor ask for her baby nor anything. That's just where she sank down when they brought her husband home at daylight. I don't know what to do!"

"Where is her baby?" Helen asked.

"In one of the houses down at the foot of the hill. There's a woman there with a young baby, who has been keeping it all day until she'll ask for it. It would fret her to nurse it if it was here."

"Won't you bring it home?" Helen asked. "I think I can rouse her. If I were in her place and had a baby that's what would help me."

When it was brought up the hill, Helen took the babe and laid it on the foot of the bed beside which the woman sat. She did not seem to see the child at first nor to note its cry. Going close to her, Helen bent down and placed her hands on both of the woman's shoulders.

"It's your baby, Mrs. Hetherington," she said gently, as if speaking to a child that could not understand; "your baby—and his." She stooped down and kissed her on the forehead. Then she stepped softly from the room, but as she did so she saw the woman start from her place and gather her babe to her breast.

THE EXPENSE OF TRANSPORTATION

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

—TENNYSON.

XI

THE EXPENSE OF TRANSPORTATION

BISHOP VAUX was returning to his home from an episcopal tour. He was very weary and somewhat lonesome since Helen had gone to brighten the old rectory at Coalton. He was therefore well satisfied that the car was nearly unoccupied, so that he could have two seats to himself.

He sank into a restful position and looked out of the window. It was a dreary prospect: acres of black, barren desolation where the waste from the mines had covered the earth or killed the verdure. Huddled along the sides of the valley and crowded by the towering culm piles were the straggling homes of the miners.

What inspiration, moral or mental, could they receive amid such colossal ugliness? What wonder that there were crimes and debauchery! The bishop felt the pathos of the crowded, throbbing life of the district through which the train was passing, and for the time being he identified himself with the people. He closed his eyes as if in prayer, while the stately liturgy of his church sounded in his ears: "O God, Thou knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright."

The train stopped at Mudtown station and two young women entered. One of them was Mrs. Henry Morris, whom the bishop remembered to have confirmed; the other was a stranger. There was something incongruous about her dress which a man could not well define. The various articles of conventional mourning which she wore bore evidences of having been borrowed for the occasion and they had not all been borrowed from the same person. Her black gloves were new and so was the black-bordered handkerchief which she carried.

If there needed any other proof that the trip was not taken for pleasure or for business, the girl's face would have been accepted as evidence. It was the pert, doll-baby face of a "silk-mill sissie," as the girls who worked in the new mill were called by those who felt themselves above that sort of work. The industry was one which had been but recently introduced. It was a well-placed industry because there were so many more girls in the coal regions than could find employment. But the wages which the mills offered were so pitifully small that many miners refused to let their daughters go to work at all. Those who did work were dissatisfied and more than one strike had occurred.

The girl's saucy eyes were heavy and dark and the little mouth was drawn with grief. Both sat in absolute silence. As soon as the station was left behind and the conductor had taken up their tickets, the girl settled down to look out the window, while Mrs. Morris anxiously watched her companion. They had

no baggage, except a package wrapped in newspaper, which evidently contained a pair of shoes, more comfortable than the new ones worn by the girl, and a crape veil, made visible through a rent in the wrapping.

Bishop Vaux was just beginning to read his paper when he noticed for the first time that the girl was crying. Then he saw that her companion was trying to comfort her. For a mile or two nothing more occurred and then the train passed a way station at the foot of the mountain, which the brakeman announced noisily. The train now began in earnest to ascend the mountain, zig-zagging its way towards the crest, not by swinging around sharp curves but by switching back and forth in a perfect cat's staircase. Half of the time the engine which had started out at the head of the train went first and the other half the "pusher," which had stood in the rear, led the way.

When the train passed one of these switches the girl burst out weeping afresh, her poor, commonplace, little face looking more babyish and pathetic than ever in her grief. Mrs. Morris was crying too, but softly, as she tried to comfort her, but although the girl was evidently doing her best to control herself, her sobs grew deeper and stronger. Soon she raised the window and turned her head so far out that the bishop could not see her face. But he saw that the sobs shook her whole frame.

Now the bishop, like most men, did not enjoy exhibitions of grief which he could not comfort, so he rose and walked to the back of the car, thinking that

the women would be less embarrassed if left to themselves.

The brakeman came in and sat down in the rear seat, ready to throw the switch when they should reach the sharp point at Panther Ledge, where the train changed its direction for the last time before reaching the crest of the mountain. The end of the switch ran out at this point to the edge of the "hog-back" of rocks which made the foundation of the mountain until one might look off the edge of a precipice which fell away several hundred feet in sheer descent.

"Bad place for a runaway here," the brakeman said, noticing that the bishop crossed the car to look into the ravine at the clusters of Italian shanties, which looked like toy houses clinging to the creek bank below.

"How could a train run away down here, when all the coal is hauled up?" he asked.

"Break in two," the brakeman said; "or the crew go to sleep. Why, the men can't help falling asleep sometimes. They're human. Of course they mustn't get caught. But they have to sleep some time. Why I know men that will leave home to-day and won't get back, maybe for a week. You see the road hasn't got any good terminals at tide-water and so the coal trains are run in on switches as near New York as they can get and kept there until there's room for them in the yards. If the switch is located at a telegraph station, they may annul the train and the crew loses a chance to make their wages while they have

nothin' to do; but if the switch is off a ways they may lay there for the best part of a week. That's when the boys sleep. But they don't always strike it so lucky. Sometimes they have to keep runnin' day and night, hour and minute, for a week. Then they've got to catch their sleep where they can. Why I've known men that have drawn their pay for fifty-six days in one month,—day and night, double time. Such hogs for work as that wouldn't sleep at home more than a few hours at a time for a month. Old Chris, who runs 276, has got so that he wakes up after he's had four or five hours in bed, and if there's no call waitin' for him with the woman, he goes up to the round house to find out whether he's been discharged.

"Why, I can't go to sleep to this day without kinkin' up my elbow like this, the way I used to hitch it round the brake-rod when I was brakin' on the coal train, to keep me from tumblin' off under the wheels, if I should happen to fall asleep."

They were just passing a train of empty coal cars on a siding when the bishop looked off for a moment and when he looked back he saw that the girl who had been sobbing so violently had slid down on the seat and was resting on the arm of her fellow traveller. Mrs. Morris was shaking her and looking back in a frightened way, as if for help. As there were no women on the car the bishop now hastened forward to offer his services.

Before he reached the seat, a man who looked as though he might be a physician had come up and was

instructing the frightened woman to loosen the dress of her fainting companion. Then while he sent one of the men to the cooler for water he turned to the group of travelling salesmen and others who had started from their seats and inquired for some liquor. One of them met the bishop in the aisle.

"Say, you haven't got a flask about you, have you? Queer!" he went on, "When you don't need it, you're dead sure to strike a gang, loaded every mother's son of 'em, and all wantin' to treat. Now here's this little thing fainted and there isn't a man in the whole outfit got a drop on his person."

The doctor now summoned the brakeman while one of the salesmen ruined the cheap crape on the girl's dress with the water he was awkwardly sprinkling in her face. Mrs. Morris had ceased crying now, but she kept calling piteously, "Janet, wake up! O, Janet, speak to me!"

The brakeman then came in, armed with a pint bottle he had obtained from an Italian in the immigrant car ahead, and at the doctor's directions poured out a small quantity in the glass and held it to the girl's blue lips. She had recovered enough by this time to shake her head; but the doctor made her drink. Then the brakeman threw two seats together, the doctor offered his overcoat for a pillow and the girl lay down. The doctor motioned all the men away except the brakeman.

"She seems to know him. I can't make out what's the matter with her," he said. "She was shivering and moaning just before she fainted. I could hear her

from where I sat, saying over and over, 'O! we're coming to it! Coming to it!' as though she were afraid. It's some nervous excitement and it may do her good, perhaps, to tell him what's the matter."

The brakeman leaned over the seat for a minute, saying a few words to the girl and talking a little more to her friend. Then he went out at a signal from the engineer and did not come back into the car again.

When things had quieted down, the girl called Janet lying with her eyes shut and Mrs. Morris sitting opposite to her looking out of the window, the bishop followed the brakeman into the smoking car to ask what he knew about the cause of the girl's grief.

"It's tough," he said. "Just as tough as you ever see. Billy Kline was one of the best men on this division. Everybody liked him. I went ahead and asked old Tom about this girl. Her name's Breece. Tom's the baggage master. Tom knows the little plans of all the fellows. They all take him into their confidence and he never tells on one of 'em—not so long as he's alive.

"Dead? Yes; didn't I tell you? Billy was killed night before last back here at Panther Ledge, the long switch we just passed. Train of coal cars broke apart comin' up the grade. The engineer called for brakes, and Billy ran back to save the broken section of the train from running off Panther Ledge. He was the boy that saved the Company's property for them all right enough, for they found where he'd put the brakes on three or four cars. He must have stumbled or run off the end of the broken section in the dark some-

how and was cut to pieces by the second section. Poor fellow! Wasn't a handsomer, quicker man or a better one on this whole division.

"What's that? Yes; that's his little girl. She's goin' down to the funeral. The lodge has charge. We sent a handsome floral piece, gates ajar. I'd like to go myself, but I can't get off. The Company's mighty particular these days since the strike. Won't let men off nor give them many privileges if they belong to the Brotherhood.

"Old Tom says Billy and the girl was goin' to be married after the next pay. They did talk about gettin' married quite a while back, but then the Company cut down our wages and then the strike come and so they had to put it off. If she was Billy's widow now she'd get benefit from the lodge, that's one thing. But maybe it's better the way it is. I don't know.

"Yes; right back there where she went to pieces, that's where Billy was killed. Poor Billy!"

THE BURNING CULM DUMP

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

—TENNYSON.

XII

THE BURNING CULM DUMP

MRS. GOOCH, with bag and baggage, was leaving Higgins's Patch because of the Hungarians.

There was at least one thing to be said in favour of Higgins's Patch: it made absolutely no pretensions. It is difficult to imagine what pretensions such a village could make, unless it claimed to have more microbes to the cubic foot of air than any other settlement in the Anthrax Valley. To be sure the people would not know a microbe from a mastodon, if they could see the two together; but it is not likely they would be unduly puffed up with pride even if a mastodon were to be unearthed from the swamp, upon the edge of which the town was built.

There were other villages, with almost as many disease germs at large in the atmosphere, which did make pretensions; not scientific nor sanitary, but social pretensions. There was McGuickin's Patch, for instance, on the other side of the culm dump, where the ladies considered themselves really quite aristocratic. There was not a single Hungarian family within their exclusive bounds. The McGuickin's Patchers turned their noses still further up—for their noses were well

turned up by nature to begin with—at the society of Higgins's Patch.

"They bees mostly furriners," said these patricians, "an' thim as ain't no more silf-rispict than to live amongst sich furriners."

But now even Mrs. Gooch and Mary Liz were leaving Higgins's Patch. Society always tends to grow more and more exclusive. Even the children in McGuickin's Patch recognised that there was a social difference and they emphasised it by stoning off the Hungarian children when they came without their mothers to pick coal on their side of the dump. The very dogs were driven off.

Besides children, who always swarm among the culm dumps, there are certain animals which are found there. Goats, geese, game cocks and cows. These creatures, together with dogs, cats, pigs, parrots, ferrets and white mice, are not unknown elsewhere; but some of them have a peculiar significance in the coal regions. They are partly an index to the nationality of their owners and partly the clew to their social standing.

There are the geese, for instance. These are mostly Irish, but not the most aristocratic Irish. They can live in the cook shanties of McGuickin's Patch during the winter and in the open sewers in the streets when the freezing weather is past. There is a great deal of water in the coal regions. It is pumped out of the mines by gigantic steam pumps. When it has been brought to the surface, the coal company gives nature an opportunity to take all further care of this water.

Hence there are frequent swamps and puddles of black oil-covered ooze. Here the geese thrive. But they are not the ornamental water-fowl of the farm-yard or the park, for every white feather is blackened with the oily waste and every crack of their yellow feet is stained by the culm.

The goats are Italian. Pigs may be kept by the Polanders and game cocks by the English, but the goats keep themselves. Pigeons must have their cotes and the cow her stable, but the goats need nothing; they have the earth. They will find their own food, provide their own shelter and fight their own battles. So they inherit the land and no man makes them afraid.

The cow is a hostage to fortune and a sign of the permanency of the family. She is an aristocrat, while the dog is an outcast. Anybody, even an Hungarian, can keep a dog; but nobody keeps a cow except those persons who own their homes and who are of a thrifty disposition. If a woman owns a cow she sells milk—generally by the pint—and may even have an account with the savings bank. The cow must be stabled, which means that the men folks of the family build a shanty for her out of sheet-iron powder-kegs or dynamite boxes. These shanties are most picturesque when their stencilled warnings "dangerous" and "high explosive" are turned outward and nailed upside down. But the cow is not kept confined in this tiny box of a stable like a cartridge in a case. She wanders about the streets and alleys picking up her living of potato peelings and cabbage leaves from the ash heaps. Occasionally there is a garden and she

soon learns to open gates or break fences that she may levy tribute on its luscious greenness. Perhaps that is why the bright boy of the family studies law or takes to bar-keeping; either to defend the family cow before the justice of the peace or to compromise with the owner of the garden over sundry glasses of liquor. In either case the boy is likely to take to politics eventually, so the result is the same. But it is the possession of the cow which is the first stepping stone of the family toward greatness.

The Gooches had no animals of any kind, unless a forlorn, half-dead kitten could be counted. Mary Liz had rescued this kitten from a detachment of the 'Malgamated Terrors from the coal breaker. She had fought for the kitten with such fury that even the Terrors had been awed. After she obtained possession of it, she had nursed it as tenderly as a mother nurses a sick baby. It had great need for tender nursing after its experience with the breaker boys.

But if the kitten needed Mary Liz as a friend, the child needed a comforter too. She wondered how it would have been if little Beatrice had lived. She had loved her sister very tenderly and grieved for her with childish abandonment, when the little one panted her life away in an attack of pneumonia. Mary Liz would never forget how Mrs. Warne had brought dainty clothes and cried over the dead child and over her. She liked to remember the waxen face and fingers. How lovely it must be to lie still forever in a dress so clean and with such beautiful white flowers in her hands always!

Until the Hungarians came to occupy the houses of Higgins's Patch, many of the miserable shanties had been empty. The houses were so old and the tenants who occupied them were so transient that the owners had found it was not worth while to try to collect the rents. For moral as well as for physical reasons it would have been a good thing if a general conflagration had cleared the earth of Higgins's Patch.

But so long as the houses stood, people came and went without hindrance. With no outside interference the inhabitants lived in comparative peace with all the world, fearing neither the landlord, the tax-collector, nor the malaria.

But their peace was only comparative, for if they were free from fears without they were not always free from wars within. But now that Mrs. Gooch was moving away, it might be that the reign of perfect peace was about to begin. In reality Mrs. Gooch was not leaving the town willingly, neither was her departure on account of her health, nor yet because of the society, altogether. It was rather for economic reasons.

Mrs. Gooch's ostensible business had been the sale of old rags and bottles; but in reality she had continued to do a quiet little trade in filling empty bottles for thirsty customers. That is, a *rather* quiet trade. A regard for the truth makes it absolutely necessary to say that the internal peace of the town was more often disturbed by reason of the contents of Mrs. Gooch's bottles than by any other agency—even by the Hungarian beer barrels. By the way, it was these same

beer barrels that were driving Mrs. Gooch, with her modest bottle trade, to seek a more promising business opening elsewhere. The Hungarians preferred to buy directly from the breweries, so as to get the benefit of wholesale rates. Thus does an alien population discourage home industry and the strong hand of capital oppress the weaker dealer.

"We're goin' to move this hafternoon, Mary Liz," Mrs. Gooch had announced one day in February. "There's no chanst in 'Iggins's Patch for a decent woman to make a livin', since these 'Ungarians an' foreigners has come 'ere. I see that the 'Ardin 'ouse is hempty. That's where that rich family lived that once 'eld all the coal lands in this part o' the Hanthrax Valley. Well, some 'as good luck an' some 'as poor, but it seems we've 'ad our share o' bad luck since we come to this country!"

It was a forlorn day for moving. The sleet fell; not the hard, buckshotty kind of sleet that rolls off when it has done its worst to blind its victim, but the half-frozen kind that sticks and then freezes fast.

Mary Liz didn't like to move on sleety days. She was used to moving, so far as that went. The Gooches moved often—because Mrs. Gooch didn't like the neighbours, so she said; but Mary Liz noticed, at last, that the change always took place after the agent had come vainly and angrily for the rent.

It wasn't much trouble to move. That was one comfort. The things could all be loaded into a one-horse wagon. The stove, the table, the bedstead and some barrels filled the bottom of the wagon, while the two

chairs which they owned were hung from the conveniently projecting bedposts. Mary Liz always sat on the table and carried the kitten.

The Hardin house, at the foot of the culm dump, was a very old one. The only reason why the Gooch family deigned to occupy it was that there were no more empty houses which the owners would lease to them. It was now well known that they never would pay the rent, so long as they could hire for a dollar, a team with which to move.

The dismal house into which Mrs. Gooch was moving had once been the finest in the neighbourhood. In its palmy days it had been the home of the Hardin family who had grown so wealthy through the development of coal lands. It was there that the beautiful Mrs. Hatton, then Kate Hardin, had been born and there also that Bruce Hardin, who was now becoming notorious for more reasons than one, had grown up. When the house was new Kate Hardin's mother had entered it as a bride. That was before coal was discovered. Then there had been a sweetbrier rose by the south window and masses of day lilies planted along the walk to the gate. In that day Whiskey Hill was still a forest and the ground where the breaker and the dump were located was the finest bit of meadow in the valley.

The house then stood on the edge of the pine forest. Down by the banks of the creek the witch hazels shook their horned pods and flung their yellow-fingered blossoms over the fallen leaves of November. Mrs. Hardin as a bride had been accustomed to cross the red-

olent, needle-carpeted forest every evening to meet her husband. A few years later little Kate scampered ahead of her mother, while Bruce sometimes chased a scarlet tanager that flashed among the thickets of hazel and rhododendron or worried a chipmunk hiding among the fragments of white pudding-stone piled into a rude fence beside the path.

Then the railroad came and spoiled the meadow and frightened the orioles from their swaying nest in the elm tree by the gate. Then Mr. Hardin had become joint owner in the breaker which sprang up in the meadow. He grew rich by buying land adjacent to his own, retaining the coal and selling the surface in town lots as the town of Coalton grew in his direction. Before the dump had completely ruined the view from the porch of his home, he left it to move into the most desirable house in Coalton away from the increasing grime and clamour of the breaker.

But if the breaker had made life in the Hardin house intolerable in the early days of comparative cleanliness and leisurely methods, how much less bearable when improved machinery brought hundreds of tons of coal to the surface every day. When the second shaft was driven through the quicksand of the valley, great air compressors had filled the caisson which was sunk into the shaft. This compressed air also carried up a continual stream of water, mud and stones to the surface, flinging forth as if from a mortar a six-inch stream as many times per minute as men working under the awful forty-pound pressure of the air in the caisson could manipulate the machinery.

Only a little less violent was the new mechanism for discharging the waste from the breaker after the shaft had been finished and the mine put into operation. A black geyser of oily mud vomited forth from the foot of the breaker, blighting every living thing it touched, while an inky banner of dust streamed from the rolls above toward the house on the hillside.

Added to all these discomforts was the shrieking of the machinery of the breaker. Endless chains, precisely like those of a bicycle except that the links were nearly two feet long, armed with scoops or scrapers, conveyed the coal to the breaker screens. The grinding clamour of the insatiable rolls and the infernal stridor of the chains assaulted the ear incessantly until it ached for silence.

Amid such surroundings what wonder that the home of the Hardin family soon fell under blight and decay. The green perished from the trees and shrubs and left them bare and blackened. The house became covered with grime until from the roof to the foundation it was one monotone of ashy black. The yard became the thoroughfare for many feet which trod the path that skirted the dump. The fence and the outbuildings were used for kindling. The lilies were tramped to death. Last of all the sweet-brier gave up its beautiful life, choked with the gas generated by the fire which had begun to eat into the heart of the dump.

When Mrs. Gooch moved into the Hardin homestead the fire had been burning night and day, summer and winter for some three years. Except when

the wind came from the south, there was always a strong smell of sulphur gas. The heap did not burn very rapidly because there was a good deal of slate mixed with the coal dust. Farther down, where the fire had burned itself out, there were fantastic pillars of cinder, varying in colour from pinkish red to purple and black.

Every night the fire changed its shape a little. When the Gooches first moved it was like a red sore eating its way into the heart of the heap. Then it slowly grew larger, until it looked like a huge capital V turned upside down. After several days the corners rounded off until it looked like an enormous grinning skull, with a great yawning mouth at the bottom. The fire could not be seen on bright days, for then the dump seemed to be only a reddish heap of ashes; but at night the coals were fiery red, with long tongues of blue and yellow flame chasing one another along the lurid mass.

Mary Liz used to watch these changes from the window of the one habitable room upstairs as she lay in bed at night. Sometimes when there had been a good deal of fresh culm dumped on during the day and the fire burned with especial fierceness, the flames frightened her. Then her little, white face would grow whiter as she watched them. She almost feared to go to sleep lest the hungry flames should leap across and devour the miserable shell of a house. At other times, when she was cold and lonely during her mother's absence at nights, the great, glowing bed of coals seemed like a friend and comforter.

One morning her mother came home drunk. This did not happen very often; but there had been a raffle the night before in one of the saloons on Whiskey Hill, at which Mrs. Gooch had won a red plush picture frame. Having no pictures of any kind, she sold the prize back to the saloon-keeper and celebrated her good fortune.

"Why 'aven't you some'at to heat in the 'ouse?" her mother demanded unreasonably. "I must 'ave me meat an' me drink reg'lar, or I can't do me work."

Now this was the unkindest question of all, for Mary Liz had had nothing to eat since noon of the day before.

"What 'ave you done with the meat I brought 'ome last night? There was enough for two days an' you've heat the 'ole of it."

"Why, mother, hinny, you never come home last night at all. I stayed the whole night alone in the house," cried Mary Liz, forgetting for the moment that she must not contradict her mother when she was drunk.

Then Mrs. Gooch grew angry. "You've carried it hoff an' 'id it. You're no better nor a thief. An' then you'll lie to me an' say I never brought no meat to the 'ouse, not so much as a loaf or a 'erring. You're naught but a bla'guard an' a thief"—and much more to the same effect.

The matter ended by Mrs. Gooch locking the weeping child into the house for punishment and going back to the village.

It happened on this particular day that the wind

was driving the ashes and coal gas from the burning pile straight through the cracks and broken window-panes into the upper room where Mary Liz was imprisoned. She tried to stuff the empty sash with an old ticking, but the choking gas seemed to come in as badly as ever.

When her mother came home, after vainly trying to get more credit for liquor at Casey's, she found Mary Liz in a forlorn heap on the floor, her face flushed, her eyes swollen and her breath coming in laboured gasps.

"The girl's sulphured, that's what's the matter with her," said the neighour to whom Mrs. Gooch, now partly sobered, had carried Mary Liz for help. "Here, you loosen her dress, while I go down to the creek for some water."

"It's good you found her when you did," panted Mrs. Dolan, while she poured the water over Mary Liz's neck and chest. "A little more would have finished her."

In the afternoon, when the breaker whistle blew "all over; work to-morrow," Sunderland Red appeared. Nobody ever wondered or took offence when his big, kindly face looked in at the door, without invitation.

"I hear that the little one was a bit sulphured this morning," he said in a kindly tone. "But I see from the look of her that she'll get over it finely."

When he was leaving he paused by the door to say: "There's that which is worse than sulphur that you've

brought into the life of Mary Liz, Mrs. Gooch. Mayhap, she'll not get rid of that."

"I can attend to that, Mr. 'Udderfield." Mrs. Gooch tightened up the muscles of her mouth as she spoke.

"Not without His help, I've tried it alone and I couldn't do it," he said simply. "Mrs. Gooch, you had a good mother, I doubt not; will Mary Liz be able to say as much for hers? Will she remember that her mother knelt by her bed at night alongside of her and soothed her to sleep with a prayer?"

Mrs. Gooch tightened her lip still more and the old man slipped out.

For a month and more Mrs. Gooch kept as careful watch over Mary Liz as though she had not been eight years old and well able, by long experience to care for herself. Whenever the north wind blew the gas into the little house at nights, they slept at Mrs. Dolan's. When the gas was bad by day Mrs. Gooch went off to Whiskey Hill and Mary Liz went to the coal sheds if it was wet, or played by the side of Anthrax Creek if the weather was fine.

One day in May when Mrs. Gooch had been away to help Mrs. Casey, Mary Liz sat on the top of the culm heap waiting for her mother to return with the supper. When it had grown almost dark she made out the figure of her mother coming unsteadily toward her along the top of the culm bank.

There was a steep path from the top of the mountain of coal dirt to the door of the little house below,

but Mrs. Gooch was in no condition to-night to take this short cut. Besides, the fire had eaten its way close to the top of the heap where the path began.

"Let me have the basket, mother; and do take care, it's so dark going down this path."

Now Mrs. Gooch always returned from Casey's in a bad temper. It angered her to-night to think that Mary Liz had detected so soon that she was not fit to take care of herself. So, when Mary Liz clutched at her dress as her mother stumbled, her wrath blazed out into abuse.

However it was, whether she stepped aside to let Mary Liz pass, or whether she tried to strike her, she sprawled backwards heavily and in another moment was sliding down the bank away from the path towards the fire.

Mary Liz sprang forward to catch her mother and instantly felt herself slipping with an avalanche of coal dust down toward the terrible blue flames.

The motion was not very rapid. She could see her mother's white, scared face in the darkness and she had time to catch her round the neck and help her into a partly sitting position before the moving mass settled into the fiery crater. Then the sliding grew slower and stopped, leaving them on a little, black island in the midst of the ring of fire.

Mrs. Gooch was flinging her hands and screaming but Mary Liz did not hesitate. Partly through instinct, partly through conviction that they never could climb up to the path again through the suffocating

dust and fire, she seized her mother's hand and started for the foot of the bank.

"Come on! Quick!" was all she said; and her mother, awed into silent obedience, followed by her side.

It was a dreadful journey. Deep down into the hot, stifling ashes they sank. Although they threw themselves forward with all their strength, it seemed that they hardly moved onward. Then the heat became more intense, the pain sharper and sharper, until at last, when it seemed to Mary Liz that she could hold her breath no longer and that she was burning all over, she found that they were stumbling on firm ground once more and that the agonizing fight for life had come to an end.

Here Hudderfield found them, Mrs. Gooch moaning over Mary Liz as she lay with her feet in the muddy waters of Anthrax Creek, her brown hair singed and her scanty skirts burned almost to the waist.

Mrs. Gooch need not have been afraid that the old man would then renew his often repeated admonitions upon her drinking habits. No woman's hand could have been more tender than his hardened hands as he lifted them into the ambulance of the Company which he had summoned to take them to the hospital. He was used to suffering, and if it had been himself he would not have made a moan; but there were tears in his eyes when he thought of the profitless agony and he cried "Poor child, poor child!" into the empty darkness of the shadow which the dump cast.

That week Mrs. Gooch's furniture was moved once more. This time it was by Rector Warne, who stored it in his barn. The house beside the dump was torn down and the yard used as a place to dump ashes from the furnaces.

Two weeks later Mrs. Gooch was discharged from the city hospital, but it was more than three months before Mary Liz was well enough to leave. When at last she and her mother sat down in the kitchen of the home where Mrs. Gooch had taken service, her mother said in an embarrassed sort of way:

"You're to go to school, Mary Liz, Mr. Warne says. And—Mary Liz—you—needn't be afryde o' me any more. When I went to see about me things, Casey met me an' giv' me a pint flask of liquor. I went down to the foot of the dump an'—flung it into the flames. An' there, by God's 'elp, it shall stay."

A MAGYAR PARADISE

"A child's sob in the darkness curses deeper
Than a strong man in his wrath."

—E. B. Browning.

XIII

A MAGYAR PARADISE

THERE were seven electric buttons ranged along the front of the rosewood desk of the Old Mogul, waiting to be pushed. The Old Mogul was looking over his mail and talking to his caller in a jerky fashion at the same time. Every now and then he would push one of these buttons in an absent-minded sort of way. When the Old Mogul pressed any one of those buttons, somebody at the other end of the wire usually jumped. If he failed to jump, there was an explosion of wrath on the part of the Old Mogul.

The Magyar kindergarten started with the pressing of one of those ivory-headed buttons. Rector Warne had called by appointment and found the Old Mogul busy. In fact Mr. Hatton had forgotten all about the appointment and at first was disposed not to see his visitor.

"Be quick!" he said. "Until I get our new branch road in running order, I have to work days and nights and Sundays; but I have all the rest of the time to myself."

With this encouraging remark to spur him on, the rector stated his case in behalf of the kindergarten as forcibly and as briefly as he could. But he had

hardly begun to talk before the Old Mogul made an attack upon the pile of mail before him. He opened letter after letter, while the rector poured his very soul into his plea for the helpless children growing up in utter neglect and ignorance. His plea grew fainter, and his carefully prepared eloquence of facts seemed to fail him, as the mass of papers spread wider and farther upon the desk; but when the millionaire, having exhausted his pile of letters, reached for the morning paper, the rector, his voice choking into a half-articulate murmur of disappointment, rose to leave.

It was not a pleasant experience for Warne to visit the Old Mogul to plead for money. In the days when he had first undertaken the management of his father's estate Warne thought that the Old Mogul must seek him. Then he found that the railroad president by a sharp manœuvre of the stock market had turned the tables and had ruined him.

The loss of his estate had made several things hard for him. He thought it would prove hard to ask Helen to share his life work, but no two people ever enjoyed comparative poverty more than had Mr. and Mrs. Warne during the two years that had passed since Helen came to the rectory.

Only a few weeks before, a wonderful event had happened, the like of which had not occurred in the staid old house for more than a score of years. In the sunniest room of the rectory in the midst of a mass of soft cambrics and filmy woollens that were marvellous to behold in themselves, was hidden away the greatest wonder of all, the mystery of a new life.

However deeply this new-found marvel had affected the rector, he never would have dreamed of bringing such matters to the attention of the Old Mogul, if it had not happened that a few days after the birth of his own child a Hungarian child had been born in the Patch at Number Four. Its mother was a stranger from Lithuania. Her dialect being somewhat different from that of any of the other denizens of the cosmopolitan Patch, she had found no welcome awaiting her when she arrived from Europe. Her husband, who had left his bride a few months before, had sent his best month's wages to pay the passage to America. When the woman reached the Patch she found that his spine had been injured by a fall of roof in the mines and that he had been taken to the hospital at Carbonville. Twice every week, as often as the rules of the institution permitted visitors, she spent the afternoon by his bedside. One day she did not come and on the next the boarding *frau* went to the hospital to say that the neighbours, attracted by the cries of a new born child, had broken into the house to find that the wife had suffered alone the agonies of the primal curse, only to die when she had brought forth her son.

The rector had not meant to tell this, but the apparent indifference of the Old Mogul to the needs of the people for whom he was pleading so wrought upon his feelings that before he rightly realized what he was doing he found himself in the midst of the recital.

Then the Old Mogul pressed the button.

"Hold on," he said to the rector, at the same time turning to his private secretary who came in answer to the bell. "Barrett, we've no Huns on our pay-roll at Number Four now, have we?"

"Lot's of them."

"I thought we cleaned them out when we bought the Graham houses?"

"So we did."

"Then how in thunder did they get back? Must I be hetcheled every week about those infernal Huns? I gave specific directions that no more houses were to be rented to shanty bosses or boarding *fraus*. Why wasn't that attended to?" The Old Mogul hammered the rosewood desk with his fist as he spoke.

"It was attended to. The place is full of Huns, but they don't keep boarding shanties any longer. They've sent to the old country for their wives and families. Some of them have bought their homes. We never could have sold the houses to anybody else in the world. Those who own their houses may keep a few boarders."

"This man says that the place is full of children!"

"It swarms with them."

"That'll do."

The Old Mogul waited until his secretary was out of hearing. Then he turned toward the rector with the air of a man keeping up his defence.

"Why do you come to us about these kids? Why can't they go to the public schools. I'm sure we pay taxes enough. We've paid thousands of dollars in that township. And what's the good of it? Men are

elected on the school board who can hardly write their names." The Old Mogul seemed about to pound the desk again, but the rector never winced.

"A set of thieves, too," he went on. "Why, some time ago one of these fellows moved out of one of our houses into the city. He hadn't worked at anything for years. But he took with him lace curtains, fine new carpets and a handsome piano! Out of that five-roomed shanty, mind you! He hadn't done a thing but live like a lord off us all these years. Living on the proceeds yet, like as not."

"If you feel that way about it, why don't you go to work to stop it. I should be glad to help you fight."

"By gravy, we will; and I'll hold you to your promise."

"Then don't you think you could afford to give me for this kindergarten some of the money that they are stealing?"

The Old Mogul was not without a sense of humour. "But you haven't told me why they can't go to the public school?" he said.

"You haven't given me a chance. But I'll tell you now. There is no school in Graham's Patch. Besides they can't speak English, and they have no way to learn."

"If that's the case, what do you propose to do?"

The rector brightened up again, presenting a new series of facts obtained from the census reports, the assessment lists and the school register of the township. "I want to give these children a chance. You

believe in fair play, so I came to you. Your company brought these people here, so you ought to help us. We propose to open a kindergarten for their children; mix up these foreign children with some English-speaking children; prepare them for the public school, and at the same time teach them something good instead of letting them learn all sorts of evil on the streets. You believe in that, don't you?"

The Old Mogul drew out a small leather-covered book and wrote rapidly. In a minute he turned and handed the rector a slip of pale green paper with some figures written on it, which fairly took away his breath.

"I suppose you're right when you say we're responsible for getting these people here, and that we must look after them. If you can run a school of this sort for a year at the figure you name, you may count on us for that much annually. But, remember, nothing more."

Then the Old Mogul pushed another button and the interview came to an end. Time, eleven minutes.

Number Four, as it is marked on the maps of the coal company, or Graham's Patch, as it is called by the agents of the installment houses, does not appear on the county maps. It has neither name nor corporate existence, being only part of a township which stretches for miles over barren mountains, which are almost uninhabited except here and there where the coal measures were spared in the erosion that took place during the Glacial Age. The village does not contain so much as a store. It used to have a company store in the old days before the individual coal oper-

ators were driven out of business by the large companies.

In those palmy days before the labour unions began their war upon the companies through contract labour laws and anti-store-scrip bills, the companies used to hire their men in Europe, compel them to live in company houses, pay them in company scrip, and force them to buy their goods at the company store, which sold everything at the highest prices from cradles to coffins. In those days the company retained a part of the men's wages to pay the company doctor and, in some cases even, another portion of the wages for the company priest. The company sold everything, food, fuel, clothing and furniture. It touched the miner's life at every point from birth to death. It even administered a "keg fund" insurance company for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the men who were killed. If the miner went outside of the company's jurisdiction during his lifetime, it was necessary for him to have his scrip money discounted into legal United States money.

Number Four was one of a chain of villages which have grown up around the coal breakers. Although there were more than seven hundred people within its bounds, there were, at the last election, only nine voters. There was no saloon within the straitened limits of the village, for the company would not allow any of its houses to be used for the sale of liquor; but that did not hinder the delivery-wagons from the brewery in the adjacent city from leaving kegs of beer at the various houses immediately after pay-day.

Besides this, whiskey, by the drink or by the bucketful, could be bought across the swamp from Casey the squatter, who had some sort of title to the land and a still more doubtful right to sell liquor. Thus it will be seen that, however a community can manage to exist without store, post-office, school or church in the anthracite coal regions, the sacred liberties of its inhabitants must not be abridged by depriving them of the opportunity to get drunk.

Into this community the kindergarten came; later, the community came into the kindergarten,—but not until the slow, suspicious foreigners had convinced themselves that there was no scheme on foot to make financial profit out of them. If he had to begin over again, the rector would lend impressive interest to his enterprise by taking with him on his first round a policeman in full uniform. The first answer where he succeeded in making himself understood was invariably, "Me got no money."

The kindergarten was started in the building which had once been used as a company store. The room was made attractive by pictures, flowers and afterward by the work of the children themselves. Soon the old store room became the brightest spot in the lives of the little Magyars, who had absolutely no place else to play in but the filthy streets.

On the hills about the village there were sinkages, where the earth gaped with dangerous cracks, or fell into great holes when the miners "robbed the pillars" underneath; in the valley there was a slump of black mud from the culm pile, which killed the few hemlocks

and the hazel bushes which were left along the banks of the creek.

There had been one large rock maple left at the upper edge of the town, the only shade-tree in sight. But the children broke the fence which ran beneath its shade by climbing upon the rails to tie strands of old wire cable to the limbs of the tree for a swing. This set the Company's mules at liberty. Then the stable-boss ordered the tree to be cut down and the children see-sawed across beer barrels in the sun. That was before the kindergarten opened. After it had been in operation for a month Casey summed up the sentiment of the community when he said:

"Sure, it's thim Hungarians that's the most forchunate people in the valley in these days. I was down be this new school the other day an' seen thim dancin' an' gallivantin' around inside. It's that continted they are, that they'll niver want to lave the place even to go to Hivin."

Why should they? To them it was Heaven.

THE SCHOOL IN GRAHAM'S PATCH

" Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows
From your pleasures fair and fine!' "

—E. B. Browning.

XIV

THE SCHOOL IN GRAHAM'S PATCH

THE whistle of the Hatton breaker had blown the long blast which meant "Work over for the day." The men, with blackened faces and garments, were straggling homeward, while the wives at home began hurrying the kitchen fires so that their husbands might not be kept waiting for supper when they reached home.

Henry Morris came rather later than the rest. He had been made assistant foreman in the mine and his new duties kept him longer than the men. Two little fair-haired toddlers stood by the gate under the wild crab apple tree watching for his return. While he was still far down the street they recognized him, in spite of the disfiguring black upon his face. They raced towards him, hand in hand, and seized his square dinner pail.

He would not let them touch him for he was inky black. There was nothing of the African's oily brown in the color of his skin; it was rather like dusty ebony.

The children quickly rifled his dinner pail, the scraps of bread and pieces of cheese seeming to them far more tasty than the choicest dish that would presently be brought steaming to the supper table.

Just before he reached home the rector overtook him.

"Mr. Warne, that's a great scheme of yours."

"I'm sure of it. Which one do you mean?" Whatever else might be charged against his ministry, the rector never failed to keep new work laid out for his people to take up.

"Why the school for the Huns' and the dagoes' kids down at Number Four. It's great."

"Why do you think it's great?"

"Oh, because I know how it was myself. Boys that live here about the mines won't go to school."

"Why not. Didn't you go to school?"

"Not much. What I learned I got mostly after I grew up. You see the boys get used to playing on the streets. The drivers of the beer wagons give them rides and the delivery men take them around to do errands for them. When they get older they go swimming, or hop the coal trains. No wonder school is dead slow for them."

"I thought it was their mothers who took them out of school to set them to work."

"Some of them may be set to work before they are of legal age to keep them out of danger."

"Do you think the boys really learn to dislike school before they are old enough to be enrolled?"

"I know it. Here the other night I saw a gang of little fellows, some of them no older than my Karl, stealing sand from a Lithuanian down here under the electric light. There was any quantity of sand in the street; but the boys wanted to devil the Jew who had

paid for the building sand to repair his cellar wall. The poor fellow don't know much English except swear words and the boys thought it was very amusing to hear him get the cuss words wrong. They stopped when I shamed them and a few of them came into my house with the fellows I teach."

"What do you mean about teaching them in your house?"

"Oh, my buddy and some of the rest of the fellows come every night and I do the best I can for them. Some of them have been coming for about two years."

"Why, Henry, I didn't know before that you were a teacher."

"You don't know it yet. I can only help them a little. But it's better than to have them hanging about Mark Owens' saloon, or plaguing the life out of Lettish Joe, down by the light. They're not drinking fellows—not yet. But they soon get at it, if they've no place to go but the saloon."

"Henry, I think that's fine; may I come down tonight?"

On the night when Warne and Helen visited the little home by the wild crab apple tree they found rather a motley gathering of men and boys about the kitchen table. The rector by their invitation gave suggestions here and there concerning their lessons, while Helen and Rosy discussed the relative acquirements of their babies in the front room.

That was the beginning. When the rector offered the use of the kindergarten room and promised to supply other teachers for this evening school the men

gladly accepted. Here afterward Sunderland Red found a place for work. But there were comparatively few of those who did not speak English who could be persuaded to come to the school. That difficulty must be met in another way.

It was Mark Owens who explained the method by which this could be done. "You've got to ketch a Hi or a Hun while he's young, if you want to make a decent white man out of him. If you don't get him while he's young, smash him up in the mines or under the cars and keep him in the hospital for a year or two. By that time he's beginnin' to get white and you can get some ideas into his head somewhere this side of the flood."

It was because she had caught them young that the teacher of the kindergarten had been so successful in cleaning up and civilising the young foreign savages of the Number Four Patch.

When the little scholars came into the kindergarten room flooded with light from the large show windows, yet cool, clean and ample, cheerful with pictures of animals, birds and copies of the Old Masters instead of the dingy saints of their own narrow homes, they invariably stood still for a time somewhat dazed by their surroundings. The room seemed to them almost like an entrance to Heaven.

But if the room, after the removal of the counters, might be likened to Heaven—by some stretch of the imagination—the teacher was surely one of the shining angels. Before the rector had transformed the Old Mogul's check into clay, blocks, cards, and all the

dainty knick-knacks for the kindergarten, he wrestled with the problem of obtaining a teacher. What kind of kindergartner could be found for four hundred dollars a year? That depends.

In this case it depended upon the self-sacrificing zeal of the teacher, who had been rejected by the missionary board of her church because there were no funds to send her to the home field. So the Rector found a teacher, one of a thousand even among those choicest of all the chosen ones, the true kindergartners. Of Bohemian blood, she was able also to speak the Magyar language, and so found ready access to the hearts and homes of the Graham's Patchers. With the missionary spirit of the ancient Bohemian Brethren in her heart, it was all that Rector Warne could do to keep her from a modern martyrdom by working herself to death.

After having taught her kindergarten in the morning she spent five evenings every week in the night-school. She also taught a sewing-school on Saturday afternoons, with occasional instruction in dressmaking to the little mothers who brought the babies to the kindergarten and then stayed because it was so pleasant. Besides all this and her visiting in the homes of her scholars, she did as much Sunday-school and missionary work as could be crowded into her day of rest. She did not know that this was heroic; she did not even suspect it. She was simply a somewhat frail-looking missionary teacher doing an obscure work among some neglected Magyars in a pocket among the hills in the slums of the Pennsylvania coal fields.

A kindergarten is no longer an unusual sight, but such a school as that in Graham's Patch could not be duplicated, probably, outside of the coal regions. The children kept coming until there were forty queer, Magyar names on the roll with an average attendance of thirty-three.

"How do you manage to take care of so many?" asked Warne.

"Why, I have to," she replied brightly.

"But suppose more needy children come in?"

"Well, I'm not exactly anxious for more children; but they're so neglected at home, that I ought to let them stay, even if I can't do them justice.

"Why not let some of the older children go?"

"O, I can't do that, Mr. Warne! They're beginning to be so loving toward me and so much more gentle toward each other. It would break their hearts if I should turn them out into the street again."

So the rector was obliged to prohibit positively any further increase of membership.

They were not quite all Magyars, however. There was Rosy Kline-Morris's little flaxen-haired, German-American Karl. At the same time that his mother brought him, Hungarian Katya brought her two swarthy little girls. The two nationalities stared at one another half-shyly, half-belligerently for a while. Their back yards joined but Katya was a "foreigner" because she had waited to cross the sea until she was a woman grown while Rosy had left the Fatherland as an infant. Both mothers stayed for a time watch-

ing the children at their games and when they went up the street they walked side by side.

Fortunately, not many children came on the first day, for they were so awkward and shy that the most the teacher could do was to get the boys to hang up their caps in a tentative sort of fashion, as if they might need them at any moment in case the new school did not meet with their approval. They would have stampeded if they had had spirit enough.

One or two did disappear during the first morning, only to be brought back ignominiously by their mothers, who explained that they had been well thrashed. These mothers almost lost faith in the school when it was explained that there was to be no whipping. The girls absolutely refused to take off their handkerchief head-dresses with their riotous profanity of aniline colours. They did consent to remove their shawls when they were required to join hands to form the circle. It looked at first as if the exercises would fail to interest the children.

None of the ordinary stories, nature-songs or games made them forget their shyness. Apparently, they did not know how to play. But at last, by happy inspiration, the missionary and the rector joined hands in the middle of the ring and imitated the playing of a hurdy-gurdy, calling on the children to dance to the music of the song. Then the Maygar blood thawed out and the little exiles from the Old World city slums to the New World country slums forgot themselves while they capered about the floor.

The children learned to love other games too. They learned about the birds—not the sparrows that fight in the dusty street, but real birds that sing and that sometimes visit even Graham's Patch. They learned about the fishes that live in the mountain streams, where the mine water does not come to kill every living thing it touches. They learned still more about the butterflies, for the butterflies hover about the burdocks and thistles which grow in the town. They had a box in which to keep the chrysalides which they collected and there was always great joy when a butterfly was "borned."

The language of the kindergarten was English, although at first some of the commands had to be repeated in their native tongue. However, not all the children learned their English in the kindergarten. There was little Veronica Klechi, who replied proudly to the question whether she could speak English, "Ock, yis! Oi kin spake Inglish fer yez as foine as the bist o' thim."

The attendance kept up wonderfully well, even in bad weather and in spite of the fact that there were no sidewalks in the town. Sidewalks are not a necessity, except in that effete stage of civilization where juvenile wet feet are blamed for bronchitis. Yet the mothers were not careless according to their light. Two little ones, the children of Hungarian Katya, who lived at a considerable distance came to the kindergarten morning after morning riding on their mother's back, or rather on her hips, for they both rode at one time. Katya's back seemed to have been made to bear

burdens, but she panted for breath sometimes when the snow was very deep.

"Aren't they too heavy?" the teacher asked.

"They pretty heavy, but me get along goot."

"Why not get overshoes and leggings for them?"

"O! him cost too much money!"

Always the same cry, the money! The money must be saved to pay the installments on the sewing machines, which they often did not know how to use, or the looking-glasses or the albums for which they had no need.

It was bad enough to have to buy shoes for the school; if the children had stayed at home during the winter they could have run barefoot.

There was one feature of the kindergarten work which proved a failure, the mothers' meeting. Mrs. Warne provided cake and the teacher brought sugar and tea. The teacher carried the invitations herself to the homes, but when the afternoon came only two half-grown girls and lame Yawcup, Katya's husband, appeared.

It was manifestly too ludicrous to attempt to talk to these as mothers, so they ate the cake without enthusiasm and appointed another afternoon. That is to say Mrs. Warne and the teacher were without enthusiasm; Yawcup was so stirred up that he disposed of all the cake that the teacher brought out.

Again the teacher went to the homes, but this time even the girls failed to appear and Yawcup was told that there would be no more mothers' meetings for the time being.

The truth dawned upon the kindergartner that the afternoon was the busy part of the mothers' day. Miners' wives are at leisure in the morning, except when their husbands work on the night shift. It is in the morning that the gossips shroud their heads in shawls and flit from house to house, leaving their own cluttered breakfast tables and untidy kitchens untouched. Some time during the early afternoon, or even before noon, if the work is easy, the miner comes home. If there is no "shifting shanty," his kitchen must be the bathroom in which he strips off his grimy outer garments. No wonder the floors are blackened: dripping oil and sooty smoke, to say nothing of the coal dust itself, have stiffened his clothing and hair and blackened his skin.

It is the proper form for the miner's wife to be on hand to prepare her husband's bath. She must bring his best clothes; see that the water in the wash tub is heated to the right temperature; carry away his dirty clothes when he has washed; have his dinner hot when he is ready or his pipe if he does not choose to eat. Then she goes to work to scrub the floor and clear up the house. It is little wonder that her husband, having dressed himself in his best clothes goes off to the saloon to escape from the house cleaning process.

It was not surprising then that the mothers did not attend the meetings for them at the kindergarten, or that they did not always succeed in getting the children off in the morning with clean hands and faces. But to their credit let it be said that they gen-

erally did come clean. Of course the teacher still needed the basin and brush for emergency cases, but the influence of the school was shown in the fact that each day they were less needed. Fond as the children were of the teacher, it was not a coveted honour to be scrubbed by her hands. But while hands and faces were nearly always scrupulously clean, the clothes were not always what could be desired. The hard-worked mothers, who had to carry their wash-water, did not take kindly to extra laundry work.

In the quantity of clothing worn there also began to be some improvement. In time it might come to be the fashion for the mothers to buy flannels for the children instead of earrings, or even milk instead of beer. The homes, too, showed the effect of the kindergarten. They were not quite so squalid as at first, and there was some effort made to induce the grass and even flowers to grow in the unkempt side yards. English was no longer an unknown tongue. A few of the older scholars, who had graduated from the kindergarten went to the new public school which was built within reach of Graham's Patch. They learned that there was something in this American world besides the coal breaker for the boys and a life of hopeless drudgery for the girls. They had become a part of the great Republic—a very small part, but they were no longer aliens.

Some two years after the first interview, the Old Mogul sent for the rector and said: "I was in your kindergarten down at Number Four the other day, and saw thirty-five little youngsters there that could

hardly have been told from white children. If you can get another teacher like that one you have, I wish you'd send for her. The Company wants to open a school. Since you people at the mission have gone into politics we've saved enough on taxes to afford a few luxuries. We'll charge up the running expenses to the mine, and open another kindergarten at Number Five. Can you furnish us with the teacher?"

AN ASSISTED IMMIGRANT

"The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours."

—WHITTIER.

XV

AN ASSISTED IMMIGRANT

"I DECLARE there's that Hungarian beggar coming again! It's only a week since he was here before, and I gave him five cents to get rid of him. Well, he'll get nothing here to-day," said Mrs. Hatton, decidedly.

Going to the window she shook her head vigorously, exclaiming in a constantly rising tone, "No money, no money, no money! There, I hope I'm rid of him!" she said, turning to her visitor with some vehemence still noticeable in her voice.

The man carefully closed the gate, and was turning to leave when Mrs. Warne, who was visiting her friend, caught sight of him.

"Why, it's Andro Klechi," she said, rising. "You won't mind if I call after him? I want him to do a little work for me."

"O Andro," she called, "how you making out, now?"

Mrs. Hatton settled back with rather an indulgent smile. She was getting used to Mrs. Warne's vagaries. "Another of Helen's friends," she thought. "I wonder if she will think it necessary to introduce him? The idea of being chummy with that ugly Hungarian!"

The shrinking figure turned, a faint smile coming to his thin lips as he recognised an old friend. His answer was a mixture of English and Magyar, in which Magyar largely predominated, but Mrs. Warne presently made out that he was "Middlin'."

"When can come do a little work in my garden? Can come to-morrow, set out cabbage? All right. Come early—come right quick," she corrected, fearing he might not understand he was invited to breakfast: "Come before breakfast."

"Your friend is a trifle dirty, isn't he? You might suggest a bath. Helen, I don't see how you could talk so to him?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Warne, purposely misunderstanding the last remark, "It's easy enough to talk to Andro when once you know him. I've often thought I would learn his language, so I could talk better to him; I pity the poor fellow so."

"I suppose this is another of the cases you're constantly running across, where you find a most remarkable character, having the choicest traits, like that dreadful speak-easy keeper, Casey, although to my eyes and those of all the unregenerate, they are the commonest, stupidest, dirtiest of mortals."

"Kate, you must not put yourself in the wrong, even in your own eyes. You know you have become interested in these poor people or you would not want to work in the settlement house."

"Oh, that's different. In regard to that matter, I simply say, Go to now; on Tuesdays and Thursdays I'll go to Carbonville to the settlement house and help

elevate the mob. But that's vastly different from being interested in them all the time as you and the rector are. When I'm invited by you to meet a few of your friends, I never know whether I'll find some of the most exclusive set from Carbonville or some of your miners. I never know whether to dress up or to prepare disinfectants. Now if this unwashed Hungarian friend of yours had come to the settlement house, on my day there, I should have been tremendously interested in him and sympathetic. But to-day when I wanted to talk to you, he only annoyed me. This is Wednesday and my day for receiving and not my day for philanthropy. All I can think of now is, Why didn't he stay in his own country?"

"Because he got sick and had to go to the hospital, or poorhouse, or something. Then the government paid his passage to this country to get rid of him."

"Well, why don't he go to work now, instead of begging?"

"Because he's sick. He grew better when he first came to this country and got work in the mines. But it was a job where he was wet all the time, and in two weeks he had rheumatic fever. Now he has a case of chronic rheumatism. Dr. Creigan wrote his story for him in the book he carries, because he is the director of the poor for the county as well as physician in the hospital where Andro was sick. If the man doesn't get back to his own country pretty soon he will become a charge on the county. So they told him if he could raise money enough to pay half his passage, the

county would give him the other half—to get him off their hands."

"Where does he live?"

"Oh, little Hungarian Katya lets him have his bunk in her house over in the Patch. He sleeps down stairs with one of the children."

It is the poor who are truly charitable; people who are fairly prosperous find self-denial inconvenient.

"Has he no friends?"

"None that he knows where to find. He left a wife and five children when he came to this country, seven years ago, but he has lost all trace of them. He has not heard from them even once. They were miserably poor. After he came here he was taken sick. For a year his head was bad, he says. The letters they wrote must have been lost. The family in the old country must have moved to some other place. He spends his time in wandering from one post-office to another. Wherever he goes he is always seeking at the post-office for letters from his kin. He showed me their pictures once—his wife and himself and their oldest baby. The oddest-looking old thing you ever saw. They never had any pictures taken of the others —they were too poor afterward."

As Mrs. Warne went toward the rectory, Mrs. Hatton's carriage came to the door. She leaned back on the cushions a trifle wearily, giving the order for the boulevard by Sky Summit and home. On the way home, at the turn of the boulevard which overlooks Coalton, she stopped the carriage and walked to the ledge of rock to look at the scene spread at her

feet. Notwithstanding all the sorrowful days which she had spent in this valley, she loved every foot of it. Even the great, black culm piles did not seem ugly at this distance. The queer-shaped breakers, dotted all through the valley and along the mountain sides, were unique, if not altogether artistic.

But that which delighted her most was the intense activity of the scene. She was so far above it that no sound came to her. Yet everywhere there was motion. Railroad trains disappeared and reappeared behind the spurs of the mountain. Cars drawn by mules ran out to the point of a culm dump and discharged the black waste without jar or noise. Up the long slanting planes great wire cables wrenched the loaded cars or dropped the emptied ones so quickly that they looked like shuttles in some huge loom. Columns of steam rose on every side like gigantic white ostrich plumes blown by a violent wind. Since the coal which generated all this steam was anthracite, no blot of smoke obscured the valley; every detail of the landscape was etched distinctly in black and white. She was too far above it all for the grime and squalor and dust to be apparent.

Her carriage was waiting at the bend above, and as she turned to enter it, she was suddenly attracted by a movement at the foot of the culm pile at Number Five Breaker. Almost by intuition she understood the scene. She saw a forlorn childish figure staggering under a bag of coal, gathered from the pile of waste; saw her slip and fall, spilling the load; saw the childish abandonment of grief, and then saw a

man's swift approach; saw him stop and help the child, gather up the coal, swing the heavy sack to his own shoulder and walk quickly in the direction of the Italian shanties on Whiskey Hill. There was a lump in Mrs. Hatton's throat as she recognised that the man's figure was that of Burt Hatton, the husband from whom she had been separated.

As her carriage turned the corner north of the culm dump of the Number Five Breaker, the horses shied at a shambling figure. Mrs. Hatton ordered the carriage stopped, but Andro did not recognise in the friendly face which smiled at him the woman who had repulsed him earlier in the afternoon. To this day, he wonders why the beautiful lady stopped her carriage to give him the generous coin?

Andro did not set out the cabbages on the next day as Mrs. Warne had planned. He would have obeyed her, of course, if she had positively commanded him to set them out; but he besought her with earnestness not to waste good cabbage plants when the sun was "hot, so hot." Though Andro's word for wilt failed him his sign language did not. So he quickly made Mrs. Warne understand that if the cabbages were planted that day they would close their eyes and lay their heads upon the earth from which they could never be raised; while if she trusted to him to choose a suitable day for planting, the cabbages would spring into life and greatness before her very eyes.

On the next Sunday morning, just as Mrs. Warne was leaving the rector's study door, after performing

her self-imposed task of assisting him to put on his gown for the service, she heard Mrs. Hatton's carriage drive up. She bent over her husband's chair and kissed him softly on the temple as she said, "God bless the message, Henry!"

Her eyes were still shining and her mouth had upon it a tender smile when she saw Mrs. Hatton run up the steps of the rectory porch, trying to control her laughter.

"Helen, are you sure your friend Andro will get those cabbage plants set out where you want them?"

"Kate! Andro isn't setting out those plants this morning!"

"Oh, but he is. He told me it was going to rain and they would do well."

Mrs. Warne hurried to the garden. There was Andro planting a row of cabbages as calmly and as openly in the rectory garden as he might have done in the front yard of the most unregenerate shanty in Reagan's Patch.

Mrs. Warne's swift glance took in the questioning eyes of more than one passer-by. She also saw with satisfaction that the study shades were down. The rector's prayer as he crossed to the church would not be interrupted by the unholy work in the garden. Then she applied herself to Andro.

"Stop! Stop! Andro; it is Sunday!"

Andro looked up in mild surprise. "Will rain," he said, pointing to the clouds.

"Yes, I have no doubt it will rain. But I will not

have you set the plants out to-day. It's Sunday—go church—rest," said Mrs. Warne growing more excited every moment.

"To-day, good day; will rain," replied Andro still working away.

"Man, will you stop! You mustn't set them out to-day! It's Sunday. *Checki!* I say. I'll call the police. I'll tell your priest. I'll tell Father Stephen, if you don't *checki* right quick!" cried Mrs. Warne, finding the English language totally inadequate for the situation.

"Prest no good. Will rain," said Andro, digging another hole in the soft earth with the middle finger of his right hand.

"Get out the Prayer Book and try that on him," laughed Mrs. Hatton coming up. "I wonder what would be the best part to read to an obdurate gardener bent upon planting cabbage on the Sabbath day? You might as well give it up. As you stand out here trying to make him stop, it looks for all the world as though you were bossing the job—and I must say it looks as though you were a pretty hard boss to please, when you are going on at this rate."

Mrs. Warne tried to look reproachfully at her friend. She had been almost ready to cry with vexation when Mrs. Hatton came up, but her laugh had saved her.

"He seems to think it's a work of necessity. Don't you see, Helen, it's a matter of conscience with him. There is no use to try to stop him. Come on, or we shall be late to church."

When Mrs. Warne came home from the church service at noon, she looked with a sort of shamefaced satisfaction at the long rows of cabbage plants standing up stiff and straight in the showers of rain. She found Andro in the kitchen, drying his coat by the fire, and smoking his iron pipe with great content.

She could not help reproving him for his unholy breach of the Sabbath day, which had exposed her to the criticisms of her neighbours. She further gave him sundry warnings about keeping the Sabbath in the future.

But to all this Andro placidly replied, "Me know would rain. Him plants grow big, so," and Andro made a bony circle with his thin arms to show how big he meant.

It was soon after this that Andro happened one afternoon to call at the post-office in Mudtown in his vain search for the letter from home which never came. In the office at Mudtown, which bears a more euphonious name in the official list of post-offices, all the letters bearing foreign names are placed in a glass frame so that the patrons of the office may be able to see for themselves whether or not they have received any mail. From this glass case Andro was turning away with a heavy sigh, when he found himself confronted by the sexton of the Wayside Cemetery, a rugged, middle-aged native American.

The sexton talked in a high voice, and kept repeating his questions until Andro answered, while Andro in his turn asked many things in such a timid, shrink-

ing tone that the American hardly had the patience to answer him at all.

They succeeded, after much effort, in making each other understand certain facts. The sexton learned that Andro had had a son, named Jan Klechi, that this son had gone into the Austrian army, and that he was about as tall as Andro himself.

Andro, on his part, was finally made to understand that the county of Anthracite had recently paid for the burial of a young man named John Klechi, who had died from injuries received in the mines; that he had died in the poorhouse; that he was buried in grave number 643 at Wayside Cemetery; that the sexton did not know where he came from nor anything about his friends.

Poor Andro. He walked in a dazed sort of way to where the street crossed the railroad, and then sat down on a bank of coal dirt with his back against a telegraph-pole.

So Jan had come to this country, after all, to seek him! His son, his dear first-born! The emperor had taken him for the army. And now he was dead. He had been so near, and yet had died without seeing his father. And the rest, where were they? Were they dead, too? Ah! the Holy Mother pity and rest his soul!

The little group of loungers on the post-office steps had silently watched the stooping figure of Andro until he disappeared over the embankment of the railroad. Then Prydup, the shoemaker, spoke:

"Kind o' hard on the old man, ain't it? You know

he's been hunting for his folks for years. Them Huns are a tough lot generally, but I reckon they've got feelings same as anybody else."

"This case is one of Bruce Hardin's victims," said the sexton.

"What, Bruce Hardin that's arrested for stealing from the Hatton Company? How's he Hardin's victim?"

"Why, you see Hardin cheated the Company with one hand, and the men with the other. He was a sharp fellow, he was."

"Oh yes, he's sharp enough; but he'll get his dues this time. The Company ain't like to let up on him."

"No, he won't get his dues, either. He was the cause of the death of this young Hun. Hardin had been mixing culm dirt with the powder he sold to the Huns, and made it so rotten that it wouldn't go off more than half the time. This young fellow got tired of waiting for the blast to go off. So he went back, thinking that the blast wouldn't shoot. About the time he got back it caught fire, and he was so badly hurt that he died from the effects."

"Well, it's too bad," Prydup declared. "The Hungarians are cheated right and left. I know they're a tough set, and ain't citizens; and if they are, they don't know whether they're voting for the Duke of Austria or the Sheriff of Anthracite; but I declare it isn't fair. Why, they have to pay two prices for everything, and get adulterated goods into the bargain. It's a wonder the government don't charge them extra for postage-stamps. I say——"

"See here, Tom Prydup," broke in the postmaster, who felt that by Tom's outburst of eloquent indignation his honour as a retail merchant was assailed, as well as the reputation of the postal department of the United States, as represented in his person, "I just want to ask you one question. It's all well enough to talk about live and let live, but do you practise what you preach? Say, now how much cheaper do you mend shoes for these down-trodden Hungarians, as you call them, than you do for other people?"

"Why, I can't afford to mend 'em any cheaper for them 'n I do for others."

"Well, do you mend 'em as cheap?"

"Well, you see," said the shoemaker, willing to justify himself, "they are such a splay-footed tribe that I have to get new lasts mostly, and of course I have to charge 'em a little more until I make it up."

"Oh, yes; and when they've bought a new lot of splay-footed lasts, I suppose you'll mend their shoes for half price." And so the conversation ended.

Andro sat for a long time on the embankment. Suddenly he got up. He would walk to the Wayside Cemetery that afternoon.

It was not more than three miles away, but Andro was so tormented with rheumatism that it was nearly dark before he reached the place.

At last he found the grave, with the number painted on a shingle with thin black paint which had dripped down after the shingle had been set in the ground.

The boys who live in the neighbourhood of Wayside Cemetery are not more hard-hearted than the

average boy; but the summer vacation had just begun, and they were not yet used to their new-found liberty.

On this particular evening they had been to the river for a swim, and were returning in the moonlight when they discovered Andro on his knees beside the newly found grave of his son.

At first the boys were rather startled at the figure in the moonlight, and a few armed themselves with stones. Then they became curious, and went close enough to hear the prayers which the poor fellow was mumbling in his own tongue.

"Why, it's old Andro!" said the storekeeper's son.

"Ah there, Andro!"

"Hello, Andro! What you 'bout?"

"Hello, old man! How you comin' up?"

Andro paid not the slightest heed to these interruptions; indeed, it is doubtful whether he heard them. He was back in his own country now, in his imagination; his prayer for the soul of his son had carried him out of all remembrance of time and place.

Presently one of the boys in the back of the group flung a stone with a clatter against the fence. Then another stone flew over Andro's head.

"Oh don't! Don't hit the poor old man!"

It was not intentional, but one of the stones that had been thrown struck the kneeling man on the foot. He stopped praying and got up. The boys scattered and ran, but the old man had no desire to chase them. He went over and sat on the fence, sore-hearted and weary.

A few days later Andro brought a headboard in the shape of a cross, with strips nailed from the top to the ends of the transverse limb, making a sort of roof over the cross. This was coloured sky-blue, and upon it some unskillful person had painted:

Some weeks after Andro had set up the cross over the grave he called to see Mrs. Warne again. From him she learned that he would have to sacrifice his little store of savings to pay for the mass to be performed by the priest in the little Greek Catholic Church at Hunter's Valley for the repose of his son's soul.

The price would be twenty dollars—an outrageous sum to ask from this poor, starved creature, she said to herself. Andro seemed also to think it was very expensive, for he kept saying pathetically, "Him cost so big, so big!"

Of course this would postpone for months his trip back to his native land.

Mrs. Warne had a severe struggle with her conscience before she could bring herself to believe that it would be right for her to give Andro a present when he was about to spend so much on what she called, for want of a better term, "popish superstition!"

However, when he tried to tell her how proud he had been of this son when a baby, her conscience yielded the point, and she went to get him the money.

Andro looked in speechless silence for a moment at the piece of gold which she placed in his hand, and then began to cover her hand with kisses in the excess of his gratitude.

It was an unusual scene. Andro's tears were wetting her hand as he kissed it, and Mrs. Warne herself was so affected by his gratitude that she only managed to recover herself by asking him, rather sharply, whether he had had any dinner that day.

But it was not to get his dinner nor to ask for financial assistance that Andro had called on Mrs. Warne that summer day. He had come to ask that she would supply him with certain slips and cuttings from her flowers, that he might plant them upon the grave of his son. Of course she gave him his choice, not of cuttings only, but of whatever potted plants she had that were suitable for his purpose.

Mrs. Hatton came with her carriage and took her and the flowers to the Wayside Cemetery that very afternoon.

When they reached Wayside they found Andro armed with a trowel waiting by the gate.

The two women waited in silence while Andro planted the flowers.

As they came back to the street a stout Hungarian woman, wearing a gay handkerchief instead of a bonnet, accompanied by two half-grown, bullet-headed boys, passed on the other side. Mrs. Warne had turned to say good-bye to Andro, when she saw his eyes widen with surprise and longing. The muscles of his face were twitching, and his lips were moving as if he were praying.

He went slowly through the dust across the street, holding out his hands as if to steady himself. There was a quick exchange of words in a barbarous tongue, and then the stout woman seized Andro about the waist, and began rocking him from side to side as though he had been a baby, while the boys stared at him with their little black eyes as though he had been an apparition from the graveyard.

"O Kate! It must be that Andro has found his people!" cried Mrs. Warne. "Come, let's go over."

Andro came toward them as they crossed the street. The old, hopeless, hunted look was lost from his face.

"My familie! My familie!" he kept saying over and over again, pointing from his wife to his boys.

While Mrs. Warne and Mrs. Hatton were gravely shaking hands all round, Andro was pointing back toward the pauper grave with the blue cross. "Him not my Jan! My Jan in Carbonville! They *all* come back. Him some anoder fellow."

Was it any wonder the happy fellow could not keep still? His rheumatic legs seemed to lose their stiff-

ness and his back to straighten as they showered upon him fresh congratulations. To be sure, he did not understand one word in ten they were saying to him, and Mrs. Andro and the boys not one in a hundred, but they all rejoiced together most heartily.

As they were on their way home, Mrs. Hatton said, "You might have saved your flowers, Helen."

What Mrs. Warne said was: "Kate, don't for the world tell anybody about that mass! I'll tell Henry myself, although with his low church principles he'll almost want to excommunicate me. Poor old Andro will seem to him almost as bad as the Scarlet Woman herself."

CASEY'S SPEAK-EASY

"What this country really needs is some kind of reform movement that will not interfere with anybody's plans."—ANON.

XVI

CASEY'S SPEAK-EASY

SOME of the "patches," as the villages in the coal regions are called, are dry and some are otherwise. The patches of company houses are generally without saloon privileges, while the other villages are well supplied. The village in which the kindergarten was established was a dry patch, but Casey helped to mitigate this condition of affairs.

Casey kept a saloon and an illicit one at that. Everybody said so, but Casey himself. He denied it point blank and gave various reasons why he did not, the chief reason being that he didn't. He also gave various explanations of the fact that the bottlers' wagon and the beer truck and the "snake wagon" with its load of whiskey jugs all stopped at his door and deposited generous loads just before each pay day.

The old woman, he was more than sorry to say, "liked a wee drap iv the crayture." Besides it was handy to have a little good liquor in the house. If one was taking cold it was an excellent thing to apply —on the outside. Then there were his friends. There were few men with so many good friends as Casey, and a mean man he would be not to give a good friend a bit of a glass when he stopped in to see you, especially if he was on his way home from the mines wet

and hungry like. The location of Casey's place was such that it was especially convenient for a great many of Casey's friends to drop in on their way home from work.

Casey's home was an old box-car which had been pitched off its trucks over an embankment near the Hatton Coal Company's washery. It had had its back broken by the fall, so that the railroad company did not think it worth raising. So there it lay at the bottom of the bank of culm, with burdocks growing all about it, till Casey took possession of it. Soon after Casey moved in there was a deep, well-beaten path worn across the dump to Casey's old car.

Casey had cut a door and window in the car and had fastened to it a cook shanty, till it was with reasonable pride that he referred to "my place." Possibly it was this pride of ownership that made Casey resent so strenuously the assertion that he kept a saloon, although it is barely possible that the question of paying the license fee had something to do with it.

The mere matter of keeping a saloon would not have produced any sensation in the community. In Higgins's Patch, just around the culm dump, almost every other house flung out a great sign proclaiming to passers-by that within there was beer, as well as other refreshment.

But Casey's neighbours, or at least the women kind, who would have accepted a licensed saloon as a matter of course, rather resented the fact that he kept a speak-easy, "an' him an able-bodied man wid all his ar-rums and legs an' a good job in the Hatton mine besides."

To be sure he was discharged from the mine by Morris the inside foreman for drunkenness soon after he began to keep a saloon. Now if he had only been a widow no one would have objected. But it was plain to be seen that he was no widow. Or if he had been a cripple, or if he had had miners' asthma, it would have been a pre-eminently proper proceeding. In such a case he would have winked at his neighbours when he declared that he sold no liquor and everything would have gone off pleasantly.

Things might have gone on smoothly anyhow and no questions would have been asked, if that troublesome Rector Warne had not stirred up Mr. Hatton. The Old Mogul had set the Law and Order Society in motion, which sent its detective in Casey's direction to bring him to justice. Strangely enough all this machinery did not break down at any point and Casey was arrested. Why should new men and rich men and lawful and orderly citizens and hireling detectives interfere with the personal rights and liberties of people who mind their own business and sell a little drink in a quiet way?

It seemed like mixing religion and business for a clergyman to move in the matter, but Rector Warne was showing a very business-like sort of religion in Coalton in those days.

"I ain't got no objections to religion, parson," Owens, the licensed saloon keeper said. "I know that there is such a thing as religion. I had the feelin's once meself, all right enough. It was when Moody an' Sankey was in Wales. I was a good livin' man

for a while afterwards. That was before I was hurt an' lost me hand. After that I had to do somethin' light and so I took to hotel keepin'. I ain't forgot to this day the feelin's." The saloon-keeper's eyes grew almost tender for a moment as the rector urged the claims of a better life.

"I tried it once till I lost me hand." Owens' face hardened again as though he had pulled a mask over the softened lines that had shown for a moment. "I've lost me hand now an' I have to live. But I had the feelin's."

"No you don't have to live," said the rector sternly. "You have to do the will of God. You have to do the thing that you know is right. He'll see that you get a living. If He doesn't want you to live He'll let you die. But you can die grandly!"

"But I tell you I had the feelin's."

"You may have had feelings, but you never had faith or you would not have gone to saloon-keeping."

Owens parried. "What I object to is the hypocrites that you put up with that ain't been converted. You ought to be more careful who you let into the church; an' you ought to put some out that's got in."

"I suppose you mean some poor fellow whose name is on the church roll, who gets drunk. I want to ask whether a man who falls now and then is more to blame or the man who, even though he has lost a hand, sells him the liquor in order that he may make his living more easily? I 'd rather starve——"

"Hold on, parson! I've always said that a man's a fool who drinks whiskey an' I say it still. There's

Breece. Breece has heard me tell him so a hundred times. But it ain't Breece that I'm callin' a hypocrite. It's Bruce Hardin. There's a man that ought to be turned out of any decent society. Now about my business, I've just this much to say: we can't all be preachers. Some can preach an' some of us has to be in my business. There'd be nobody to pay the preachers if we was all preachers. But I've me feelin's just the same."

It was not very long after this that Helen broached the subject of Casey's illicit saloon.

"This saloon of Casey's, Henry; oughtn't that to be closed up?"

"Of course it ought! Of course it ought!" But Henry was evidently distraught.

"Would there be any trouble about getting witnesses? It surely is a bad place."

"I know it is. Owens says it is a very bad place and all the other saloon-keepers say the same thing. I tell you, Helen, you never saw so sharp a line drawn between pots and kettles. I almost fancy Owens and his crowd are temperance reformers and fanatics until I remember their business."

"But, Henry, now about Casey. Why don't you try to shut up his place at least?"

"Well, Helen, I imagine I'm weak about Casey. But somehow my heart goes out towards him, good-for-nothing old fraud that he is. I have hoped to reach him, and I feared if I took drastic measures I should never get an entrance to his heart. Have you ever noticed his hands? His fingers are marked and scarred on the ends. Years ago he led a rescuing

party to some men who had been imprisoned by a fall of roof. They did not dare to carry lamps, for the place was full of gas. So Casey and the rest crawled for nearly a mile in the dark over fallen rock and blocked-up gangways, guiding themselves only by feeling their way. When they came out, their hands were cut and bleeding. You know the edges of the fractured coal are almost as sharp as broken glass. It was a most noble effort at rescue, although too late in reaching the entombed men to save any but that worthless Yawcup, Katya's husband."

"I wish you hadn't told me this. I want to feel indignant at Casey. I wish when people were bad they would just be bad clear through, without having any noble streaks in them. Then one wouldn't get mixed up in judgments."

"That's the glory of the place! You will find a man utterly common-place or even bad, and then you'll get a gleam of something so noble and heroic in his character that you feel like baring your head."

But when the rector discovered that Casey was enticing into his den the boys from the breaker and selling drink to them, and that in spite of warnings and appeals to his better nature Casey continued to do this, he gave the word and the agent of the Law and Order League made the arrest.

Casey had been under arrest more than once before for illegal liquor selling, but this was the first time he had been brought before the court. In the first instance when Casey had been arrested by the agent of the League, he had gone to the office of Mr. Hatton,

the president, and besought sympathy because of the sickness of his wife, promising in the name of all the saints that he would never be guilty of violating the law again.

Believing that the ends of civic righteousness would be secured if the illegal saloon were closed, the Old Mogul had promised that he would not prosecute, provided that Casey would go to work and never engage in the business again.

It was not long, however, until Casey was reported to be selling drink again, and one night a most shameful row occurred in the car, during which the stove was upset, the furniture broken and several men badly injured, including Casey himself. Again Casey was arrested, this time by one of the men who was injured on the night of the fight, and again he sought Mr. Hatton's help to prevent him from being brought before the grand jury.

Casey declared by all that was holy that he was the victim of spite. That he had been set upon and beaten by persons to whom he had refused to sell liquor, and that the quarrel and the prosecution had so wrought upon his wife's health that she lay in the little box car at the very point of death.

While Casey reiterated this story and while Mr. Hatton vainly tried to get rid of him, the detective of the Law and Order League sent in a note from the outer office which read:

"Offer to investigate the condition of the health of Casey's wife. If he agrees to the proposal, go with him to the den and meet me there."

In a few minutes Mr. Hatton, willingly, and Casey, unwillingly, were on their way to see the woman supposed to be dying. When they arrived at the box-car saloon, Casey hastened to the back, where he had built a little lean-to kitchen out of dynamite boxes, barrel staves and such bits of timber as he could pick up about the mines. He told Mr. Hatton that the front door was locked, although it seemed as if it was ajar and the sound of voices came from within. When Casey reached the back door, there stood the detective on one side of the bar holding a glass of liquor in his hands, while Casey's wife stood on the other side making change for the very liquor which she had just sold.

"I'm glad to find your wife so much better of her illness, Casey," the agent said, smiling.

"Sure it's nowan but the owld divvil himself w'u'd timpt a poor woman to do sich dirty work!" was all that Casey could say.

ELEVEN CONTRARY MEN

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!"

—HAMLET.

XVII

ELEVEN CONTRARY MEN

WHEN Casey came to be tried the jury consisted of eleven men and Mr. Burt Hatton. It was Hatton's first jury duty. There is some doubt whether he was wanted on the jury at all, for, earlier in the week, he had been challenged regularly in every case on which he was called, from the murder trial downward, probably because he was a member of the Reform League. But when the case of the Commonwealth *versus* Peter Casey was called, there were two other cases on trial and one jury out. The panel of jurors being thus exhausted, it was impossible to conduct the business of the court unless the jury was accepted as a whole.

The criminal court docket of the county of Anthracite was clogged with cases. So great was the amount of business that beside the two regular judges an additional judge had been called in from a neighbouring county. It was before him that the case of the Commonwealth *versus* Casey was to be tried.

The case went on merrily from the first. Several witnesses, some willing, others unwilling, swore to the fact that they had purchased liquor from Casey. All that Casey's lawyer could do to discredit this testimony was to prove by cross-examination that the

prosecution had been brought through spite. When it came time for the defence, Casey's attorney dwelt eloquently upon the spiteful motive. Since Casey had no other witnesses, his lawyer, driven by the necessities of the case, put the defendant himself upon the stand. Casey told with great gusto of the fight which had preceded his arrest. Of course he made sweeping denial of the charge of selling liquor.

When Casey had finished his story, the prosecuting attorney began his cross-examination with the question, "You say that this injury to your wife occurred on the night of the fight in your saloon"——

"I don't kape no saloon."

"Well, your place down there in the box car. Don't you know that she was hurt at the funeral before you came home?"

"Well, she was at the funeral wid me."

"Wasn't she hurt by being in a fight in which you and the people of the house"——

"No sir, I wasn't fightin' wid her at all, at all."

"Wasn't she thrown down stairs in a fight in which you and she were on one side and some of the people of the house"——

"No sir, we niver was on wan side at all. We sthood our ground right in the middle of the sthairs an' defied thim, man or woman, annywun iv thim or the whole iv thim."

"So there was a fight and you got the worst of it?"

"Niver a bit! I brok' the face an' blacked the two eyes iv him! But fwile I was givin' me attintion to

him below an' fwile me owld woman was thryin' to help me, by flingin' toobs an' things at him from the stoop, wan iv the ladies come out behind an' t'rew her down the stair. Thin we tuk the hint an' wint home."

"Well, when they drove you off you went to your own place in the car?"

"We wint, but it was kind iv shlow like. Sure we c'u'dn't walk very fast."

"You couldn't walk very straight, you mean. Then when you reached the car, you found that your friends who had put you out at the funeral had reached the place before you, and they were drinking your liquor?"

"I was off attindin' a funeral," Casey explained; "an' so was me owld woman. I lift young Mick Phelan in charge iv me place, if annywan should want to buy a bit candy or lamp wick. I don't know fware they got the drink from, but whin me an' me owld woman come home, there was four or five iv thim in me little place, an' all iv thim was that full they didn't know they was in a dacent man's house. I jist put thim all out together an' thin they cum back on me. There was too manny iv thim fer me to attind to thim all, an' they got the bist iv me, an' bate me an' the owld woman till they kilt the both iv us. An' the woman's near dead yit, so she is." Casey's anger was rising as he told the story of his wrongs.

"Now, Mr. Casey, don't yon know that you are in the habit of keeping jugs of liquor in that car for the accommodation of anybody who has the money to pay for a drink?"

"It's a dashed lie!" shouted Casey, now thoroughly angry. A sharp reprimand from the judge completed his discomfiture; for, having answered the judge in the same angry manner he had shown toward the attorney, he realised his mistake; and before his own lawyer could warn him Casey was whining out a deprecating apology, which ended in a virtual plea of guilty. His attorney tried by one or two adroit questions to cover up the damaging admission. The prosecuting attorney contemptuously refused to ask any further questions, merely repeating Casey's admission to the jury.

"We rest," he said, turning to the court.

"That's our case, your honour," said Casey's attorney gloomily.

The judge turned to the jury, and in a few business-like sentences directed their attention to the facts of the case as shown by Casey's own story, calling special attention to the admission he had just made on the witness-stand. The judge waited a moment, as if to take the verdict from the jury without their leaving the box. Hatton leaned over to whisper to Mark Owens, of the Coalton borough council, proposing such a verdict. But ten of the men had already risen. Owens shook his head.

"Aw! The rest of the boys wants a smoke," he whispered to Hatton.

Casey leaned his elbows on the table and lowered his face into his hands, while the "jury of his peers" stolidly and majestically filed past him in the wake of the officer of the court.

Owens and Hatton were the last to enter the jury-room. To the surprise of the latter, a perfect Babel of indignation arose against the district attorney, the spiteful prosecutor, the judge, and even against Casey's attorney for allowing him to be trapped into a confession. They were evidently sympathising with "Poor Casey."

"An' what c'u'd the poor man do but keep a place, with his wife a hirplin' cripple?" asked Phelan, a burly miner who was visibly under the influence of liquor.

"He's got to live, even if he don't have no rint to pay."

"There's worse men than Casey that holds licenses from this court," one of the men asserted, beginning a long story about a case that had been ignored by the same grand jury which had found a true bill against Casey.

Owens cut him short. "I nominate Mr. Hatton as foreman."

There were one or two voices to protest that Owens himself should act in that capacity, but he modestly ignored them, and declared that Hatton had been unanimously elected.

Hatton had heard how the jury commissioner of the county of Anthracite had abused his privileges as an officer by placing in the jury-wheel the names of his political admirers, men notoriously incompetent for such service. Most of these men seemed to be from the commissioner's district. Hatton was secretly flattered, therefore, to be chosen foreman. He took

his seat at the oak table with a graceful speech of acknowledgment, ending with the words, "We are all no doubt heartily sorry for this poor fellow who has confessed his guilt; but I believe we are all very glad that his guilt is so clearly established that we are in no danger of doing any injustice by bringing in a verdict of guilty."

To this speech there was no response except an ominous grumble on the part of the juror who had been drinking, whom Owens was endeavouring to silence.

Hatton took the pen and prepared to record the verdict. "I am ready to entertain a motion to bring in a verdict of guilty, gentlemen."

"Who'll give me the loan of a match?" Phelan asked. Pipes were produced, and the men began to discuss the murder case, on which the jury had been out for two days.

Hatton shifted uneasily in his chair, waiting for a break in the noisy conversation. "We ought to attend to this case first, gentlemen," he broke out at length.

"Yes; let's take a vote and see how we stand," assented Owens.

Hatton began at once to go down the roll. The first man whose name he called answered, "Not guilty."

Owens and two others announced themselves as not yet ready to vote. But besides these, to his amazement, Hatton found that he and one other were the

only jurors who had voted for conviction. That other man was Phelan, the drunken miner.

Hatton faced the men with fierce determination. This was the famous jury system! He was outraged, disgusted. Then he reflected that these men were ignorant. No doubt they were prejudiced. There must be some who were honest among them. He would instruct them, would win them to his side.

"I should think, Mr. Owens, that you'd want this man to be punished," Hatton said.

"He don't hurt my business," Owens replied. "I'm only here to see justice done."

Then Hatton made an address, calm and dispassionate, calling on Phelan, when he closed, to support him. Phelan was lighting a fresh pipe, and all he would say was: "If Casey—*p-p!*—didn't want to get pinched —*p-p!*—why did he get into sich a fool fight—*p-p!* An' if he didn't want to get sint up—*p-p!*—what did he confess for? *Poo!*"

There was more talk about the murder trial. Then some stories about trials under a former judge. The men sprawled over the chairs or looked out the windows. It was growing dark. Hatton was becoming uneasy. Even Phelan might desert to the other side; it was so hard to resist the preponderance of opinion. Phelan had been the last man to cast his vote and Hatton was by no means certain that he had voted according to his convictions.

Another ballot was taken, the result being exactly as at first. It was entirely dark outside now, and the

men who had voted for acquittal seemed to be growing more interested in the case in hand. They were talking in little groups with those who had not yet voted either way. Hatton imitated their methods. He left his chair, buttonholing men who would listen to him, and urging his views vehemently.

Then a tipstaff opened the door to say: "Boys, ain't you ready with that verdict yet? Court will adjourn in ten minutes. Hurry up, now: we want to get home."

Hatton took advantage of the lull which this message produced to call the roll again. He was delighted to find that the vote now stood five to seven for conviction. Again he made an address, recalling the crisp, business-like sentences of the judge. He tried to get Owens to speak, since he had now voted for conviction, but he declined on the ground that he got speech-making enough at the council meetings. At his recommendation another ballot was taken, which showed another gain of two for conviction.

Owens now proposed that the case be decided by a majority vote. Hatton hesitated between the desire to be able to arrive at a verdict speedily and the wish to be fair to the minority, who were vehemently declaring for acquittal.

"If there is no objection—if no one opposes this plan"—he stammered eagerly.

"O, it's all right," said Owens cheerfully. "The majority rules. If I don't enjoy takin' my medicine when I'm on the losin' side, why, I give it to the other fellow the next time."

There was no dissenting voice, and the final vote was taken.

"Not guilty," came the answers until five votes were recorded. Hatton drew a breath of relief that the opposition was all in.

"James Phelan?" he called.

"Not guilty." The shock staggered the foreman.

"A tie," he thought in dismay.

"Mark Owens?" he went on.

"Not guilty."

He saw it all now. He had been duped. No need to call the other names. Yet he went on mechanically until all the eleven men had recorded their votes for acquittal. Here were these honest men, the peers of Casey, indeed! He had thought them ready to be instructed in the law and the evidence, needing only to be led, sworn to "well and truly try and true deliverance make."

No wonder he was angry and said things that he might better have kept to himself. He flung down the pen and went to the window.

The streets were crowded with people hurrying home from the stores and from business. He could stay. He could starve them out. At least, he would not give his consent to such a monstrous wrong as these men proposed to do.

But that was not so easy. The men all avoided him as if he were a moral outcast. He was breaking his agreement and doing them all an injury.

The night was one long horror. Phelan, stupefied by the liquor he had drunk, lay down on the floor and

slept. The air grew thicker with the smoke. Somebody produced a pack of cards, and the men who did not play sat about the table and commented on the game. Nothing was said about the case. Toward morning Hatton fell into a doze. It must have been during that time that they elected Owens foreman in his place; for when Hatton awoke he found that the copy of the indictment and the jury-list were missing from the window-ledge where he had flung them. Phelan still snored.

Hatton was still obstinate, although hungry and miserable. He would go into the court and tell the judge the whole story. Then he remembered with shame that he had been the foreman and had agreed to the majority rule.

It was while Bruce Hatton was in this mood of self-abasement that Owens ventured to remind him that, if the jury disagreed, Casey would go free. But, if Hatton would agree not to dissent from the finding of the majority, they would consent to put the costs on the prisoner. Worn out and utterly wretched, Hatton consented just before the hour for court to convene.

At a quarter past nine they stood, an unkempt line, facing the judge.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

Mark Owens, smiling and alert, nodded in reply.

"Gentlemen of the jury, hear your verdict in the case of the Commonwealth against Peter Casey as the court hath recorded it." The level voice of the clerk

grew suddenly harsh as he glanced at the paper and handed it to the judge. "You say you find the defendant, Peter Casey, not guilty, and the prisoner to pay the costs. And so say you all?"

"What!" exclaimed the judge, "*not* guilty? Why he confessed!"

The jury turned to leave the rail; Hatton drew a breath of relief; then they were halted by the severe voice of the judge.

"Wait a minute. Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged by the order of the court from further attendance upon this court. You will receive your pay from the county treasurer; but in this case you have not earned it. You have shamefully violated your oaths. I have made an order that your names should be taken from the jury-wheel and that you should be disqualified forever from serving as jurors in this court. My only regret is that I do not see my way clear, under the laws of the Commonwealth, to order you into the custody of the sheriff for punishment. You are dismissed."

Ten minutes later Peter Casey, having been exonerated from paying the costs, upon his swearing that he had no means, walked down the court-house steps a free man, just behind Mr. Burton Hatton, member of the Law and Order League.

It is no wonder that the Old Mogul grew discouraged with the attempt to make people better by process of law or that he afterwards refused to support the organization.

MARY LIZ

IN THE OLD MOGUL'S DEN

"From the black doorways and windows of the rookeries on every side came gusts of fetid air. The streets and alleys reeked with the effluvia of a slave-ship between decks. Pale babes within gasped out their lives amid the sultry stenches."—BELLAMY.

XVIII

MARY LIZ IN THE OLD MOGUL'S DEN

IT all happened through the fault of the clerks in the railroad office; Mary Liz was sure of that. If they had not teased her, she never would have seen Mr. Hatton, the President of the Anthrax Valley Railroad, and of course she never would have insulted him. But now she was disgraced, and was being sent in charge of the messenger from the office to Mr. Warne.

The messenger had done his best to impress upon her that she ought to be thankful she was not on her way to the station house. She did not believe a word he said to her, so far as that was concerned, but she felt she would have much preferred being sent to jail to being sent to the rector's. She did not know what happened to people who were sent to ministers, while she knew a great deal about the ways of policemen. She would have darted away from the messenger, if he had been older; but as he was little more than a boy, she knew he would catch her and she wanted no more tales to be told to Mr. Warne.

For some minutes after the messenger handed her over to Rector Warne, she cried so when he tried to talk to her that the minister had not the slightest

notion what had happened. So when he had dismissed the messenger and had comforted her, he asked her to begin again at the very beginning and tell him everything.

"You see, it was about Mr. Breece," began Mary Liz. "The doctor says he'll die, if he don't get out to the country."

"Yes, I know all about Mr. Breece," said the rector, bowing his head on his hand and groaning inwardly. He had exhausted both the resources and the patience of every charitable supporter of the mission in behalf of other cases like that of Breece. It is no wonder that he groaned.

The summer had been a most trying season. Day after day the sun blazed from a cloudless sky upon the bare mountain sides. Long years ago these mountains had been covered with trees. They had then been famous for their beauty. But the trees had been sacrificed to make props for the roof in the coal mines and the mountains were shorn of every sign of green. There was nothing to rest the eye.

The sides of the mountains were so steep that when the forests were cut down the scanty soil soon washed away, leaving nothing but utter barrenness. If it had not been for the intolerable heat, one might have thought it was winter, so absolutely had every vestige of green disappeared from the landscape. Gray shale and black culm towered above the narrow valley on every hand. Even the waters of the creek were black with the waste from the coal washeries. The only relief from the sombre blackness of the place, was

where the sulphur water from the mines had coloured the stones of the creek-bed and the garbage from the city above, a rusty red.

At one point a bend in the creek had enclosed a swampy tract of land, where a few birches had for a time managed to maintain a precarious existence. These had furnished a yellowish-green spot of colour. But the coal company, being in need of ground for a new culm dump for the new breaker, had built a barrier about the swamp to keep the desolating flood of grimy mud from totally obstructing the bed of the creek, and now the birches were dead, strangled to death by six feet of black slime. Their gaunt, weather-beaten branches were lifted like the arms of a drowning man in a vain struggle for life.

The town crowded in between the steep mountain side and the creek. In many places the houses were built along a single street. Where the creek ran nearer to the base of the mountain, the houses were built on one side of the street only. The railroad occupied the other side, tunnelling here and there to avoid the sharp turns made by the creek. There was almost one continuous town from the city of Carbonville on the mountain top clear down to where the creek fell into the river and the coal measures disappeared.

In this narrow valley, with its great masses of rock and culm on every side, the heat was almost unbearable. As if it were not enough that the sun blazed in the sky above, a fire burned also beneath the surface of the earth. Not that it really heated the air to any great degree, except in the neighbourhood of the

fan house, where the smoke and gases were pumped out of the mine. But somehow it made the place seem hotter when one thought that there was a raging volcano of flame eating its way through the vein of coal only sixty feet below the cinder sidewalks.

It would only be a few days until the water from the creek would be piped to the scene of the conflagration and then it would soon be quenched. Meanwhile, from the bore-hole which had been driven from the surface through the intervening rock to let out the air so that the water could be forced in, a six inch stream of flaming gas roared forth day and night. This blazing torch flamed and swayed without resting, sometimes thrusting its tongue full twenty feet into the air.

Although the mountains were on every hand, the conditions of life were very much the same as in the slum districts of the great cities. The people gasped for breath, the children sickened and the feeblest succumbed.

The rector had sorrowed over the many fresh screw holes in the doors that summer. There were few houses in that part of Coalton where he went most frequently which were not thus marked. This was especially true of the company houses, where the poorer people lived. These screw holes are left in the door when the undertaker removes the eyelet which holds the white ribbon from the day of death until after the funeral.

Rector Warne did not regret the loss of his wealth, which had been swept away after he entered the

ministry, except when he saw such sights as these and found himself unable to help all the sufferers.

He sat so long thinking about these things, that Mary Liz thought he had forgotten about her. She was beginning to plan to slip out of his study, when he looked up again and said, "What had Mr. Breece to do with your trouble and Mr. Hatton's sending you to me?"

"I went out collectin' for Mr. Breece so's he could go to the country. I was doin' beautiful while I stuck to the Patch. I wisht I'd never gone to the old railroad office in Carbonville!" she said, beginning to cry again. "We had it all fixed so nice: Mrs. Dolan was goin' to take me in with her an' mother was goin' to take the two youngest of the Breece boys. Of course Janet would have to go with her father to take care of him."

Mr. Warne explained gently to Mary Liz that it would take a great deal more money to send even Mr. Breece and Janet to the country than the amount she showed him tied in the corner of her handkerchief. "But tell me what you did at the office," he said, "and why you were sent to me?"

"It was after their dinner time, I guess, when I got there; for the men was havin' a daisy time. They were just mean to me, that's what they were! It was my fault, I suppose, but they ragged me an' I sassed 'em back. They wouldn't give me a cent,—only one man who give me that quarter—that was the most I got. All the rest said they was goin' to Bar Arbor or Tucksido or somewhere on their vaca-

tions. They ast me how it come I wasn't spendin' the summer with the Vanderbilts an' why Beerpont Morgan wasn't entertainin' the Breece family, an' when I wouldn't answer 'em they called me the Duchest of Reagan's Patch." Mary Liz stopped and wrapped her hands nervously in her faded skirt.

"That made me mad, an' I told 'em I was no Dutcher than they was. While I was sassin' 'em they all went to work pretty quick. A little, low, fat man had come in, but I didn't see him at first. When they wouldn't answer me no more I turned to leave and run plump into the old fat man. 'Barrett,' says he as sharp as a knife, 'What's all this noise mean?' 'I just come in, sir,' says the man. But it wasn't so, for he was one of the worst of all to tease me. 'I'll tell you what,' says I, an' then I told him what I was collectin' for an' that they hadn't but one of 'em give anything."

"Who was the man that came in?" asked the minister.

"Why, old Hatton."

"You poor child, you don't mean to say that you asked Mr. Hatton to contribute for Mr. Breece!" exclaimed the rector, remembering vividly a certain experience of his own with that gentleman, at the end of which he found himself in the corridor of the great office building, feeling that somehow he had been guilty of a disgraceful act in asking assistance for the sick man.

"Yes, I did; but I didn't know that it was Mr. Hatton when I ast him."

"Can you remember every word you said and all that he said?"

"I told him that Mr. Breece had been the driver for some rich man for a long while an' now he was sick an' that the man was so mean that he wouldn't help him a bit."

"Didn't you know that Mr. Breece was Mr. Hatton's driver until he was taken sick?"

"No; did Mr. Breece drive for old Hatton? I thought old Hatton acted pretty mad! He squirmed round in his chair an' said, Who sent me there? An' I said nobody. An' he said wasn't I lyin', an' looked at me real sharp an' I said, no, I was straight. An' I told him I made the plan all up meself. Then he said, S'posin' the man had had good wages all these years an' hadn't saved anything, was the railroad company a charity organisation? An' I said I didn't know what the railroad company was, but the man had buried his wife, an' his daughter had to keep house for him, an' he was sick now for fourteen months, an' the family earnin' next to nothin' an' they couldn't help theirselves. An' he said it was all rot an' foolishness. Why didn't the man bring up his sons to some useful trade, 'stid o' settin' 'em up to be clerks or lawyers or somethin'? They didn't need so much education to run cars. An' I said that Mr. Breece's oldest boy was killed runnin' cars in the mines an' they all had a horror o' the mines. An' he said they was above their business, somebody had to be killed takin' out coal. He didn't seem to say it to me, but he said over again that all this charity

business was rot an' that it took away people's self-respect an' made 'em paupers an' that they couldn't tell the value of a dollar until they earned it. That's the way he always done."

"Yes, I know what he said," the rector said sadly again. "What then, did he thump on his desk or ring a bell?"

"Yes, he thumped on his desk an' ast me what I was waitin' for? I told him how we was goin' to fix it to take care o' the children so Janet an' her father could go to the country, an' wouldn't he please help? An' he said he'd told me no wunst; why didn't the churches tend to such things? An' I told him about the deaconess an' the sick fund an' the day nursery an' how Dr. Creigan went to see the sick people that was too poor to pay, an' all the rest that you did for the people here at the church. I stood up for you, Mr. Warne, I did, an' told him I knowed if you had the money yourself you'd send Mr. Breece. But I said you couldn't, 'cause people said the Old Mogul had stole all your money. Did he, Mr. Warne? He didn't steal it all, did he? 'Cause I know you paid for Mrs. Hetherington yourself. I know you did, Mr. Warne, for she said she'd just bet you did."

As the rector made no reply, she went on. "Then he said, Why didn't I ast somebody else? An' I said there wasn't any use to ast the Old Mogul. An' he said, did I know who he was? An' I said no. An' he kind o' smiled as if he was proud to hear me say that it wasn't no use to ast the Old Mogul, an' said

'Why wasn't it no use?' An' I said everybody said he'd never give money to anybody. An' he said didn't everybody say the Old Mogul was too sharp to be taken in? An' I said, 'Hully gee! No. They said he was too stingy!' An' I thought some o' the men in the outside office would fall off their chairs; but nobody looked round."

"What did he say to that?" asked the rector smiling.

"He looked awful black an' growled out, 'They do? Say I'm an old skinflint, I reckon. Who said that?' An' I was awful scairt, for then I knowed that *he* was the Old Mogul. An' I says kind of slow, 'Why, everybody says so.' I wasn't going to tell no lie. He kind o' sunk down in his chair for a minute an' then he grabbed up his pen an' scratched away in a little book as if he was goin' to carve the paper up. Then he called out 'Barrett, look in the d'rectory an' find where Rector Warne lives an' take this child to him.' An' he tore off the letter as if he was tearin' a piece o' cloth an' give it to me an' says: 'Take that to Mr. Warne, an' if what you say is true, all right; but if you've been collectin' money under false pertenses, I'll have you sent to the House of Correction!'" As she finished her story, Mary Liz produced a paper, much soiled and crumpled with contact with her tear-soaked handkerchief.

"Here's the letter. I could have throwed it away on the car or pertended I lost it. That boy that brought me here was no good. He would have been

dead easy. But you've told us to play fair; an' I've told the dead square truth. It's no difference what he wrote down there, I've told you every word."

"I believe you, Mary," said the rector taking the paper. In a moment he glanced up in amazement.

"Don't you know what a check is?" he asked.

"Yes, I've checked packages lots of times when I was a 'cash' at the Bee-hive in Carbonville. But that ain't a check. A check's round."

"Mary, Mr. Hatton has put into my hands as trustee enough money to send the whole Breece family to the country for the whole summer and more besides."

Mary Liz wriggled herself clear out of her chair in pure delight. "Say!" she cried, "the Old Mogul can jaw me every day for a month if he wants to when he does things like that!"

THE OLD MOGUL'S FRESH AIR FUND

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

—LONGFELLOW.

XIX

THE OLD MOGUL'S FRESH AIR FUND

WITHIN a week after the visit of Mary Liz to the Old Mogul's office, the Breece family were camped in the orchard of the old Creigan farmhouse on the east slope of the Pocono mountain. Here there was room to breathe and here there was sweet earth and cool grass to lie on.

The farm lay on the edge of the great Glacial basin, once an enormous lake but now dry for the most part, except here and there where there is a rhododendron swamp. This is almost the last bit of wilderness east of the Alleghany mountains. Here the white arctic hares have lingered, which the farmers' boys call "big dough-foot rabbits." It is even whispered that there has been a beaver dam built in the wildest part of this region within recent years.

The Creigan farm had long been abandoned, except that the grass was cut from the fields and stored in the old barn. Behind the stone wall of the orchard on the adjoining farm lay a field of buckwheat, as fragrant as a tropical flower garden, which was musical all day long with the hum of bees.

The whole landscape was immersed in green. There was not a hint of the hard, black lines of the Anthrax Valley upon these highlands. Even the tree trunks

and the fences were softened by soothing mosses, and the north side of the weather-beaten barn and of the stone fence flaked with lichens so delicate that they seemed to have drifted out of the sky.

Two weeks after the Breece family had gone to this quiet spot, it was Miss Ann Creigan's turn to draw her breath with a quick gasp of wonder over a letter which she received containing a roll of crisp bills, just as Janet Breece had gasped with delight over the same sort of letter which had come to her. The rector's wife had written it also in such a way that Miss Ann might not be humiliated by receiving what she would have called charity. This was the letter:

"My Dear Miss Ann,—

Will you not allow me to reach out into our friendship to offer you the enclosed? It is not my own money that I am sending to you. It has been hallowed already by being given to the King, and I am only passing it on to you. I know you need rest from the hard work which you have done so bravely for all these years. I should think it would be unbearable to sew furs this hot weather. My heart has gone out to you, during these long months since your mother was taken away. I know you must have been very, very lonely. Now just drop everything and go to your old home in the country for as long a time as you can. I am not going to sign my name to this; only let me say that I am one who loves you and one who is, like yourself,

A Daughter of the King."

"It's more than you deserve, Ann Creigan," she said to herself as she wiped her eyes. Miss Ann had lived so much alone that she often held animated con-

versations with herself when there was any difficult problem to be settled.

"Here only last week you were grumbling because you had to work such long hours, when you knew it was a blessing that the daylight lasts so long now that you needn't buy any oil. And now you are a regular aristocrat, going off for a long vacation. Fifty dollars! It's more than you deserve.—But, Ann Creigan," and she shook herself sharply erect as she spoke, "I declare I'm ashamed of you! You wouldn't think of going off to enjoy that money all *alone,* now would you? Go straight to Mary Lizzie Gooch and divide up with her. She needs it, if anybody does. Poor, little, white-faced thing!"

Half an hour later, Mary Liz sat blissfully smoothing out the crisp bills which lay in her lap, after Miss Ann had gone home. "Ketch me goin' to the country! Why I'd die of lonesomeness. I'm goin' to get a lovely new dress, I am! One like they have in the show window at the Bee-hive. I'm goin' to Mountain Lake. I'll ketch on to a different excursion every day. I'll go to the merry-go-round every night an' I'll ride all the time. I won't get off, except to change from one kind of animals to another. An' I'll go to the dime museum an' the bicycle railroad an' the roller toboggan slide an' the crystal maze. I'll have ice cream for breakfast an' for every other meal, an' all the gum I want, an' I won't go home from the shows till the very last light's turned off. I wisht I was a boy, 'cause there's some shows that it ain't just so nice an' proper for a girl to take in."

A week later Mary Liz came into Mr. Warne's library, wearing the same faded dress she had worn on the day of her visit to the Old Mogul.

"Why, Mary, I thought you had gone to the country?" he exclaimed.

"I did go to Mountain Lake with the Third Ward Tigers on Monday," she said.

"I think I could find you a pleasanter company for a pic-nic than that," Mr. Warne began.

"Oh, the crowd was all right. We had a pretty good time. One of the men swum out in the Lake till they thought he'd drownded. An' there was some men on the train that's goin' to vote for some other man, an' they 'most had a fight. Owens's Independent Club is goin' up to-morrow."

It was evident that Mary Liz was not seeking advice on the question of excursions.

"Say, Mr. Warne," she broke out, "can't there be somethin' done for that baby of Mrs. Jindy's?"

"Why, I thought it was well again. Hasn't Dr. Creigan been attending it?"

"It was better till the hot weather come back last week an' now it's worse than ever. I just believe it'll die like all the rest. It cries most all the time. Monday the last thing I heard when I went down the street, was its poor, little, weak cry. I couldn't get it out of me ears. I heard it all the time the orchestry was playin', an' at the Lake I could hear it like it was out in the waves. It's cryin' now. I know it is. I can't have no vacation if that baby's goin' to die! See? But it ain't got to die! God mustn't let it die!" she

added fiercely, "Not 'f I can help it! I've brought you the money Miss Ann Creigan give me,—what's left. I wish I hadn't spent any of it. They took the dress back, 'cause I used to work in the Bee-hive. The gum's all been chewed; that can't be returned. But here's twenty-two dollars and thirteen cents. Won't that do some good?"

"Mary, you dear girl, it will do some good! I'm sure we'll get more money, if you can give like this! But you've been planning to do so many things with this money; can you give them up?"

"I reckon I can give up better'n the baby can? See? Besides, I've got to get that cryin' out of me ears, or I'll be prostrated nervious!"

When once the collection of a fund for a fresh air outing was under way, the rector and Dr. Creigan soon established a colony of sick babies and children with their mothers at the old Creigan farm house. Cheap cots and mattresses filled with sweet oat straw made a place for them to sleep. The healing quiet and pure air as much as the nourishing food put new life into the puny babies and the weary mothers.

Here they could sleep inside the house at night.

The fact that there were a number of sick children to look after in the old farm house where he was born, brought Dr. Creigan up the mountain three days in the week. The old doctor found almost as much pleasure in these visits as though his professional services were not required, and in fact after the babies had been for a few days on the mountain his medicines were no longer needed.

The good old man had been working away, mostly among the poor foreigners in Coalton, for more than a score of years with hardly a day's vacation. He used to say that when none of his patients were in a really dangerous condition, so that he might have taken a little holiday, a certain eccentric patient of his, one of his few wealthy patrons, always chose that time to die,—and always failed to do so.

One afternoon about midsummer, when Dr. Creigan and Rector Warne were visiting the sanitarium, as they had come to call the little colony of sick and convalescent children at the farm house on Pocono Mountain, Mr. Hatton's private car ran on the switch to wait for the passing of a coal train. The rector persuaded him to come up to the porch where it was cooler, and to see the crowd of convalescent children. He took but languid interest, until Mr. Warne asked him whether he had ever made a better investment.

"Why, what have I to do with this?" he asked in surprise.

"Not everything, but the principal subscription is yours."

"How's that? I thought I gave that money to the girl for my man Breece?"

"So you did; and the doctor and I gave him one hundred and fifty dollars of it at once to come up here and camp out. He sent back fifty dollars because they didn't need so much. We gave that amount to a woman who was working herself to death, on condition that she should come here to the house

where she was born for a rest. She divided her gift with the same little girl who came to see you. The girl gave back to us practically all her share to get the first of these six babies out of the heat of the valley. We took some other money that was given us afterwards to buy milk, ice and other supplies. We are paying the Breece family, who rented the farm, and Miss Ann Creigan for the work they do in caring for these children, out of the other hundred you gave for Breece. If we can raise the funds, we hope to keep the house open until fall."

"You don't mean that you have supported a family, given a poor woman a vacation and brought all that mob of young ones out here on that two hundred and fifty dollars?"

"That and a very little more."

"Mr. Warne, you ought to have been a railroad man. It's a pity I didn't know you before you got to preaching. If I had got hold of you, I could have trained you so there wouldn't have been a sharper superintendent in the state."

"The doctor had as much to do with it as I had, and the girl had more to do with getting it started than either of us."

"By the way, where is that little hustler of a girl? Isn't she going to have any of the fun? I call that shabby! Bring her up here and make some sort of place for her. I don't know but what I'll have to make a railroad man of her. But anyhow, we'll establish a vacation fund and you may call it for the

Old Mogul, if you like. Draw on me for the funds. No, I'm not the one to thank. Only keep the farm house filled with babies until frost and have that girl up here to help take care of them. There, I think I hear that coal train whistling."

THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY

"Duty makes us do things well; love makes us do them beautifully."—BROOKS.

"Matters not in deserts old,
What was born and waxed and yearned,
Year to year its meaning told,
I am come,—its deeps are learned."

—INGELOW.

XX

THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY

IT was a purely domestic picture in the rectory. Rector Warne was just completing the plans for the new building of the Mudtown Mission. From time to time he glanced up from the blue prints to look approvingly at Mrs. Warne, who sat sewing, not fancy work nor ecclesiastical embroidery, but darning stockings for active little Warne feet.

Presently they began talking of Burt Hatton, and Mrs. Warne said with the most asperity of which she was capable, "I do wish you wouldn't have anything to do with him. I can't understand how you can tolerate such a man! If he came to our church and was behaving as a Christian should, it might be your duty to be friendly. But he's just like his father, a hard, selfish man. You know how old Mr. Hatton made his money. Just think of the men whom he ruined in order to build up his own fortune! He has been a perfect outlaw in the business world all through his career. Don't you remember what he said when our Guild went to him for a contribution for the family of that man who was killed in the Hatton mine? He didn't even ask the solicitor to sit down and when she told her errand he growled out: 'It takes men to run our business as well as money. We

have to throw away some money in order to make more money and we have to kill some men. You can't expect us to take care of all the people connected with those who have happened to work for us at one time or other—so we won't take care of any. Treat 'em all alike. That's business. That's the only way.'"

She shivered as she said this and the rector was glad that the telephone bell called him out of the room for a few minutes.

It was a curious friendship which had sprung up between Rector Warne and Burt Hatton. Young Hatton was not a member of the rector's congregation. Indeed he had never been a church-going man in Coalton or anywhere else. The friendship did not exist because of his liberality, for the rector had never received anything from him either for the church or for benevolent objects. Old Mr. Hatton attended to that, at those rare intervals when anything was to be given by the Hattons. In fact it was more because Burt Hatton needed a friend than for anything else that the rector had sought his friendship. He seemed such a lonely man, yet capable of much that was good. Because of his isolation, the rector sought him. Since he had become the superintendent of his father's railroad and spent his days driving business from the headquarters overlooking the new yards at Coalton, Burt Hatton seemed utterly devoted to business to the exclusion of all social relaxation.

Mrs. Warne was not pleased over this friendship. Kate Hatton was her dear friend and she was so loyal

to Mrs. Hatton that she could not bear that the rector should become intimate with Kate's husband.

When Warne came back from the telephone his wife began again: "Burt Hatton is just like his father. He's no longer a spendthrift; he's a screw. Nobody dares to hope for mercy, who falls into his clutches."

"Helen, you are hard on him."

"Possibly. His wife's my friend. No man has a right to be so comfortable whose wife's face is as pitifully sad as that of Kate Hatton."

"But it isn't in character for you to be so prejudiced."

"No? I'm so glad. You'll find me ever so much more charming to live with, if I'm not too monotonous in character."

"I don't believe you'd be so hard on him, if he was one of the men who work in the mines."

"You're right. I wouldn't. I find that to me coal dirt on the face covers a multitude of sins. It is just that he knew better and had a chance and did wrong. So I'm hard on him where I'd be charitable to one of our poor foreigners."

Then the bell rang, and as Mrs. Warne left the study by one door Mr. Burt Hatton entered it by another. He was evidently labouring under some strong excitement, and made most blundering answers to the rector's welcome.

In a few moments he made a plunge: "Mr. Warne, will you help me if I need you?"

Would he help? The rector's ears were ever open to a cry like that.

"I was sure you would," Hatton went on. "If I hadn't felt that, I wouldn't have come. God knows where I would have gone. It would be no use to go to the men at the clubs. They wouldn't understand. What I want to do is to talk with some man who has a home of his own and a wife and child of his own and a man who loves above all things else to be with them. Did you ever lose a child?"

The rector answered, "No, but I think I understand."

Mr. Hatton bent his head down on his hand and rested his elbow on the desk for a moment and then went on. "You can imagine how it would be to lose one. I never spoke of this to a living soul before. I suppose you know all about me; what a failure I've been?"

"The world counts you successful."

"Possibly I am by Bradstreet's standard. But Mr. Warne, I have known all along that in your eyes I've failed. And lately I've been a failure by my own standards,—and they're none too high."

"Your accounts are not settled yet, so it isn't too late still to straighten them up."

"I'm not in the habit of talking about my own affairs, but I'm going to to-night.—If you are to help me, you ought to know all about them. You know my wife, from whom I am separated. I wonder if you know how perfectly intolerable it has been sometimes to live in the same vicinity with her, under these conditions?"

"I have imagined it."

"There was no help for it. It wasn't of my choosing. Coalton had always been her home and my business interests have been here though I lived in Carbonville. You probably know the beginning of our troubles, so I'll be brief. We were each barely nineteen when we were married. It was a runaway match. She was as good a woman as ever lived. Well, we were very young. I certainly had enough faults; perhaps she wasn't always very wise. But the blame was all mine. I suppose we got tired of each other. We were only hot-headed boy and girl. My mother was dead, but my father might have patched it up if he hadn't been so busy making money. Her father tried to, but I wouldn't listen. At any rate, in less than two years, we parted. I tried Stockholm for a summer with the American consul, who was a college friend of mine. It was no use. I was lonely for my wife, but I wouldn't make the first advance. Then I came back here and tried the clubs, but they were no better. Nothing pleased me long.

"Then I came into the office here. Nobody knew why I did it, but the truth is, I wanted money. Not for myself. My wife and child were in need through the business failure of her father. I couldn't bear that she should want funds. She doesn't know that the money comes from me. I manage that through her attorney. I give her all the money he can persuade her to use. She thinks it's some claim of her father's estate that was saved.

"A little more than a year ago the baby girl died . . . . Excuse me. I never got over that. You

never saw her, or you wouldn't think me partial when I call her an angel."

It was a raw spot he was laying bare, but he set his teeth hard and with a gesture silenced the sympathy springing to the rector's lips.

"Thank you! You're very kind. She had the most beautiful fair hair I ever saw. Like her mother's. And such eyes, so large and wistful and trusting. I never had her in my arms; her mother and I parted before she was born. But I often used to see her with the nurse on the street.

"I happened to be in Duluth when she died. Malignant scarlet fever. There was an epidemic among our people's children up at the mines and it was supposed the child caught it through the laundress, or something of that kind. My wife asked Doctor Creigan to telegraph me and he told me all the particulars after I came home. They had buried her before I could reach home.

"I think possibly the breach would have been healed beside our child's grave, if it had not been for my wife's brother, Bruce Hardin. He's a scoundrel, and he knew that I knew it and hated me accordingly. As luck happened, it was just at this crisis when I had him first hauled up for cheating the company with one hand and the men with the other. Then he managed to poison Kate's mind against me, so that she was not ready to receive my overtures toward reconciliation and I—how could I have been such a fool—grew angry again and the breach was made wider.

No, you needn't tell me a thing about the wrong of it; I know it all now."

"How did you come to change your views?"

"Well, several things sort of piled up. First there was a longing for my wife, that all my bitter thoughts could not smother. You with your wife and child and happy home can have no idea of the great loneliness and longing which have come over me sometimes."

An odd little smile hovered around the rector's mouth. "Possibly I know. The rectory has not always had a mistress."

"Then over a week ago I was down in the mine. While I was waiting for the cage, a man by the name of Hudderfield, old Sunderland Red, they call him, was talking to some of the men, a kind of sermon on the duty of forgiveness. You can't get rid of him. You have to listen to him. He's really a wonderful sort of man. I was annoyed at first, but before he finished, I saw some things that have come between Kate and me a little plainer than I ever did before. Just on the heels of this a queer thing occurred. Kate has opened a day nursery at the upper end of town here with the money I send her, as a sort of memorial to our child. Some time ago I happened to see the nursery and I liked it so well that I started another at the Hatton mine as my memorial. I've been out there since then to look the thing up. You know how many people are hurt or killed about the mines, and they always leave a lot of children. I was up there again the other day and attended a meeting for the

mothers. About time to close, a forlorn, faded woman came in, dressed in mourning and leading a little child. If it had been my own child, it couldn't have been more like her. Not the face only, but the eyes, hair, gait and—everything. The father had been killed three years ago in our mines, and she wanted to know whether the girl could be taken care of while she went out to wash. If there wasn't another child in the institution it should be kept going. She brought with her a note from my wife, asking the teacher to bring the case to my attention. This broke me all up. I've simply got to make it up with Kate. I can't stand it any longer."

"Have you done anything to bring about a reconciliation?"

"Well, I wrote to her and told her the way I felt, begging her to see me. That was yesterday, but I haven't heard from her."

"Do you know whether she received the letter?"

"I sent it with Mick Phelan."

"Would he be sure to deliver it?"

"I told him I'd break every bone in his body if he failed to give it into her own hands."

"A gentle kind of way to send a message of peace, wasn't it?"

"You've got to lay Mick out, but I gave him a dollar, so I think he's all right."

"You'll surely hear by to-morrow."

"I'm afraid I won't, unless you can intercede for me. It's that brother of hers again. In the perversity

of fate, just when I try to be reconciled to my wife the second time, I have to be having trouble with Bruce again, and this is worse than the other, for to-day, by order of the directors of the coal company, I had him arrested for embezzlement. If they don't let him off, he's bound to go to the penitentiary. Now how can I expect Kate to forgive that?"

"Possibly she knows her brother by this time better than you do. Women's eyes are keen."

"But their hearts are soft. I can't hope any longer that she'll forgive me."

Just then a messenger boy rang the rectory bell, inquiring for Mr. Hatton. Hatton seized the note and turned away his face while he read. When Mr. Warne came back from the door after dismissing the messenger, he found Hatton's face glorified.

"It's all right," he said in an excited tone. "I have an invitation to take dinner with my wife to-night. I feel as though I had made up a lovers' quarrel."

His face grew tender in a moment and he said with some embarrassment, "You—you wouldn't mind saying a prayer for us, would you?"

THE PROBATION OF REV. ARCHIBALD HUDDERFIELD

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

—TENNYSON.

XXI

THE PROBATION OF REV. ARCHIBALD HUDDERFIELD

AFTER the night when Sunderland Red entered the Salvation Army barracks, he was a changed man. Capt. Smiler had sung hallelujahs and rejoiced over him.

"You've followed the devil long enough, Hudderfield, now follow the Lord!" was his parting admonition. So Sunderland Red proceeded to do the one with the same vigour with which he had done the other.

Having once started along the lines of the Salvation Army service, just as the barracks were being closed, it is to be feared that Sunderland Red was not a very neat fit in Rector Warne's church. But as there was no other Protestant church in Coalton he united with the Episcopalians as a matter of course. Though his heart yearned a little for the Salvation Army with its shouts and hallelujahs, he managed to get a great deal of comfort out of most frequent and fervent amens throughout the service. When he came to understand the litany, no one in the congregation proclaimed himself a "miserable sinner" with more sincerity than he.

Possibly he would not have found complete spiritual

satisfaction in all this, however fervently expressed, if it had not been that his religion was an intensely practical matter and in no sense bounded by church law or ritual. Without knowing that any authority was required, he took naturally to preaching. The rector, who had keen eyes for those who could help to fight the good fight, soon saw that Sunderland Red was doing a remarkable work.

When Rector Warne spoke about Hudderfield's work to the rector of the Carbonville church, the latter said:

"Why doesn't he join one of the celibate orders? He's a bachelor, I believe." The rector of Carbonville was not only very high church, but entirely lacking in a sense of humour as well.

A picture of the rubicund face of Hudderfield projecting from a cowl or shaded by a shovel hat was almost too much for the gravity of Rector Warne. He managed to control himself, however, saying only, "I don't think he would consent to that."

"Then why don't you make a lay reader of him?"

"How can I? Why he can't even steer a straight course through the Prayer Book. Half the time he gets lost in the morning service. He is never present at the evening service, for he has a service of his own in which I feel sure the Prayer Book never finds a place."

"I am pained to hear you speak so. It ought never to be allowed."

"You wouldn't think so, if you could hear the man."

It was when the bishop called a council of the churches of the diocese to consider the pressing question concerning the religious needs of the foreigners who were pouring into the state, that the probation of Sunderland Red occurred.

Possibly the strangers who were gathered in the church in Carbonville might have stared a little if they had been told that there was anything remarkable about Sunderland Red, especially if he had been pointed out to them while on his way home from his work with his face black with coal dirt.

Even after the grime had been washed off, his countenance was not attractive to a stranger. Each scar on his face was the record of an accident, sometimes marking a trip to the hospital in the ambulance. There was a long, jagged blue-black line on the left side of his face where the coal dust had tattooed him for life. That told of his most serious accident. At the same time that this happened, his leg was so badly crushed that it was shortened in the setting. This caused him to walk with the jerk of a mechanical toy. One finger also had been lost. All these injuries were the result of a fall of rock from the roof of the chamber where he worked in the mines. Across the forehead and on both ears the skin was smooth and shiny, which would always remind him of the days of agony spent in that ward of the hospital which is specially heated for patients suffering from burns.

These were not all of his "mercy marks," as he called the scars and nicks he had received about the mines. He could tell you of each one of them,—not

for the hardness of his life, but for the constant mercy that had overshadowed him and enabled him to come so near to death so many times and yet be spared.

The Rev. Archibald Hudderfield was a genius, and the crowds about the mines had found it out. Nobody knew exactly when he came by the title of "Reverend," conferred on him by the newspaper, but there was no doubt in the minds of his congregation that he deserved it. A man who preaches well for the pure love of the work is not likely to be criticised by such an audience for his ignorance of Hebrew.

His audiences were various and so were his pulpits. Sometimes he had but two or three hearers who were gathered in a chamber of the mines, eating from their dinner pails, their mine lamps flaring in their hats, the solemn stillness broken every now and then by the shouts of a driver boy or the stumbling of a mule dragging a car along some nearby gangway.

Often the congregation was composed of those who were waiting at the foot of the shaft for a cage full of men to gather that they might be taken to the surface. Many a man had let his turn on the cage pass that he might hear a little longer about the love of God, for that was the theme which the love of men in the heart of Archibald Hudderfield made him preach so persistently to his fellow workmen.

How he would have scorned the bishop's appreciation of the unique element in the situation of this grimy worker, giving his message a thousand feet under ground! To him the message was the important thing, whether given in the mine, or as he often

delivered it, on Sunday afternoons standing on the steps to the breaker, with the great black building towering gloomily behind him, his audience perched on mine cars or seated around the foot of the great culm dump which towered more forbiddingly even than the breaker.

But these were not his only audiences. There was his regular nightly service in the Mission at Mudtown. This room was the old Salvation Army barracks and the work was presumably under the direction of the rector's church, but Sunderland Red did all the preaching, paying the rent for the building from his own wages.

Two prominent members of the mission were Lemuel and Theodosia Hetherington, otherwise Limpy and Teed. They represented if not the wealth at least the piety of the congregation, and certainly the devotion of the people to their pastor. Teed was housekeeper, while Limpy was a bread-winner and toiled as driver boy in the mine.

On the day of the probation of the Rev. Archibald Hudderfield, Limpy and Teed were overwhelmed with sorrow. The Mudtown Mission was going to lose its pastor, and they were simply heartbroken. Mr. Hudderfield was to be taken out of the mines and transferred to some large business called a Parish House, so they understood, where he would have plenty of money and hosts of friends and helpers. There could be no mistake about it; Teed had heard the strange man in black clothes explain the whole plan. Mr, Hudderfield was to speak in Grace Church that very

night, so the folks could hear him and judge whether he would do for the place they wanted him to take.

While Limpy ate his dinner, Teed told the story:

"He come into the Mission Room this mornin' and ast me where was Mr. Hudderfield—"

"A-r-r-r-h! What 'd 'u tell him f'r?" interrupted Limpy, savagely. "I'd 'a told him he was out o' town. It wouldn't been no lie, neither; f'r you know the Hatton shaft is outside the town limits."

Teed was far too sad to quarrel with Limpy, or even to reproach him for this proposed evasion of the truth. So she only said, slowly:

"Pretty soon there was another dude in a gray business suit come in jest a purpose to meet the black one, an' he told the gray one all about it, an' says that they couldn't do better'n get Hudderfield as superintender of the Parish House, because he was such a hustler. And they said what a good thing it would be for him, an' what big crowds he'd have; an' I was so proud of him. But oh, Limpy, what'll become o' us?"

Teed could say no more, but bending over her brother's chair, she hid her face on the brown patch on Limpy's shoulder, where the strap which carried his tin tea-bottle had worn a hole through his faded blue coat.

"Don't cry, Teed," he said, gently. "We got along all right wunst before, an' we c'n do it again."

"You know it ain't that," she sobbed. "You're away so much, Limpy, that you don't know how much he done f'r us."

"Teed, I wisht we could go with Archie," Limpy said.

"Well, you know we can't. An' you've got to stop callin' him Archie an' begin to call him Mr. Hudderfield, now that he's struck such luck."

"But, Teed, why couldn't we go with him?" persisted the boy. "You know he'll ast us to go."

"Yes, I know he'll ast us, an' more'n that, I know he'll want us to go. But you know we can't, with us like we are—'the masses' is what the gray one called the people in the Mission."

"I'd like to thump his mug!" interrupted Limpy, wrathfully.

"That wouldn't help. It's the truth. We are all right here. But we ain't onto the talk o' the up-an-up's, an' we couldn't ketch their style. It's no use to try. We ain't blooded. We jest got to stay here. We'd only hinder Mr. Hudderfield if we was to go. He's got the stuff in him—the Lord put it into him —an' he's got to go."

"That's right!" said Limpy, catching some of Teed's fervour. Then he added in his heartiest prayer-meeting manner: "Let's give him a great send-off, in the name o' the Lord!—But say, Teed, do you suppose he really wants to leave the Mission?"

That night the solemn assistant to the rector of Grace Church droned painfully through the service at the Mudtown Mission Rooms, while the Rev. Archibald Hudderfield passed through his probation before the council. Limpy listened conscientiously to the assistant's sermon as long as he could stand it—

long enough to see Teed, worn out with the excitement and sorrow of the day, sink down into peaceful slumber. Then Limpy slipped quietly out, "hopped" a coal train, rode to Carbonville, and then hurried to the beautiful Grace Church on the avenue. The delegates to the council from all over the diocese crowded the great building to the doors. There were several speakers on the general topic of city missions, and Mr. Hudderfield was to be the last. The only seat which Limpy could get was behind a great stone pillar; but when Mr. Hudderfield's turn came to speak, he rose and leaned against it.

Limpy's heart swelled with pride as he listened to the really eloquent beginning of Hudderfield's speech. Then it came over him in a moment that this might be the very last time he should ever hear the missionary speak. Of course Mr. Hudderfield would go away to take charge of his new business, and he and Teed had decided that he would probably have to start at once. The boy's eyes filled with tears at the thought, and to keep them back he set his jaws and drew his breath hard. Then a strange thing happened to Mr. Hudderfield, and after it was over Limpy hurried home to tell Teed.

As Hudderfield himself went home after the meeting he met the assistant and told him this experience:

"I began my speech easily enough. I wasn't scared. I even made a little joke about the way the bishop introduced me as 'reverend.' I began to feel at home with the audience right from the first. I knew there were some millionaires in the house, and I wanted to

stand well with them. I was ambitious to make a great speech, and God had to humble me. I thought I was doing first rate, when all of a sudden I caught sight of little Limpy Hetherington in the back of the church. How he got in I don't know, for he doesn't take to churches very much; but there he was, patches and all. I saw every gaping buttonhole in his jacket. I saw him only, as though there hadn't been another soul in the house. His face was drawn. He seemed to me as though he was losing faith in God because he had lost faith in me. He knew I was trying for all I was worth to get away from the dear old Mud-town Mission. He saw through my meanness in thinking that I had outgrown that poor little hall. He knew I was making a strike in that speech for a bigger place, and it was breaking his heart to think that I wanted to leave them. I tried to look away and forget all about the mission; instead, I forgot what I wanted to say. I tried to find my place in the notes I had made, but I might as well have looked at white paper. The words had no meaning to me. My mind was a total blank. I couldn't have told where I was nor who I was. The sun went out of the sky. The horizon fell in on me. How long it lasted I have no means of knowing. It seemed ages. It must have been a good while for when I struggled back to consciousness the bishop was at my elbow trying to persuade me to go into the vestry room, and somebody was bringing me a glass of water. But I didn't have time to notice these things, for the first distinct impression that made itself felt on my mind was a clear call as

if some one had told me to plead for the Mudtown Mission. So I got rid of the bishop somehow, and, stepping to the edge of the platform, I began a new speech—one I had never thought of before."

In the meantime, Limpy was pouring into Teed's wondering ears the same strange tale.

"I thought he was goin' to faint," he said. "An' his speech was done f'r, sure. But pretty soon he chased 'em all away from him an' come to the edge of the stage all right enough an' jest ripped the roof off the house. 'The poor has the gospel preached amongst 'em' an' 'The Lord God has ernointed me to declaim the good tidings,' he says. An' then he told 'em the things he'd seen in the Mudtown Mission an' what he'd like to do—when he gets into this new job he's goin' to take, I suppose. Oh, Teed, I'm ashamed I didn't wake you up an' take you along. You never heard the like. You'd 'a' thought these people where he's goin' was his blood brothers. He had the house laughin' an' cryin' an' cheerin'—the hull thing at wunst. But he went right on with the rat killin'—never stopped. An' before he was rightly done, the high muck who bossed the crowd started to say somethin' about this entoosium takin' some practical form, an' then some cully they called judge got up an' said he'd go a thousand on this work, an' another fellow in a gray business suit—it must 'a' been the same one that was down here—he covered his thousand right quick, an' in a little while there was quite a pile o' money bet on it.

"All this time you could tell that Mr. Hudder-

field kept feelin' worse an' worse, though he tried to laugh it off. I know now, Teed, he don't want to leave the mission here; you couldn't help but see how bad he felt about it from his face. I wisht you'd been there, so's you could see f'r yourself. But he kept pretty good holt on himself till they ast him to pray, an' then he lost control o' his machinery altogether. An' when a good many o' them had cried while he was tryin' to pray, the bishop—I think they called the high muck bishop—he said they'd sing the 'Sock-doliger,' an' I come away. I couldn't stand it no longer. But I don't feel as bad as I did, Teed, because I know he don't want to leave us. They're forcin' him into it, somehow."

The children were still comforting each other, when Mr. Hudderfield came in. He looked wan and tired, but not at all downcast, as Teed had expected from Limpy's description.

"I've saved your supper for you, Mr. Hudderfield," Teed began, steadily. "I cooked the things you like." Then she ran to him crying: "Oh, Archie! Limpy told me all about it. It's grand, an' I'm so glad an' happy that you're goin'!—that is, I'm glad for your sake now, an' I'll be happy to-morrow because I love you so!"

Then, probably to show how very glad she was, she began sobbing most pitifully at the thought of facing life without the missionary.

"Why, Teed! Didn't Limpy tell you? I'm not going. Instead, on the first of January I'm to leave the mines and spend all my time working for the Mis-

sion. The folks at the meeting to-night promised to give me money enough that I won't have to go into the mines to pay the expenses of the Mission. We're to have everything we ever wanted or dreamed about. A miners' exchange, where the men can get their money changed away from the saloons, a gymnasium, school rooms—everything, Teed! There was enough money for everything I've wanted—and all for this dear old Mudtown Mission. But I've learned to-night the poorness and meanness and weakness and selfishness, and a great many other ugly things, of my own heart. If my dear child friends, Limpy and Teed, could know it all, I'm not sure they would be glad to have me stay. Would you?"

The two faces, full of unfailing trust and love, looked up into his, while Teed stroked his hand and Limpy said, with an approving nod of his head:

"Betcherlife!"

THE STRIKE OF THE 'MALGAMATED TERRORS

" Used to think that luck was luck and nuthin' else but luck
It made no difference how or when or where or why it struck;
But several years ago I changed my mind an' now proclaim
That luck's a kind of science—same as any other game."

—Eugene Field.

XXII

THE STRIKE OF THE 'MALGAMATED TERRORS

PIPPINELLA JINDY was in the last agony. Not the agony of death, for the contortions she made in trying to walk through the snow without lifting her foot showed that she was possessed of abundant vitality. She was in the agony of losing the button.

Now the loss of a single shoe-button is not ordinarily an affair of serious moment—if there are other buttons. But if the button about to be lost is the last fastening left, its loss rises from the agony of a crisis to the dignity of a calamity. But every crisis is brief, and before she had taken another step the calamity occurred.

Then there were further complications: The loss of the shoe revealed the absence of a stocking and there was Pippinella's pudgy, olive-brown foot and round leg sunk into the snow, half way to the bare knee.

But youth is very hopeful, especially before the age of twelve years. So Pippinella tucked beneath her arm the disabled shoe, which had evidently belonged to some grand dame when it had had all its buttons, and pushed hopefully forward toward the deeper snow of the gutter.

Pippinella's hopes were all centered in an apple bar-

rel. Mrs. Phelan had just purchased thirty cents worth of apples and all the children of the Phelan brood and their cousins the Flynns, and in fact all the children of the neighbourhood of the same blood, had been furnished with a sample of the fruit.

Pippinella knew that she had nothing to expect from the Phelan apples, but it might be that the farmer would give her one specked apple if she should ask him. Perhaps he might have done so, if young Mick Phelan had not thrown a snowball at Pippinella which frightened the farmer's horses. In the diversion, Pippinella's hopes perished. The snow seemed suddenly colder to the bare foot; sunny Italy far away.

"Git out, yez thavin' dago," growled Mick Phelan, in lordly imitation of his father's tone. "Is it apples yer thryin' to steal? Yer father's a scab. What business have yez here annyhow? Yer father's nothin' but a dirty scab, takin' the bread out of dacent people's mouths. If it wasn't for him and thim that's like him, we could win the strike."

Pippinella grasped the pointed toe of the shoe she had shed and backed her way into the street. She was far too wise in the ways of the world of Reagan's Patch to turn her face from a foe. Furthermore, she knew that the shoe, with its soggy heel, made a formidable weapon. She had need to know how to defend herself, for the men of the Mudluck mine were on strike and her father and the rest of the Italians would not join the strike. That gave frequent opportunity for war between the women and even the children in the Patch.

No doubt she would have used her weapon and a onesided race war would have been waged, if another diversion had not occurred. Mrs. Burt Hatton's victoria, which had been waiting for a freight train to pass, now dashed up the main street of Reagan's Patch.

Mrs. Hatton recognised Pippinella as the large-eyed child who had come morning after morning during the summer to play on the carriage block in front of the Hatton homestead. From some Italian ancestor the child had inherited a passionate love for beauty, which impelled her irresistibly towards the Hatton home.

In all the dreary length of Reagan's Patch there was not a single grass-grown yard. The few weeds that struggled in the corners of the ruined picket fences were cropped by goats, while the mountains in the rear were bare of trees and scarred by land slides.

All about the Hatton home the ground was terraced and covered with the greenest grass. In the centre a fountain played. What was almost as delightful to the children as the fountain was the automatic sprinkler. Many an hour the children of the Patch who were less esthetic in their taste than Pippinella, had spent holding on to the sanded pickets of the Hatton fence to let the water from the sprinkler splash over their bare ankles.

None of the other children enjoyed the lawn more than Pippinella and her younger brother. They would sometimes spend the whole morning on the step, Pippinella with all the graces of a grand dame in her

carriage and Domenico, who was less imaginative, sitting straight and stiff, by her direction as a well-trained coachman should. Here they would play also at keeping house, dragging to the step various tin cans and other household utensils that had been cast off in Reagan's Patch. If Mrs. Hatton's coachman happened to find them when he had the hose out, there was apt to be a sudden end to their play before the real mistress and her friends appeared to take their drive. Sometimes he flung the tin cans after the children.

Mrs. Hatton had recognised Pippinella in the snow and had felt her bitter disappointment over her failure to get even a specked apple from the farmer, through Mick Phelan's interference.

Her first impulse had been to interview the farmer and supply Pippinella with apples. But the coal train that was holding her carriage in Reagan's Patch proved to be a long one and before it passed she saw the threatened conflict. Her heart hardened and she ordered the driver to hurry through the Patch.

Neither Mick Phelan nor Pippinella had seen the carriage. Mick and his forces seemed just about to charge. Pippinella, having no reinforcements, backed swiftly across the street into the very track of the approaching carriage. The horses swerved sharply and stopped, but it seemed that the child must surely be stricken down. The driver in an undertone made some remarks to Pippinella relative to the whole Italian race, advising her that they had no business to be in America.

When the lady uncovered her eyes, Pippinella was

running to the shelter of a tenement further up the street, while a squalid Italian woman was giving her voluble directions, alternating with dire threats hurled at Mick Phelan's crew. Pippinella, whimpering, dodged a heavy-handed maternal caress, the buttonless shoe clattered down on the door sill and the door closed on her hopes and fears.

Mrs. Hatton told the whole story to her husband at dinner that evening, shuddering a little when she came to speak of the child's narrow escape.

"See here, Kate," he said, when she had finished, "There's no use of your worrying over the condition of these people, either physical or moral. They're foreigners, and that's all you can make of them just now. After a while, perhaps, they'll become civilised. Now they're outlanders and I wish they weren't here. But they work pretty cheaply and they work when other men strike. If they get hurt, in spite of all we can do to take care of them, that's their lookout. But they don't mind cold and curses as we would. And even if they did, there's nothing you can do to better their condition. If you give them things, you'll make paupers of them. If they have to earn their way, it goes slower and they won't have patent-leather shoes and banana ice cream for a while; but they'll appreciate these things more when they do get them."

"I know what you say is true, Burt; but wouldn't it be possible for me to go among them and teach them—help them somehow," she added rather vaguely.

"Yes and bring home the diphtheria, or the itch, or

something. Now just don't worry over something that you can't help. I'll have to tell the man not to drive through the Patch again."

"Poor girl!" he said to himself after she had left the room. "Since our baby died she can't see any child without wanting to right all its wrongs. I wonder why our baby must die, while the Italian babies live?"

That night Mrs. Hatton could not sleep. She was haunted not only by a nightmare of rubber-tired wheels crunching down a childish figure flying through the snow, but by the still more grim uncertainty concerning what happened behind the tenement door, which had closed as her carriage whirled past. Had she heard cries of fear, or pain? Toward midnight she reached a conclusion and then she fell asleep.

From this doze she was wakened with the feeling that the sun was shining into her face. She started up wildly to find the room flooded with a dull red light flashing into her heavy eyes. The breaker was on fire! Fascinated by the sight, she sprang from her bed and pressed her face to the window. Her husband had already rushed out to do what he could to save the Company's property.

High above the shadow of the mountain-tops the flames leaped. The upward current of air, rushing through the chutes and staircases for two hundred feet, carried the flames far above the head-house on the top of the breaker. The smoke rolled forth in clouds, spreading out above like an open fan and lighted from below to a bloody red. The upper por-

tion of the huge building had not yet caught fire, but while she looked, almost in a moment, she saw the fire leap from story to story, the thick coal dust on the boards burning like gunpowder, while the flames ate their way into the solid timbers and enveloped the whole building in a moment. Explosions from within soon burst the burning boards from the sides of the giant shell, scattering long pieces of flaming timber high into the air to tumble hissing into the snow. The outer casing being gone, the heavy framework criss-crossed against the sky, a lurid skeleton, fiercely held its own.

Strange as it may seem, the burning of the coal breaker brought better times to the men on strike. The company made immediate plans for rebuilding, and this gave work to many of the men. Those who would never have dared to enter the mine during the strike under pain of being called "scab" workers, found employment as helpers to the carpenters and masons. Still there was much suffering during the winter, especially among the unskilled Italian labourers and those who had worked for the company during the strike. These "scab" labourers were driven out by the men who had obtained work in rebuilding the breaker, either openly or by a series of petty persecutions which made life unbearable.

Among the families of these victims of the strike Mrs. Hatton went, almost as busy in her way as her husband with his breaker building. There were medicines to be bought; food furnished to the delicate and the sick, and clothing to be provided for the children.

All the plans which she had cherished for a settlement house had to be laid aside until the more pressing needs of the sick and the hungry were supplied.

The Jindy home was among the last discovered to be in need. One day in February Mrs. Hatton called. Except for the remains of what had once been an enormous loaf of bread and a dish containing a mixture of tomatoes, peppers and beans, the house was bare of food. Pippinella's father sat in the inner room. Through Pippinella as interpreter Mrs. Hatton learned that he was "sick in the back" from an injury received in the mines several months before, so that he could not do hard work.

Mrs. Jindy poured out a volume of Italian, which Pippinella tersely translated into an appeal for work.

"She say, 'When the breaker start run, she send my li'l brother. Breaker boss he no let-a him work. He too young-a. You give him li'l piece pape?'"

It seemed useless for Mrs. Hatton to protest that until eight-year-old Domenico should reach the lawful age, no recommendation of hers could secure the coveted seat on the benches of the coal breaker. Even when she left, the father repeated the request for the "Li'l piece pape."

It was toward the last of March, a year after the fire, that the new breaker was finished and ready for work. The strike had slowly worn out the endurance of the men during the long winter, and now that work was offered again, most of the men were ready to take their old places. But if the men had been starved into submission the boys had not, and they were only wait-

ing for an opportunity to show their power. The opportunity came during the first day's work in the new breaker. It was Jim Owens who called Mick Phelan's attention to it as soon as work was over for the day.

"Say, Mick, have y' seen the new slate picker?"

"Aw, there's no new boy come to the works. Don't I stand where I c'n see the office? There's been nobody there to-day but a dago woman and a gur-rl."

"Sure, that's jist what I'm tellin' y'. She got the job near me that young 'Spike' Dolan used to hold."

"What's his name?"

"Haven't I told y'! It ain't a he, it's a she."

"It's wha-a-t?" Mick Phelan's jaw fell in sheer amazement. Mick was the bully of the breaker, but the new girl could have vanquished him, if she had been present to take advantage of his collapsed condition. "A gur-rl, is it? A gur-rl—and a dago at that! The howly saints! Aw, it's a lie y're tellin' me, Jim Owens."

"It's no lie. Bat McCarty told me he was forninst the office door when the woman and the gur-rl come in. She's to take Dolan's job in the mornin'. I've heard me father say that there was places in the old country where the gur-rls worked around the mines the same as the boys——"

"Let sich foreigners as thim wor-rk as they likes in their own country and let them stay there. But if they comes to Ameriky, they must do as we does. It ain't dacent to be sendin' a gur-rl into the breaker, an' I won't have it. We'll hold a meetin' after supper. Sound a call as y' go down the lane."

Mick Phelan's word was law, for was he not the king of the slate pickers and chief of the 'Malgamated Terrors? But like some other leaders he chose to seem to defer to the will of his gang of Terrors from the Mudluck breaker. Monte di Luce, Mrs. Hatton had named the breaker, but the boys had soon shortened the name into Mudluck. That portion of the village which clustered in the shadow of the towering piles of coal-waste was not inappropriately called Mudtown. Nobody could find fault with that.

Taken one by one and away from the Mudluck breaker the Terrors were not half so bad as they wished to appear. But when they had congregated, unwashed, in the lee of the culm dump, each urchin with a reputation for noise and mischief to sustain, it was apt to go rather hard with any unsuspecting stranger who might chance to pass.

The Amalgamated Terrors owed their organization to a former strike which had involved all the railroads of the region. While their fathers were organising a strike in sympathy with the railroad men, the boys, being thrown out of work, organized out of sympathy too. Their first effort in the line of sympathy was to stone the trains manned by non-union men who had been taken on to fill the places of the union strikers.

When the police tried to arrest them, the boys disappeared from the bank of one cut only to assemble again a few minutes later in another place. When a few were caught, the officers could not prove that they had had anything worse than snowballs in

their hands. But if they had examined the grimy snowballs, they might have discovered a jagged lump of slate imbedded in every ball.

After the strike was over the club was continued for its social features. These attractions consisted in various feats of skill or strength, as well as the breaking in of new hands at smoking or chewing. The meeting place of the club was a sort of amphitheatre, formed by the junction of three culm heaps, two of which were nearly parallel, while the third lay at right angles across the ends of the other two. This valley was entirely secluded and could not be entered conveniently except from the place where the two nearly parallel heaps joined. Down this steep path the boys had placed a board. When a new boy began to work in the breaker, the plank was used to initiate him into membership in the Amalgamated Terrors. It might be mentioned that the plank had become quite smooth.

The natural advantages of such a meeting place were still further increased by the fact that the shanty in which the night watchman had had his winter quarters, which had stood at the top of one of the heaps of coal dirt, happened to fall into the amphitheatre.

Perhaps Jim Owens could have told how the accident occurred. At any rate the building was not valuable enough to make it worth while for the company to incur the expense of hoisting it into place again, and so the boys used it for a club house. Some of them could get on the inside when the whole club attended a meeting, and the rest swarmed over the

roof and about the door. The walls inside were covered with garish play bills. The property of the club consisted of a heavy box with a lock, in which to keep Indian clubs, boxing gloves, and all that sort of necessary furniture.

The club confined its attention to such diversions as these. Once it had attempted a debate: "Resolved that the Pannymow is a betther canawl than the Nigger-ague;" but the debate had ended in a fight between the members which threatened to disrupt the organization. So all such dangerous features were tabooed.

Mick and Jim were the two oldest boys in the breaker and they were both officers in the Amalgamated Terrors. In response to the whistled call for the meeting, the members of the association were straying back toward their club house. Most of them had washed before eating their suppers, but even those whose countenances had lost the inky coat of grime from the rest of the face still bore black rings around the eyes, which many washings would not remove.

The atmosphere of the coal breaker is particularly unhealthy. The faces of many of the boys show gaunt and hollow cheeks, even under the mask of dust. The lungs become so clogged with the sharp, glass-like fragments of coal dust that the particular form of consumption known as miner's asthma or *anthrachosis* often claims its victims before they have reached manhood.

The moral atmosphere is not less dangerous than the physical. Breaker bosses are often notoriously

THE OFFICERS OF THE MALGAMATED TERRORS

brutal. The strongest will, backed by the strongest arm, rules. The place reeks with profanity as well as with dust. Innocence perishes. For what reason then are these growing boys subjected to so much hardship and so great moral risk? For sixty cents a day. In the coal regions men are plenty and cheap; the supply, both foreign and domestic, but especially foreign, far exceeds the demand. But boys are at a premium.

Of course it isn't just right, as the boy's mother would admit to herself, and of course the law forbids his working in the breaker before he is twelve; but when his father is brought home dead, (or, at least, part of him is); and when the other children are nothing but girls; and when his mother's speak-easy, (and who could find fault with a poor widdy woman with a lot of girls selling a drop or two?)—but when the speak-easy is not a profitable enterprise, from having to do a credit business, or from too great friendliness on the part of the neighbours, or from too much home consumption; and when the boy doesn't want to go to school, and does want to go to work in the breaker,—(the darling boy!)—and when his mother goes to the breaker boss and swears that he is over twelve but small for his age,—why, what is to be done? Breaker bosses are not employed as detectives, and boys are not horses whose age can be told by their teeth. So into the breaker he goes.

Or perhaps his father, weakened by the same kind of burdens borne in his youth, may now be prematurely disabled; then the boy must become the frail

support of the family. He may be so small that his dinner pail drags on the snow as he trudges to his work. Or it may be that the father is put on "half shift," because he works for himself, while the boy must work over time, because he works for the company. More likely still, the father spends so much of his earnings at the saloon that the boy must support his mother and the younger children. In any such case, into the breaker he must go.

Of course the work in the breaker precludes all opportunity for attending school. While provision is made by law for night schools, and while such schools are established in some communities, it is seldom that much real good is accomplished by them. As a final consequence, the children of the foreigners who have overrun the valleys in the mining regions are to a startling degree ignorant of even the rudiments of learning. While their fathers are usually able to read their native language, the sons of these strangers are often utterly illiterate.

Mick and Jim took their way to the top of the culm heap which lay next the village of Mudtown and paused a moment, before descending to the meeting place of the Terrors, to give the final signal by which a meeting of the club was called, three short blasts followed by one long one blown upon Mick's grimy fingers.

Most of the members of the 'Malgamated Terrors had come up by this time. Many smoked and all of them swaggered, each one copying some trick of manner or speech admired in his father or some stage

hero. Mick Phelan was beginning to take more interest in pugilists than in mere actors. Mick had begun to outgrow the small suburban ambition of being "the toughest kid in Reagan's Patch," and was beginning to send out challenges for pugilistic encounters with the "breaker bullies" or the "feather-weight" champions of other communities.

As for the sending of these documents, that was really managed by the faithful satellite Jim Owens, who signed as well as wrote them. Mick could not have signed his name to anything, for he did not know how to write, his entire education consisting of the first three lessons in the primer, which had been thumped into him by various teachers during the intervals of playing hookey which had occupied the two years when the state had his name upon its school-roll.

Among the last to arrive was an under-sized, unwashed imp known as Bat McCarty, the clown of the breaker and hence a privileged person. Looking about the ring of assembled Terrors, he asked in a high-pitched voice, "Who'll lind me a match?"

Several were proffered. Accepting the first one offered, the gamin prepared to strike it on his trousers' leg. Then suddenly arresting his hand, he made a motion towards his mouth as if he had forgotten his pipe, tapping his pockets one after another in succession.

"Sure, now, if I on'y jist had the loan of a pipe an' tobacky, Mick Phelan, I'd be havin' a shmoke!"

A shout of laughter greeted Bat's sally, and Mick,

with the instinct of a budding political boss, produced both pipe and tobacco.

Jim Owens stated the question before the meeting: "What are the Terrors a-goin' to do about the dago gur-rl?" Mick Phelan, as befitted his dignity, said nothing. But with the foresight of a true politician he had prompted several of his henchmen to express his opinion. This soon set the passions of the Terrors ablaze.

The meeting was a stormy one and the angry Terrors clamoured for an opportunity to show their strength. Here at last was something of importance which called for united action on the part of the society. At the end of an excited outburst, Mick kicked against the door to enforce silence and then announced the deliberate action of the club, delivered in his best high-tragedy voice: "This is more'n the 'Malgamated Terrors is a-goin' to stand. Brother Terrors, I order a str-r-rike!"

Mick did not rise the next morning when his mother called him. When his father was on strike he was accustomed to lie abed late. It was not until his mother appeared by his bedside that he rose. Even then he did not tell her why he slept so late. When he had reinforced his courage by his breakfast he ventured to tell her that the breaker boys had agreed to go on strike. For a moment she stood with her arm upraised holding the knife with which she had been cutting bread for the children. Then dropping the knife she towered over Mick threateningly.

"So you will go on strike?" she said, reaching

down for his coat collar. "So you will go on strike, will you?"

"Hold on!—Mother!—Howly snakes—Don't!—Wait a minute!—Do you mind,—we've got to strike. —We can't have—a gur-rl dago—pickin' slate——"

Mrs. Phelan had wound her fingers into Mick's collar in order to steady her son while she punctuated his protests. The last vigourous spank, a well-directed and uplifting stroke, fairly landed him in the yard.

"Now gwan out o' this. To wor-rk wid y'. It's strikes enough we've had in this house," she added grimly as she resumed the task of cutting bread for the frightened younger Phelans, while Mick took his disconsolate way to the breaker, being devoutly thankful that his father's work made it necessary for him to leave the house earlier than the breaker boys. His father's temper was not so quickly quenched as his mother's.

A SCAB SLATE PICKER

"If the world tolerates misery of any kind, it is to turn it to account for its own purposes, to make some use of it, saddle and bridle it, put a bit in its mouth, ride it about and get some fun out of it."—BALZAC.

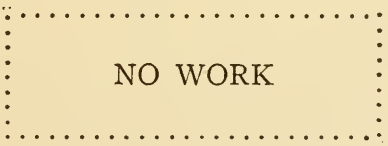
XXIII

A SCAB SLATE PICKER

IT was highly unfortunate for the ambitions of little Pippinella Jindy, who aspired to become a slate picker, that such an experience as that of Mick Phelan, when he announced to his mother that the 'Malgamated Terrors had gone on strike, had also befallen nearly every other member of the organisation. The backbone of the strike had been effectually broken by the blows of the respective mothers of the Terrors, but the boys had been stung by the process into a kind of unreasoning resentment against poor little Italian Pippinella, as though she were directly responsible for their sufferings.

By some sort of intuition Pippinella seemed to understand this. For this reason she kept away from the breaker, although the family sadly needed her wages.

Nobody but one who has seen it, can imagine what hardship falls upon a mining village when the sign



is posted at the colliery office. In a community where there are various industries a man who is out

of work of one sort may seek employment of another kind. But in many of the coal mining towns there is no other sort of employment. The stores close. The schools dwindle. The company houses empty. But there are always some who cannot move away. These linger on in want and discouragement. In many cases the men go off in search of work, leaving their families behind. Upon these helpless ones, the women and children, the severest hardship falls.

During the hard times at the Mudluck breaker those who lived in the company's houses soon moved away, while their less fortunate neighbours, who had begun to buy property during the good times and had not yet paid for their homes, were in the worst plight. It was then that the community learned of the action of Mr. Hudderfield.

Mark Owens reported it in his saloon. "Old Sunderland Red has done a nice thing, now I tell you! Mortgaged his house to raise the money to give $50 apiece to all the families in his church where the man's away from home to seek work. Yes, sir, mortgaged his new house that was supposed to be built for some young woman. Must be goin' to get married. What else did he build a house for? Now he's give the money to the women and children, without any security or certainty that it'll ever be paid back.

"I ain't no religious shark," he went on, "but if old Sunderland Red ain't showed that he's got a genuwine brand for his religion then there ain't none in the cask."

If the miners had suffered during the strike, the

unskilled Italian and Slavic labourers, whose wages even in good times seldom rise to a point where they can save anything, suffered still more keenly. When the men in the union had given up and gone back to work again, these foreigners who had helped to break the strike came in for such a share of hatred and persecution that they could hardly find work of any sort. There was some slight excuse, therefore, for their sending their sons to work in the breaker even when they had not reached the legal age, since their families were almost starving.

So it came about that beside the 'Malgamated Terrors there were in the breaker a number of Italian boys, bullet-headed, stocky little fellows, mostly under age, who had been set to work by their parents to help support their families in their dire need. These boys fell under ban with Pippinella and life became miserable for them.

When the mirth of the community over the strike of the 'Malgamated Terrors had somewhat subsided, Pippinella prepared herself to go back into the breaker again. The members of the organization had been on the watch for her daily, and every morning the two factions lined up on opposite sides of the valley between the culm dumps, the Terrors for offensive warfare and the Italian boys for mutual protection.

On the morning when Pippinella returned to work, Mick Phelan and his crowd appeared on the culm dump which overlooked the staircase leading to the new breaker, threatening the Italian boys with violence if they attempted to man the screens. The

crowd of younger boys, being without a leader, stood huddled sullenly together out of range of the party on the dump, uncertain whether to fight or run.

As the whistle blew there came up a strange figure wearing a man's coat, with the sleeves cut off at the elbows, and with old blue overalls covering the legs. The shoes were pointed at the toes and had evidently once belonged to a lady. The hair was cropped short, revealing a bullet-shaped head and a fighting jaw.

"Hi! Here comes the king of the dagoes!" shrieked Mick.

When the ragamuffin attempted to mount the stairs he was greeted with a fusilade of stones, flung against the side of the breaker so as to make a terrifying noise.

In spite of this, the boy seemed about to pass up into the breaker. The crowd huddled below wavered for a moment and would have followed. But at that instant Mick Phelan raised his voice to its most malignant note, crying, "Scabs! Scabs! Kill the scabs!"

The ragamuffin on the steps came back, waving his arms. "Scab!" he shrieked. "He call-a you scab!" Then in Italian he screamed some challenge which stiffened up the wavering line and sent it charging up the steep side of the culm bank. The leader did not wait to see whether the crowd followed, but with splendid courage raced towards the top some two paces ahead of the others.

It was but a brief battle. Mick was an ancient enemy and straight for him the column rushed. But before they came into personal conflict a heavy lump

of slate shattered the leader's ankle and he went over the edge of the bank in a lump. A hoarse shout from the breaker boss who had come out to see what was the cause of the tumult scattered the combatants and in a few minutes the boys were in their places while the limp figure of the leader was carried into the office.

Half an hour later as Dr. Creigan was examining the unconscious child he looked up quickly into the faces of the men gathered outside the door. "Why this child is a girl!" he cried. "Who sends a girl to the breaker?"

Presently Pippinella opened her eyes and shivered. She looked wonderingly into the faces of the men for an instant. Then she tried to rise. "I must get-a to the breaker," she said.

"My child, how does it come that you work in the breaker?" asked the doctor.

"I no mak-a blame," she said sullenly. "Mick Phelan, he mak-a fight."

"Why do you work in the breaker? Girls oughtn't to work in the breaker?"

"My mudder she say we must-a have job. We hungry. I mak-a work only li'l time. My brother Domenico he com-a work soon. He too li'l mak-a fight. I com-a first day, mak-a fight with Mick Phelan. Domenico, he com-a next day. No fight; strike all gone; all nice."

"Well, you won't make much more fight for a while."

"Will Domenico los-a job, if I no work-a to-day?" she asked anxiously, half-rising only to sink back

again in pain. "You tak-a me in breaker; I sit on-a bench, pick-a slate all day."

Just then Pippinella's mother came in. Nobody knows how the news of such trouble travels, but it had reached Reagan's Patch almost as soon as the telephone message had reached Mr. Hatton.

"We'll send her to the hospital in my carriage," Hatton said.

But Mrs. Jindy did not agree to this. She gathered Pippinella into her arms as if she had been a babv, and in spite of the injured foot, would have carried her off to her home. When at length she was persuaded that there would be no effort to take them both away to the hospital, she allowed herself and the child to be led by Mr. Hatton to the carriage, still holding Pippinella in her arms and crooning soft Italian endearments over her.

When they reached the wretched little tenement, Pippinella, who had not cried out while the doctor set the bones of the foot, burst into loud wails at the sight of the pointed-toed shoe slit from top to sole by the doctor's lancet.

"Never mind," Mr. Hatton said, "I'll send you a pair of shoes with all the buttons on them, which won't need to be tied on with rags."

"Will breaker boss keep-a job for me till I get-a well?"

"No, Pippinella, we can't have girls working in the breaker; but I have been talking to your father and I'll give him a job as watchman of the breaker, where he can make a great deal more than you could

picking slate. You must hurry up and get well and you and Domenico must go to school. I think Mrs. Hatton has some sort of plan for what she calls a 'settlement house,' where there will be all sorts of games and pictures and fun for you and the rest of the children of the Patch."

To which Pippinella only replied: "Mick Phelan, he no let-a me play games in the Patch. But Mrs. Hatton mak-a all right." Then looking at her foot, as if it were through it that the good times were to come, she added, "Won't Mick Phelan be mad-a 'cause I no break-a his foot?"

IN THE SINKAGES

"I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for that kind of wrong
Is allers unpop'lar an' never gets pitied,
Because it's a crime no one ever committed;
But he mustn't be hard on partickler sins
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

—LOWELL.

XXIV

IN THE SINKAGES

WHEN Whiz Nichol borrowed money from Bishop Vaux he did not say that it would be spent in providing himself with the means necessary to commit burglary upon the home of Rector Warne. In fact at that time he had not determined to commit burglary. If he had declared such a determination the bishop might not have advanced him the money.

Mr. Nichol was driven to burglary by the force of circumstances. He had long ago exhausted the charitable impulses of Rector Warne and the good people of Coalton, so that he was obliged to range further and further from home in his efforts to secure money. This brought him at length to the home of Bishop Vaux in Carbonville.

In the meantime he found himself increasingly thirsty and decreasingly anxious or able to work. He reported to the bishop that he had been promised a job at the Hatton colliery, but was without funds to supply himself with tools. When he mentioned Coalton, the tender heart of the bishop immediately melted and he gave the money quite cheerfully to Nichol, accepting his statement that he was a member of the

church and that he would hunt up the bishop's son-in-law as soon as he should reach Coalton.

Most of the money was spent for drink and when Nichol did visit the rectory it was after midnight and through the laundry door.

It was a most inopportune time for a burglary, right in the midst of Holy Week. None but an ill-conditioned burglar would have chosen such a time to rob the rectory. But that was just the sort of man Whiz Nichol was, always supremely selfish. It was because he knew that Rector Warne would be tired out, and therefore not easily wakened, that he chose such a time. Furthermore, it was his first burglary and he was naturally a little nervous about it. But the principal reason why he chose such a victim at such a time, was because of his own dire need for money. The time was inconvenient for the rector, to be sure, but then there is always more than one person's convenience to be consulted, even in a burglary. That much must be said in favour of Whiz Nichol.

The entrance had been more easily managed than Mr. Nichol had dared to hope. It had really proved to be a very simple matter. Two hours and twenty minutes after the gas in the rector's bed-room had gone out, the burglar had walked up to the door; that is, he had skulked stealthily from the screen of evergreens in the rear of the house to the shadow by the door of the laundry shed. Then he opened the door, starting the bolt noiselessly with the short bar of iron he carried. He shrank back into the shadow again, shivering with nervous dread, after the door

was opened, looking about carefully outside, as well as listening intently for full five minutes to make sure that there was no stir within. While he was listening, he heard the whistle of the one o'clock express.

"The sign says 'Stop, Look and Listen!' and I've done all t'ree." He could afford to joke over his easy entrance. When the express should rumble over the causeway crossing the creek, he meant to take advantage of the noise and break open the door between the laundry and the kitchen. But here the inner and stronger door had been left unlocked, and he joyously found himself in possession of the lower floor. His plan had been to satisfy his hunger, for he had fasted all that day more rigorously than the rector himself, although not for the glory of God. But when he stood, listening again, by the cellar door, his appetite failed him.

"I c'n eat after I git me hands on de bood," he whispered to himself nervously.

It was no wonder that Whiz Nichol should be starting a career of burglary, or that he should be a coward. Basely born, worse reared, untaught, ill-fed, there seemed no hope for him in the world of honest men and no place for him but the prison.

For the present, the prison seemed far away, his plunder conveniently near; for there at the head of the stairs was the rector's room and there, hanging on a clothes-tree, was the suit of clothes which he had taken off. The burglar quickly possessed himself of the watch. Warne was one of those leisure-loving people who wind their watches in the

morning and so had had no need to remove his timepiece from his clothing at night. Besides the watch the burglar found the rector's purse. It was heavier than usual, for the manager of the guild fair, which was held just before the beginning of Lent, had made her return of moneys only a few hours before.

The rector seldom had so much money on hand.

Thus far the burglar had worked by the light of the street lamps outside; but now when it was necessary to make further search through drawers and closets for other valuables, he began lighting safety matches. These matches would not be so likely to waken the sleeper, either by their crackling on ignition or by the smell of sulphur.

Now just at this point was where Whiz Nichol made his first mistake. He should have been more modest in his desires, especially since it was his first burglary. When a beginner is fortunate enough to fill his pockets with hundred-dollar watches and well-filled pocketbooks in his first venture at burglary, he should not be too greedy. But if he is going to try for a full haul, he should be supplied with proper appliances. If Mr. Whiz Nichol had only provided himself with a bag containing pockets in the lining, there would have been no trouble. But some things must be learned by experience, and he was only an amateur as yet. As it was, when he started up from the closet where he had found the communion plate, the silver rattled in his bag, and the rector instantly sat bolt upright in bed.

"What do you want?" he demanded, blinking at

the light of the match which the burglar held in his unsteady hand.

Whiz Nichol reached his other hand into his hip pocket and drew out a shiny, ridiculous 22-calibre revolver, which he quickly cocked and pointed at the rector's breast, just as he had seen the villain do in the theatre.

"Keep mum," he entreated in a voice which was meant to be stern. Then in the villain's voice, as he had carefully prepared beforehand: "Don't take another step, or you die right there!"

This speech shows the difficulty of planning a burglary beforehand. Whiz Nichol was entirely prepared with a speech which should discourage pursuit, but he had not counted on parleying with a solicitous husband and father blinking benignly without his spectacles in a vain endeavour to make out what was wrong with his household.

"What is it you have there? Did you want me to get something, my dear?" said the rector, supposing the burglar to be his wife and beginning to move about under the bedclothes as if to rise.

Warne had forgotten in his half-dazed condition that his wife and children were absent, on a visit to the bishop, until after Easter.

There was clearly no time for further oratory of the melodrama type on the part of the burglar. "Git nawthin'," he growled in a most unfeminine voice. "I ain't yer dear. You crawl right down under them covers and don't you peep, or you'll git a free ticket to heaven on the smokeless powder route. See!"

It was no lack of personal bravery on the part of the rector which made him act as he did. Courage before breakfast is undoubtedly rare, but wisdom at two o'clock in the morning is still more so, especially in the case of a man who has worked and prayed and fasted through the forty days of Lent, until it is impossible for him to wake himself thoroughly even when he realizes that there is a burglar in his room.

Warne sank obediently down into the bed again and the burglar hastened to the staircase. The clergyman felt no particular resentment against the burglar when he saw him stuff the chain of his valuable watch into his pocket. But the pocketbook contained money which did not belong to the rector. Was it right to allow the thief to abstract that?

While he was debating the matter, he noticed that the bag which the burglar carried held the communion plate. The thought of thieves gathering round a melting pot in which these hallowed vessels were sinking among the flames, stirred him to the keenest resentment. This was succeeded by a flash-light mental photograph of abandoned creatures indulging in some orgy of drunkenness from these vessels, which roused him to the pitch of righteous frenzy in which he could have slain the violators with the same unction as the prophet showed when the priests of Baal fell into his hands.

So, before the burglar could reach the door, the rector's sleepy, foolish brain sent him springing from his bed and precipitated him upon the retreating form of Whiz Nichol. It was but a brief struggle. The

burglar struck out savagely with his bag of plunder, half-stunning the rector. Mr. Warne held on, however, until the burglar stumbled in the dark over the edge of the stairway. Together they rolled to the bottom, but when he regained consciousness the burglar had escaped. The silver had lodged on the staircase and was left behind, bent and dented somewhat; but the watch and the money were gone.

On the second Monday after Easter, when the rector paid his weekly visit to the city hospital, he found that all the inmates who had accepted his ministrations up to that time had been discharged. When he inquired whether there were no new cases, Dr. Creigan said: "Why yes; there is one case you might see. Came in last night. Acute alcoholism. Threatened with delirium tremens. Only a boy, too. An underfed creature. A physical degenerate. A moral wreck, too, I fear."

The doctor knew that he could say nothing that would interest the rector more than this. Like the physician himself, whose professional pride was touched by the most desperate cases, Mr. Warne seemed to rouse himself for the most strenuous effort where the moral need was the greatest.

When the rector found himself in the room alone with the new patient, he stood for a moment gazing intently into his face, bewildered by the sense of having seen the man before. Then with a sudden enlightenment he seated himself by the narrow iron cot and read the passage he had chosen from the Book. Prayer followed and then the rector pleaded

most earnestly with his hearer for a life of purity and purpose. But in spite of his earnest words and his intention to point the wretched being before him to a better life, the visitor was conscious all the while of an unreality about his words. To himself he kept saying, "Why not call in the police and let the law take its course with this vicious creature? Would it be right to let him go free to prey again upon society?"

Warne remembered how savagely the burglar struck at him with the heavy bag of plunder as they struggled towards the stairs and how ruthlessly he had beaten him into insensibility. In spite of his efforts to hold his mind to the words of the prayer-book, the rector found that his thoughts wandered and that his words were perfunctory. Rising abruptly, he left the room, after stating that he would return in a few days.

He did not go home after leaving the hospital. He wanted time to think. His thinking took longer than he had expected and it was some time after he had left the bedside of the burglar before he started back towards his home again. To reach the rectory from the mountain side where he had been walking, it was necessary for him to cross a desolate strip of ground which had been undermined, where the surface had been ruined by sinkages. It was almost dark when he came to this doleful spot and he found it necessary to pick his way very carefully to avoid falling into one of the numerous fissures through the midst of which the path led. Part of the tract had been covered with trees when the pillars of coal

were taken away from beneath and these had fallen into confusion through the sinking of the earth from beneath their roots. In the lowest part of the valley there were pools of water.

While he was in the very midst of this dangerous territory, the rector was startled to see the skulking figure of a man move from behind one of the fallen tree trunks and start to run in the direction of a black pool of water. He moved forward until he was opposite this dark lake and then stopped to see what the figure would do. As he looked, he recognised in the moving figure the tottering form of Whiz Nichol. Without a moment's hesitation Warne ran towards him and would have seized him by the hand to lead him back to the hospital, but the burglar flung himself toward one of the crevasses with which the surface yawned and would have been smothered in the earth, had the rector not caught him.

"Let me go," he panted. "I'll bury myself in one of these sink holes and you'll never hear of me again. Why should you take me to the pen? Let me go! Let me go!" His voice rose into a feeble shriek as he uttered the last words.

The rector held firmly to the struggling youth. "No, I won't let you go. You might hide your body in the earth; but the time will come when your soul will call in vain for the rocks to cover you from the sight of Almighty God."

It was so nearly dark now that they could not see clearly their surroundings. Thus it happened as they were crossing the ridge where Whiz Nichol saw a

wider crevass, that he sprang towards it, taking his pursuer unawares. Again Mr. Warne felt himself dragged into danger as he had been on the night of the burglary. But this time there was a richer prize at stake.

With all his might he struggled to save a soul from death. But the treacherous sand gave way and in another moment they were sliding downward, choking with dust, in the midst of an avalanche of gravel. This time it was the rector's turn to land on top and when he dragged himself from the body of the burglar, he found that the latter did not rise. Groping about in the darkness, he discovered that Nichol was bleeding from a scratch in the neck. This he staunched as quickly as possible with his handkerchief and with strips torn from the lining of his coat.

In feeling around to find a way out, the rector discovered that there was great danger of bringing down loose earth enough to smother them, while the insecure footing beneath slipped and trembled so violently that he feared lest they should sink still further into the mine beneath. He therefore called at the top of his voice, hoping that some one in the settlement on the hill beyond might hear. His shouts roused the burglar, who presently sat up and groped about feebly.

The two men sat facing each other in the darkness. When the burglar recovered sufficiently to realise what had happened, he began to reproach his captor for hounding him and for preventing him from self-destruction. Once more Warne struggled to find

a way of access to the burglar's better nature. His words were no longer those of the professional priest, but the cry of a soul that has found its way out of darkness, to its companion who still struggles among the lost.

"Aw, you can't fool me!" the burglar muttered presently. "I know well enough you're just holding on to me till you can find a cop to pinch me."

"Nichol," said the rector earnestly, "This afternoon I would have turned you over to the police. In fact I started away from the hospital intending to do that very thing."

"I knew it," the burglar cried. "I could see it in yer face. That's why I sneaked off from the hospital. Now why don't you let me go?"

"I have let you go. I forgive you now. I believe the law of Christ requires me to love you enough to help you to be a better man. You needn't be afraid I'll turn you over to the police."

"How do I know that you mean what you say?"

"Here's one way you can tell whether I am in earnest or not. There are some twenty feet of crumbling earth over our heads; when you dragged me down here it loosened the edges of this cave-in; if a heavy coal train passes down the road it may jar that earth down and smother us both. My business is to tell you what to do to prepare to meet God, if that mass of earth should fall."

The burglar listened quietly while the rector pleaded as he had never done before, now with God for help and mercy, now with the burglar himself.

"I'd like to believe you," he said at last, "But look the way you treated me that night I was in yer house! You weren't lovin' me much just then. I was afraid of you and when I started to run you held on to me with a grip that was as hard as hell. I thought first you had some knife or somethin' and I struck at you. You knowed I was armed, why didn't you keep away? I wasn't hurtin' you none. What did you use me that way fer? Why I thought you'd tear the heart out o' me with yer hands. Talk about lovin' yer neighbour as yerself! What did yer treat me that way fer, say?"

The rector drew his breath rather hard for a moment but said nothing.

"What do you know about livin' rough? You was never hungry in yer life, when you couldn't get all you wanted to eat. Yes, I know you'll say I could work; but you wouldn't give me work yerself."

"You never asked for it."

"Didn't I? How about the young feller that come to yer door only the Tuesday before I broke—before I got into yer house? Do you remember what word you sent down to the door from yer office?"

"I sent no message down. I was busy with the treasurer of the guild fair and the maid told you to come back at another time.

"Yes, an' when I come back in the afternoon, the snow was all cleaned off yer front walk an' I could go hungry—or beg. Then there's that guild fair: The money was collected for the poor of the town wasn't it? Wasn't I poor? I saved you the trouble of handlin' it. When I got that money I meant to buy

meself a decent suit of clothes, an' to pay me board, an' to go to church, an' to find a job, an' live a decent life."

"Nichol," said the rector slowly, "you've said some things to-night that I believe. If I have ever been hard on you unintentionally, I am sorry. But when you talk like this about getting a job and going to church, you know you are lying. You meant to do just what you did—to go and get drunk."

At this moment a clod of earth fell from the bank behind them and the rector discovered that the burglar had been diligently burrowing with his feet while he engaged him with talk.

"You scoundrel!" the rector cried pinioning the man with his arms while he dragged his feet into a harmless position in front and sat upon them. "You selfish beast, to endanger both our lives in order to sacrifice your own! Have you no gratitude? Is there nothing good to which I can appeal?" Then while he held him down Warne uttered the threatenings of the law instead of the promises of the gospel, until, realizing that the man's delirium was to blame for his homicidal mania, he came back to the words of love with which he had at first sought entrance into his soul. But he held the burglar safely away from the bank.

"O, Mr. Warne," wailed the abject creature, shivering, "what you said was true. I took the money because I wanted to get drink. I wish I had a drink now. I feel so bad. I've got to have a drink. They wouldn't give me none at the hospital. I don't mind

bein' hungry; I can stand that. But I can't stand this thirst. I've got to have a drink, I say. I ain't afraid of hell. I've got hell inside o' me right now."

"It seems to me I smell blood and it makes me sick," he went on. "And there's somethin' the matter with my neck. I believe I'm going to die. I don't want the mountains to lay on me in hell. Take me out o' this place."

The men who worked on the night shift, Hudderfield, Morris and young Phelan, who crossed the sinkage together at nine o'clock on their way to the mines, found them, being guided to the spot by their voices. Nichol had utterly collapsed and was muttering incoherently. The rector had wrapped him in his overcoat and was holding him in his arms like a baby, praying over him when he thought him to be rational and praying for him when the burglar's mind wandered.

Some time afterwards the rector wrote to Bishop Vaux:

"I seem to be getting hold of the men in a way that makes me profoundly grateful to God. I shall be particularly glad to have you meet two of them when you come up to confirm the class. The first is the man who broke my collar bone soon after I came here. I have never spoken of it here nor explained the newspaper report that ascribed this broken bone to a fall. The fall was obtained in keeping a helpless woman from abuse at the hands of her drunken husband. It was a disagreeable experience. When he came from jail I followed him up, and, through our

Brotherhood of St. Andrew, have kept hold of him ever since. Strangely enough, he never showed the slightest vindictiveness, even at first. For three years he has been a member of the Brotherhood, and has proved himself in many ways thoroughly in earnest.

"The other man I want you to meet is the fellow to whom you lent money that he might come up here to try to rob the rectory. I don't believe you'd know him now. He's the engineer at the hospital plant and he comes regularly to church every other Sunday, after working all day and all night on Saturday.

"You may remember that before I came here I was in a somewhat unsettled state concerning the Atonement. I have found Smeaton very satisfactory on this subject, and I see no reason now against adopting his views entirely. I like his liberality exceedingly. But we will talk of these matters further when you come. The truth is, I have so much to occupy my thoughts about other matters that I have long since ceased to bother my brains with doubts."

Concerning Nichol one of the vestrymen remarked at this time: "I have noticed that Mr. Nichol always puts a five dollar bill on the plate; that's a rather large sum for a man who gets no more wages than I suppose he is paid. Do you know anything about him, Mr. Warne?"

"That's the way he commenced to give when he began to come to church. He started in to pay what he regarded a debt of honour which he said he owed to the Lord. But that has been discharged some time ago. I am glad if he still keeps up giving as he did

at first. I wish there were more like him in many ways."

"But, Mr. Warne, don't you know any more about it than that?" the vestryman persisted.

The rector took out his watch. "I know that what I have told you is true," he said. Perhaps he did not look at the watch face at all, but only at a dented spot in the case.

THE SULPHURING OF SUNDERLAND RED

"Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
As meet in summer's northern night
The evening gray and morning white,
The sunset hues of time blend with the soul's new morning."

—WHITTIER.

"Sleep, soldiers, sleep in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring."

—TAYLOR.

XXV

THE SULPHURING OF SUNDERLAND RED

THE day was one blaze of glory on the grounds of the Carbonville Country Club. A sky of speckless blue bent over the links. The air was balm. The summer yellow birds rippled overhead on the crest of waves of light.

The grounds of the Country Club comprised a sort of rolling table-land on the top of the first range of mountains, near the boulevard leading to Sky Summit. It was a matter of common knowledge how much the grounds had cost the Country Club, but only the trustees knew how much per blade it cost to keep the grass so green.

But the members of the Club thought it was worth all it cost, for when they were here upon their own grounds, they were above all the clamour and dust of the world of coal workers in the Anthrax Valley.

The outlook from the club house was marred by but one reminder of the busy world below, a small frame building from which a jet of steam issued. It was the boiler house where a new bore-hole was being driven. It was disfiguring of course and annoying to think that the company must invade the landscape with their machinery, but in the land where coal is king one could not expect to escape from the sight

of toil and struggle altogether. Some of the visitors to the club even thought that the derrick which towered above the boiler house added to the scene.

It was club day and the grounds about the handsome club house were filled with smart equipages. The coal barons were out in force. Several automobiles were gliding about the red shale roads and one tally-ho coach had driven up. The links were gay with men in scarlet coats and girls in green and gold. Strains of music came from the club house. A gay ripple of laughter and badinage quickened the bracing air.

A thousand feet under ground, directly under the golf links, gaunt, wearied men, with faces blackened with coal dust and smoke, were rushing down a gangway in the red-ash vein of the Hatton Mine soon to come back gasping and faint. They were fighting a fire in the mine.

The fire had commenced a week before. Limpy Hetherington had been sent with a message to the superintendent in an adjoining gangway. As he passed through a heading, the lamp in his cap set fire to a blower of gas in the roof. It was a very simple thing. Limpy had seen these jets of gas set on fire purposely many a time to startle visitors, and then quickly beaten out again. So he was not at all concerned.

He took the lamp in his hand and struck at the flaming gas with his cap to quench it, but it blazed more fiercely. Then he took off his coat to beat it out. To his horror he saw that the flame had caught a piece of dry timber.

Now he realized the danger, and dipping his coat in the stream of water running down the gangway he struck madly at the flame. But the fire, fanned by the strong current of air in the heading, grew hotter, and soon the entire piece of timber was burning fiercely, while the flames leaped to some adjoining brattice work.

When he saw the hopelessness of his fight against the fire, he turned and ran down the gangway at full speed, warning man after man of the danger. The men poured out of the chambers and gangways, out past the fire to the foot of the shaft. Meanwhile the air rushing through the burning heading had filled the gangway with stifling smoke and gas. Limpy struggling back towards the fire had to bend low to breathe.

Just before he reached the fire he remembered that in a new gangway to the left a Pole had gone to work alone that very morning. He had heard Mr. Hudderfield talking about it, so he knew exactly where it was. This man had not been warned. Even if he had heard the shouts, he knew no English and so could not understand the danger.

Without a moment's hesitation Limpy turned back, stumbling and falling now and then, but finally reaching the gangway where the Pole was at work.

When Limpy seized his arm and frantically pantomined "explosion" there was no need for English speech to make the Pole understand the danger of the situation. He dropped his pick and ran with the boy for his life.

The air in the gangway seemed to be on fire; the heading roared like a furnace. The struggle was not a long one. They drew their jackets over their heads and clung to the rails for guidance; but the scorching heat penetrated their clothes and made progress impossible. Their clothes were on fire, their lungs stifled with the gas. Then the explosion came. A mass of rock fell—that was all. It might have been so much harder! There was no long, weary waiting, with hopes of rescue and growing misery. It was all over so quickly! Limpy's had been a good brave heart. And as for the Pole, who knew?

All this had happened a week before. The fire went on in the meantime eating into the coal, burning more fiercely. The Company fought it desperately. All their efforts to smother it out had proved a failure. So all the miners were called out of the shaft, until the Company could fight the fire successfully. If the fight should fail, the waters of the Anthrax creek would have to be diverted from their bed and poured into the shaft as a last resort. If that should be necessary, the men might starve for months and the Company would lose heavily besides, until the water could be pumped out again and the necessary repairs made to the damaged machinery. So they were fighting the fire face to face.

It was a slow operation. Only a small gang of men could work to advantage and there were often times when the few men who were in the fight must stand idly at a distance, because the great heat cracked

"THEY WERE FIGHTING THE FIRE FACE TO FACE"

and scaled down the rock roof, so that to approach the fire at short range would mean certain death.

One of the methods of fighting fire is very simple. Tracks are always ready laid in every gangway of the mines. On these tracks sheet-iron cars are run as close as possible to the burning mass of coal. Then the red hot coals are shovelled into the car and dragged away and extinguished. The men work from four to six hours at a shift and receive double or treble pay. If it can find them, the Company prefers to employ only unmarried men, so that there may be no widows or orphans to be provided for when the men are killed.

The most daring of the fire fighters was Sunderland Red. He worked madly on his shift hoping, yet without hope, that beyond the fire somewhere Limpy Hetherington might still be alive and might yet be reached.

He had worked in the mines for so long that he had become entirely calloused to the dangers of fire fighting. To prevent the nerves of some of the younger men from being shaken, the ambulance which was kept constantly on hand to carry the injured to the hospital or the dead to their homes, was driven behind the boiler house, by the direction of Mr. Hatton, so that the men should not see it when they came up or went down the shaft. But Sunderland Red cared not for the sight of the ambulance, and as for the stretchers and blankets that were kept in the mine for the use of the injured, he would rather have slept on them

than in his own bed, because by that means he would be able to renew the struggle to reach Limpy Hetherington the more quickly when the condition of the fire allowed them to take up the work of rescue.

It was after the fight had gone on for a week that Sunderland Red was strangled by sulphur gas and then frightfully burned by an explosion. The accident happened shortly after midnight. It was not until daylight that he arrived at the hospital in Carbonville.

Almost any other man would have died before the rescuing party reached him; but Sunderland Red was far too sturdy to give up the ghost tamely and die like a rat in a hole. He would fight for his life. The veteran coal miner is a fighter—whether he fights fire or sulphur gas or the devil; and Sunderland Red had fought all three.

He did not need to be told how serious his case was. As soon as Dr. Creigan and the young assistants in the hospital were through with him, he sent the young men who worked on the same shift with him as messengers, one to bring Rector Warne and another to summon a notary.

The notary was the first to arrive. While the nurse was arranging matters to leave the room, the notary removed one after another his coat, vest, collar and tie. The hospitals in the coal regions are provided with rooms which are specially prepared for patients suffering from burns. The temperature is kept at a stifling degree of heat in order to keep the patient from dying from the shock which cooler air would cause.

"It's not much I've got to say, but I want you to make it all fair and square." The voice sounded thick and muffled through the stiff linen mask which enveloped his face. A hole was cut in the centre through which he breathed, and two other openings were made behind which his eyes burned with a feverish light. Oil was dripping from the mask.

"In my trunk is a package of six notes for fifty dollars apiece. I want those burned. The Lord don't need me any longer in the Mudtown Mission, since He's got the Grace Church interested in it. I doubt not, I'm done for and I want to fix it that the bit of money I've got— three hundred and sixty-five dollars in the savings bank in Carbonville—is to be given to Teed Hetherington. Poor little Teed! How'll she ever get along, if Limpy don't get out? But she's the Lord's child and He'll look out for her. Now write that the three hundred and sixty-five dollars is to go to Rector Warne to be used for Teed Hetherington."

He was so exhausted before it was all done, that the notary did not think it safe to try to get his signature, seeing what it would cost him to use his clumsy, bandaged hands. But he roused himself again when he learned that Mrs. Warne had arrived. She had laid aside her wraps and was ready to enter the forcing house temperature of the ward. Her dark blue gown set off her stately beauty to perfection. Sunderland Red followed her with his eyes from the moment she came into the room until she passed around his bed and sat down by the head of the cot, unconscious of the fact that he had not uttered a word

in reply to her greeting nor acknowledged the gift of flowers she brought.

She did not offer to take the bandaged hand he held out to her at length, but only touched the pillow with a gesture of pity.

"Oh! we're so proud of you!" she cried. "The young man told us how you had brought him out, when he was overcome, at the risk of your own life, and how you took the place of danger yourself because he wasn't a Christian! Mr. Hudderfield, it was fine! It was the act of a hero!" Although her voice was tense with excitement it was also tender with sympathy, like the caressing tone of a mother with an injured child.

"I had to do it. It was only what I ought to do. It's part of the trade of mining for some to be hurt. I'm glad it wasn't Tom, for he's been wild like. I've been the same myself. But thank God, that's over! I hope it's over for him too. I shouldn't have let them send for you to come to such a place as this, Mrs. Warne. It isn't fitting for you. It was Mr. Warne I sent for."

"Yes, I know. But Mr. Warne is away. I should have come anyhow, when you were in such agony. You mustn't think of me. It is hard for me to see you suffer so, but what must it be for you to bear? If I could only do something to help you!"

"Could you sing? Sing my sister's piece. You've heard me tell about it and the way the Lord found me. Whiter than Snow,—that's it."

So Helen steadied herself and sang. She thought

he was sleeping when she had finished, and would have left the room. But one of the nurses whose hand was against the artery in the neck whispered, "You'd better stay. I don't think you'll want him to go out alone."

But he was not sleeping. Just gathering up the powers of his soul in the silence to welcome that stately guest, whose message he had so often escaped amid the dangers of the mines.

"I know it won't be long," he said, catching the meaning of the nurse's whisper without hearing the words. "It's all right! I'm ready at any time now. If you could stay, Mrs. Warne, I wish you would sing some more to me."

Then followed some messages, briefly and tenderly spoken to various friends. "Now sing the rector's piece to me," he said.

So Helen sang again:

"O Love That will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Christ that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

The eyes behind the mask flamed for a moment and the clumsy hands were lifted together as if in prayer. Then they sank helplessly to the white coverlet.

A PLUNGE INTO CHURCH UNITY

" The clashing of creeds and the strife
Of many beliefs that in vain
Perplex men's heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the tree of life."

—ANON.

XXVI

A PLUNGE INTO CHURCH UNITY

THE turning point in the religious history of Coalton came on the night when Rector Warne made his famous leap. Up to this time he had been able to reach certain men and women by ones and twos, such widely different persons as Breece and McCarty and the Hattons and Mrs. Gooch and Morris and Davis and even Whiz Nichol. Then there had been such helpers as Dr. Creigan, and Kate Hatton and dear old Sunderland Red. But after this leap in the direction of church unity he began to take hold upon the mass of the people as he never had before. Indeed it was the beginning of an awakening in the church of Coalton for which he had longed and prayed.

Until just before the rector's leap there had been no denominational rivalry in the town. Many of the people belonged by birth to some other church, but they had all been contented to worship with the rector's flock when they went to church at all.

But now the town was to be invaded by a new denomination. Brother Smiler, the famous evangelist was about to pitch his tent for a month's revival services in Coalton with the avowed determination of organizing a new church. It will be remembered that

Brother Smiler had been in Coalton once before as a captain in the Salvation Army. Soon after leaving the Army he had emerged as a full-fledged evangelist, having lost nothing of his warrior's zeal with the sword.

Brother Smiler's methods are well known. Even to this day, in his public addresses he spares neither church nor individual; but at that time, at the beginning of his career, his attacks upon what he considered wrong within the church were little short of terrific. His first manifesto in Coalton was a challenge to all earnest souls to leave a church which he said was hopelessly sodden with worldliness and formality.

It took but little time for the evangelist to pitch his tent, placard the town, and gather singers for his open air services. The quiet of the community was broken by the prospect of a religious war. Somehow it was felt that the hot summer air was charged with ecclesiastical electricity.

It had been an unusually dry season. The gardens shrivelled. Even the leaves of the few trees left on the mountain sides grew rusty brown. By the end of July the drouth grew so severe that the waters of the creek had almost disappeared and the supply of water in the reservoir had become so low that extra precautions were taken to prevent an outbreak of fire. So the rector had announced at the morning service that on the following Sunday he would offer the prayer for rain prescribed by the church.

When the Sunday came the rector prayed most fervently:

"O God, heavenly Father, who by thy son Jesus Christ, hast promised to all who seek thy kingdom and the righteousness thereof, all things necessary to their bodily sustenance, send us, we beseech thee, in this our necessity, such moderate rain and showers that we may receive the fruits of the earth, to our comfort and to thy honour, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Although the day had been as hot and dusty as ever, yet on Sunday night a gentle shower laid the dust and washed the grime from the leaves and grass.

While the people were talking about the shower on Monday, Brother Smiler declared publicly that he too would pray for rain that very night in the tent. This rivalry between the church and the tent furnished the choicest delectation for the ungodly in Mark Owens' saloon. On the Saturday night before the prayer for rain in the church, Owens had harangued the crowd in his saloon, offering to bet even money that there would be no rain; and now on Monday he spent his energies trying to obtain takers at five to three that Smiler's prayers would bring a greater downpour than the rector's fervent appeal.

"You fellows is no good!" he said when the crowd seemed disinclined to take up his offer. "Where's your public spirit? Don't you know how bad this town needs rain? These here rival rain makers ought to be encouraged. I'll put up half as much again and divide it between 'em, if I win, if you say so. I hear the rector only prayed for moderate showers, but what we want is a reg'lar soakin' rain. Long as the rector was tryin' to play a lone hand I didn't take no stock in

his success. Now he's bound to win. What we want is church union in this thing. Now that he and Smiler are both on the same side, we're bound to have rain. And when it comes right down to street sprinklin', I'll bet any man that Smiler will just make it everlastingly pour."

The result of all this talk Owens had not foreseen; when night came there was hardly a man in the town who was not at the tent. The saloon keeper might as well have closed up his shop.

True to his promise, as soon as the preliminary song service was over, Brother Smiler, began to pray for rain. There was none of the stately diction of the liturgy about his prayer. The need of water in the homes of his audience, for filling the streams, for the fire department—all the various public and private needs of the people were set forth. The prayer stopped abruptly and the audience were requested to sing "There Shall be Showers of Blessing."

So the audience sang,

> "There shall be showers of blessing:
> Send them upon us, O Lord;
> Grant to us now a refreshing,
> Come, and now honour Thy Word."

While they sang there was a patter of rain drops on the canvas roof. Now Coalton was a famous "show town" and the audience were more accustomed to spectacular effects in the theatre than to the worship of God. Instantly all over the tent there was a spontaneous clapping of hands and Mick Phelan let loose a shrill whistle.

Rector Warne had gone down to the tent without knowing that there was to be any rivalry to his prayer of the day before. He stood outside the canvas, far enough away to be out of sight but not out of hearing. Smiler's prayer had been most painful to his ears. Its easy familiarity seemed to him almost blasphemous. When the rain began to fall and the people applauded, the rector turned away with a feeling that was almost disgust. As he turned to go home, Brother Smiler, with a wave of his hand, quieted the hand-clapping and then led the people in singing the Doxology. Then the rector saw that a great storm was upon them.

Coalton, lying in its narrow gorge between steep ridges running north and south, can hardly see storms from the west until they are ready to break upon the town. So great had been the interest in the meeting that none of the people had noted the approach of the shower. After the storm broke, none could leave the place. The tent stood at such a distance from any buildings that there was no other place of shelter to which the people could flee. They therefore crowded close together beneath the frail canvas below the speaker's platform.

The evangelist seemed to think that the storm was his great opportunity. Each gust of wind seemed to bring an increment of power to his voice; with each crash of thunder his earnestness of manner grew more intense. He appealed to the consciences of his hearers with the directness of an accusing spirit at the bar of judgment. Groans and cries rose from every side.

Presently the noise grew so great that even the powerful voice of Brother Smiler could not be heard.

Encouraged by Brother Smiler, the organ was kept playing and the people were urged to sing well known hymns as loudly as possible. But the singing was only partially successful. At short intervals, every voice would be drowned by the crashing of thunder. Besides, the music was interrupted continually by the creaking of the tent poles, the chafing of guy ropes, and the flapping of the wet canvas.

Brother Smiler was ubiquitous. Now he was upon the platform, giving out a new tune in stentorian tones or calling on some one to pray. In the midst of the singing he would personally inspect and adjust the cordage of the tent. During the prayer he would leave the platform to pass through the audience to lift back with his own hands some woman who was creating a small panic by her attempts to induce her husband to take her home, or to encourage some trembling sinner to make his peace with God. Every few minutes, with a voice that rose high above the Babel of sounds, Brother Smiler would shout out some words of exhortation ending with the texts which he had brought together from the foundation of his sermon: "Come out from among them and be ye separate. How shall ye escape, if ye neglect so great salvation?"

Into this clash of sounds and kaleidescope of lights and figures, Rector Warne stepped when the storm was at its worst. Brother Smiler had stopped trying to preach and was at that moment bending over a young man whose bloated face, sickly white with fear,

held itself firm in tense lines of resistance against the efforts of the evangelist to move his conscience.

"Let me alone," he growled; "You can't scare me out of hell—nor into it!"

The rector stared with amazement at the face of the young man, who sat, unconscious of his approach as if neither seeing nor hearing what went on about him.

"I ought to know your face," said the evangelist, coming close to the striking figure of the newcomer.

"My name is Warne. I am the rector"—

"When did you come?" he asked, noticing that the water dripped from the clergyman's mackintosh.

"Just now."

"What for? Don't you know the danger? If this tent should blow down—these poles—these electric lights." The evangelist had sunk his voice into a whisper. "It's an awful responsibility to have these people here. But I don't dare to show it, or we'll have a panic. I wouldn't keep them a moment, if there was any help for it."

"I knew the danger," said Mr. Warne quietly.

"And yet you came?" Brother Smiler's face lighted up and he seized the rector's hand. "God bless you, brother. Go up to the platform and say something that will keep the people quiet, while I look after the ropes on the windward side. We can't stand much more of this."

Each man looked into the face of the other and each saw that the other was not afraid.

The rector walked rapidly to the front, threw off his storm coat and stepped to the edge of the platform.

His voice was not loud, like that of Brother Smiler, but it was wonderfully clear and sweet. Pausing a moment for the echo of a thunder peal to die away, he began in the most simple and tender manner to speak of the love of God. After the terrors of the earlier exhortations and the hazard of the storm the message came with healing power. Men forgot the peril of the place in the pathos of the appeal. The crowd became more orderly. Women ceased to roll their eyes in fear from the roof to the tent pole sockets or to catch their breath when the thunder crashed, and began to wipe away the tears which the divine message aroused.

In spite of the storm, the tent grew quiet.

The rector saw none of this. He was himself unconscious of the effect which his words were producing. To him the audience had faded into one mass, except for the passion-blurred face of the young man, which still held the defiant lines that Brother Smiler's words had printed there.

Just above the rude reading desk of the platform, a large electric light swung, supported from the end of a projecting arm which was nailed to the top of a post. The storm had not abated. A section of the tent roof, heavy with water, sagged down immediately over this light. A gust of wind, heavier than any that had preceded it, caused the hanging canvas to lift for a moment, like a filled balloon, only to fall with a thud upon the arm that held the light.

The rector in the midst of a most impassioned plea, addressed rather to God than to the handsome, blurred face, had raised his eyes to Heaven. Standing thus,

he saw the post shiver under the blow and then the arm, loosened by the shock, sink outward and away from the bellying canvas toward the crowded benches immediately in front of the platform. From his point of view, it seemed that the lamp must fall upon the very face that he had been addressing.

Those who could see the rector's face, saw the rapt, wistful expression change into one of alarm. Then they saw him seize the rubber coat which he had laid aside and spring forward into the very faces of the people to catch the falling lamp.

It was the kind of springing catch that he had learned on the football field. There was a woman's shriek and then a moment of awe-stilled silence as the rector floundered and fell among the benches but holding aloft the dangerous globe. The light was smothered in the mackintosh, but the current still hissed and sputtered inside.

In a moment two figures pressed forward into the space which cleared as if by magic about the spot where Mr. Warne had fallen. The first was that of the young man in whose behalf the rector had just been pleading. In a few moments he had switched the current and carried the darkened, harmless lamp to the platform. Before he could return to the rector, Brother Smiler had flung himself upon him, and as soon as he had assured himself that the rector was unhurt, the evangelist, with his arms about Warne's neck and crying like a child, began thanking God incoherently for the dear brother who had delivered some from danger and death at so great risk to him-

self, yet whose own life had been so wonderfully spared.

There was no more attempt to control the meeting, although Brother Smiler kept saying over and over again that it was the best of all the meetings held. Men whom the rector had felt he could not touch pressed forward to clasp his hand and speak broken words of love and purpose.

Yet one for whom he watched had not come. But when the storm was over, as the evangelist and the rector left the tent together, there stood the young man to whom Brother Smiler had talked and for whom Warne had prayed. There was a new look on his face as he greeted them.

"I'm done with it, Mr. Warne. By God's help, I'm going to lead a better life from this hour."

"Praise the Lord!" shouted Brother Smiler. "Praise the Lord for saving grace!"

Speechless, Warne grasped the prison-hardened hand of the young man and struggled to say what was in his heart. "Brother Smiler," he managed to say at last, "this man is my friend, Mr. Bruce Hardin."

Brother Smiler took in the situation after a moment and then made an excuse to go back to confer with his organist, carrying off with him some of the loiterers and leaving the rector and Hardin alone.

On the next night and the next Warne was present at the tent meetings, sitting beside Hardin. Afterward, when the rain for which both he and Brother Smiler had prayed set in for a week, the meetings in the tent were abandoned and the evangelist

held forth in the parish house. No doubt it was against all precedent. Several of the more strict churchmen of the rector's flock showed their disapproval very plainly by absenting themselves from the meetings. But the unchurched of the community whom the rector had hitherto vainly tried to reach, crowded the building to the doors in spite of the pouring rain.

To the credit of Brother Smiler let it be said that he moderated his speech somewhat. His "bellowing yawp," as one of the wardens had called it, that he thought necessary to use in the tent, sank within reasonable bounds when he found himself in the parish house. His intolerance for the opinions of those who did not agree with him in all things also moderated to a large degree. When they came to look one another in the face in the rector's study and to discuss the spiritual needs of the outcasts and the unchurched of Coalton, each man found in the other so much genuine earnestness that the points on which they differed, both in regard to doctrines and forms, soon were forgotten.

If the weather on the first Sunday after the two men had come into personal touch had not been just as it was, perhaps the newly formed alliance might have suffered. But Providence directed that the rain should pour in a perfect deluge in the morning, so that the rector could hold his own service at eleven o'clock, while the tent at half past ten had been impossible. So Smiler and his admirers had come to the church. In the afternoon the clouds that had lowered for so long

suddenly lifted. The sun shone warm and bright and in the evening the great tent was filled as never before to hear Brother Smiler and the rector.

"What did I tell you!" shouted Owens, who had attended service for the first time. "The reservoirs all filled up; the gardens soaked; streams bank-full and bustin'! All because them two gospel-sharks has got together. Come in and have a drink on it. No? Well, just as you like, but it won't cost you a cent. I don't have no drink for sale on Sundays."

In the end Brother Smiler's invasion had proved the greatest blessing to the church of Coalton. There was no more talk of building a new church. When the evangelist left to fill another engagement, the converts of the tent meetings came by scores to the church to be confirmed,—more men than the rector had ever dared to dream would come.

It was this fact which more than all else humbled him. He had come into Coalton determined to lead men to Christ, and then had staggered at the sight of such depths of human misery and wickedness as seemed to him to be beyond the power of God to change. He had fought the doubts of which he was conscious and laid the fears which he knew and felt, yet it seemed to him he had been guilty of a practical unbelief in the love of God to reach even unto the uttermost. This practical unbelief now seemed to him to be far worse than any of the scholastic difficulties with which he had struggled.

Yet in spite of all these hindrances the work had prospered. The renewed church showed a most vigour-

ous life. The people were loyal and hopeful, ready for the great work which yet remained to be done. It seemed so great a miracle that Warne could only feel that he had had but little to do in bringing it about.

In the face of this miracle anything seemed possible. A vision of a renewed society swept through his mind. He saw the church touch the lives of the people of the community at every point. He saw a valley without strikes. He saw the labour of the miners so safeguarded that danger was minimized. He saw the people so prosperous that the little children were no longer driven to work before they were taught to read and while their bodies were so immature that they fell early victims to their unhealthy surroundings. He saw a new Coalton wherein dwelt righteousness.

Then a more sober vision succeeded, in which men still toiled and struggled in darkness, but with faces toward the morning. There was still the conflict, but it was not hopeless. The picture he saw was still the Anthrax Valley he knew and the Coalton he had learned to love, but the men were no longer all arrayed on the side of the powers of darkness. And he thanked God and took courage.